

SOUTHWARD HO!

THE EARLIER TOURS

DOWN UNDER WITH THE PRINCE

By EVERARD COTES

WITH THE PRINCE IN THE EAST

By SIR HERBERT RUSSELL, K.B.E.



THE PRINCE ON BOARD THE "REPULSE"
OCTOBER, 1925

SOUTHWARD HO!

WITH THE PRINCE IN AFRICA
AND SOUTH AMERICA

BY
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WITH A PREFACE BY
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

WITH 46 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



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TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
AND,
BY HIS GRACIOUS PERMISSION,
TO HIS FORMER COMRADES, THE EX-SERVICE MEN,
WHOM HE NOBLY LOVES
AND HAS SO NOBLY SERVED,
THIS ACCOUNT OF AN INSPIRING JOURNEY
IS
HUMBLY
DEDICATED



PREFACE

I AM very pleased to accept the dedication of a book which is to appear shortly after my return from my last long Overseas Tour and which describes, in full and accurate detail, the unforgettable four months which I spent in Africa, my short stay in St. Helena and my visit, on the homeward voyage, to three friendly and most hospitable South American Republics.

The author has, I know, given all the spare time he was able to devote during the course of a tour when spare time was at a discount to writing his story. I feel sure that it will be of great interest to those who already know the countries I have visited and I trust that it will be equally appreciated by many others.

If, as I hope, this permanent record of my travels reaches some of the friends I have made during the last six months, it may serve to remind them of many happy incidents in a tour which to me is full of such memories and from which I have gained much valuable knowledge and experience.

October, 1925

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INTRODUCTORY

THE PRINCE AND HIS MISSION

WITH the heartiest good wishes of the nation the Prince of Wales, early in the chilly afternoon of March 28th, left England in the battle-cruiser *Repulse* and started on another of those great journeys which he has made true missions of Empire.

The 1925 tour was to the King's subjects in British West Africa and South Africa and to three well disposed South American Republics. It had long been contemplated that, as a fitting conclusion to the series of great progresses which the Prince had made through other parts of the Empire, a visit should be paid to the Dominion of South Africa, and it would have been undertaken in 1924 but for the General Election in the Union. And as the earlier journey to India had been extended to include a visit to the Japanese, so the present African tour was to be followed by visits to Argentina, Uruguay and Chile in response to invitations from the heads of those friendly States.

The tour was long and strenuous, the programme a heavy one. It entailed constant vigil, an unfailing fund of tact and an imposing amount of hard work for the traveller and his entourage. Besides the physical fatigue incident to a journey of 35,000 miles under all sorts of conditions and climates, the Prince had a constant round of ceremonial and social duties to discharge. Fortunately for his mission and himself, temperament, as well as training, qualified him to bear the strain with apparent ease. He had the happy gift of putting men at their ease. As on former tours within the Empire and without, he showed a ready understanding of the risks attendant upon his task and shrewdness and humour in meeting them. His charm was an enviable and an infectious thing, his manner an abundant rebuff to those misguided few who had sought to question the wisdom of the tour.

The whole course of the journey was rich in historical memories and associations, from the discoveries of Portuguese navigators

and Spanish *conquistadores* to the end of the Great War. At every point they crowded in thickly. In the year of the Armada, Gambia, the first port of call of the *Repulse*, was the subject of a Charter from Queen Elizabeth to "certain merchants of Exeter and others . . . for a trade to the rivers of Senegal and Gambia in Guinea." Sir John Hawkins had been on that coast. He had started the slave trade there with the Queen's ship *Jesus*. The tale of that hideous trade and of the struggle for its suppression is not without suggestion of the moral evolution on which the Empire rests. We have been on the Gold Coast since the reign of the first James, but it was not until 1879 that Wolseley broke the Ashanti kingdom and brought within the Empire those chiefs who met the Heir to the Throne in the grand palaver at Kumasi. Nigeria is the most recent, and the largest, of our West Coast possessions, just as the Gambia is the oldest, and the smallest. But Nigeria, with its immense territory and a population of nearly twenty millions, has an old civilization and a great past.

The British possessions along "the Coast" have shown remarkable development since the years of the war. Time was when the morning's greeting along those strips of seaboard was "How many died last night?" and all but the toughest newcomers were frightened into a fever by tales told on board steamer before ever the surf-boat carried them ashore. Damp, disease, native disregard for sanitation, memories of slave-raiding, the awful isolation that awaited the official, the disasters that overtook early fortune-hunters, all combined to make folk shudder at mention of the thankless regions. Their hidden riches called, but their hiding-places were a prey to pestilence. Men went to live in them of hard necessity. They were not for settlers.

They are not for settlers to-day, but much has altered of late years. With the education of the West Coast native; with a peace among the negro races that past ages could not have believed; with railways flung across the three main dependencies, linking the coast with the bush-bound interior, and motor-lorries increasing on the growing roads, the "White Man's Burden" is less irksome than it was. It is not a temperate or a compliant place, but the ancient legends about its climatic terrors are largely discounted.

The mysteries remain. In many districts remnants of Mohammedan and Christian influence peep through a medley of totemic rites and philosophies. Between the coast-belt and the far frontiers of the Northern Territories is the land of fetish and the home of primitive man. From the recesses of the Sherbro

Country to the mangrove swamps of the Niger Delta there are to be found those weird rustic guilds, Human Leopard Societies and their imitators, counted sinister in a continent where "diviners," "avengers," "medicine-men" and other uncanny agencies abound. Yet there, too, changes are perceptible. Magistrates and missionaries are at work. Emancipation, which has produced an interesting race of educated blacks in the Coast Colonies, has put out feelers far and wide. The aborigines can no longer be said to dwell in utter isolation. The Prince of Wales was able to look out upon their lands and take their headmen's greeting. The more advanced communities displayed to him their colleges and industries, and their deputies welcomed him in the Legislative Councils.

With the departure of the *Repulse* from Nigerian waters the first stage of the great journey was over. It differed very widely in many essentials from the later stages, but it accomplished equally the end for which it was undertaken. In every possession of the Crown where the Prince landed along the coast, in every outpost from Bathurst to Kano, he conjured up the same expressions of enthusiastic loyalty. He received a welcome from peoples conscious of the benefits of civilized rule and eager to show gratitude for the deliverance it had bestowed upon them. Though they differed in race, religion, history, temperament and customs more widely than do any among the peoples of Europe, all were knit together in the Empire and all showed with equal zeal their devotion to the Sovereign who is its symbol. To these peoples of the Coast it meant, above all, peace—the inestimable boon which their place in the Empire conferred upon them. Within their borders they enjoyed the *pax Britannica*. The visit was a sign of what it had brought and a pledge of what it would bring in the days to come. The large and densely populated native territories in Africa are governed by a handful of white officials by reason of the white man's prestige, for which there is no substitute. Their prestige stands high because of the character and cleanness of the white man's administration. Sir Hugh Clifford, who has lived and governed for forty years in the tropical parts of Empire, summed up the effects of this sound governance in a message and moral (quoted in the chapter devoted to Nigeria), which proudly reveal the finest part of the story of Imperial expansion—the life work, methods and ideals of the wardens of the outer marches.

South Africa, which was the real and proper goal of the cruise, is as rich in history as in its varied natural resources, its

stalwart populations and its measureless possibilities. Its white citizens are sprung from two of the hardest races in Europe—races which have often striven fiercely against one another, but which, nevertheless, share many essential qualities. The invitation to the Prince had been given by a Boer Prime Minister representing one school of thought and confirmed by a successor with other sentiments and views, but there was no doubt that the followers of both vied with the British in the vigour of their welcome. The South African itinerary had evidently been compiled with meticulous care and it would be difficult to devise a programme in which more could be included during a twelve weeks' tour. The way led to and fro across karoo and veld. It covered those expansive terraces of land which had been the battle-grounds fought over by indigenous bushmen and prolific Bantu invaders from the central continent. It skirted many spots where war was waged by black men against white and where Boer sniped Briton in our own generation. It promised brief respites in some of the most beautiful houses of the world. It pierced the Sabie Game Reserve.

One of the first places visited was Stellenbosch, called after the Dutch Governor of 1680 and his wife, and to this day a strong centre of Boer sentiment in the Cape Province. Frenchhoek and Huguenot, where the Prince and his suite motored through the vineyards and villages founded by French Huguenots, recalled the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which brought an invaluable strain to the blood of the Colony. A little later the way led across the Natal battlefields. The names of Ladysmith and Colenso, with a hundred others, are inseparably linked with the memories of that last gallant contest—which revealed our unpreparedness for modern warfare and helped to save us from destruction when the later great campaign descended upon us. It was fitting, too, that after crossing the wide plains of the Transvaal and seeing the restless industrial region of the Rand, the Prince should wish to visit the romantic land beyond the Limpopo to which an illustrious Empire-builder devoted his life and gave his name.

In these wanderings the Prince of Wales saw the most fascinating sights of an amazingly varied succession of countries. They ranged from Sierra Leone to Kaffraria. They included the secluded estuaries of tropical rivers and the walled cities of the Nigerian Protectorate, scattered white settlers and crowded negro communities; the Lakes of Knysna and the Caves of Congo; the lonely grave of Rhodes high up in the Matopo Hills

and that grandest work of Nature, the Victoria Falls, where the Zambezi flings its full flood of waters sheer into the abyss.

The Prince saw all these varied scenes and vivid contrasts; but he did more. As Heir Apparent he everywhere offered the hand of friendship to the Afrikanders, to British emigrants, and to the natives. Memorable visits were paid to the native territories. South Africa is nearly as big as Europe. Its white populations are outnumbered in a proportion of four to one by coloured peoples of every shade and hue. It has some six million "blacks," whose representatives had audience of His Royal Highness in their own capitals. Towards the end of May a call was made at Umtata, in the fertile reserves beyond the Kei. A few days later there was a talk with Zulu chiefs at Eshowe. Near Maseru, the gateway of those grim mountain fastnesses where Moshesh founded and ruled the Basuto nation, the warriors of that "Switzerland of Africa" gave a welcome. In June the party was at Embabaa among the Swazis. Later, at Bulawayo, Enkeldoorn and Salisbury, there were meetings with Matabele and Mashona chieftains, and on the return towards the Cape the Bechuana gathered in their tens of thousands, and there were dances, ceremonies and bonfires.

Most of the natives who appeared before His Royal Highness at the great Indabas had come in the garb of war, and a sure instinct prompted him to show himself to them in his most gorgeous uniforms and as a real prince among men. With their child-like love of pageantry and pomp, they were duly impressed by the external signs of his superiority. Those who were near when the chieftains made their obeisances at Eshowe, Maseru, Embabaa and elsewhere, will hardly forget the immense effect of the arrival of the "Shining Sun" and his naval and military suites upon the ground. Yet it will not be said that the sight of bright apparel and glittering orders was uppermost in the natives' minds as they dispersed to their kraals again. The visit furnished an important reminder of the basic causes of Bantu loyalty to the Throne and of the principles upon which the relations between the white and black races have been wisely maintained. In the native addresses the name of Queen Victoria was repeatedly employed, for the Prince appeared before the tribes in the first place as a representative of the Royal House which first became known to them in the peace-making years of Victoria's reign. The title of the Great White Queen was the first and the greatest name familiarized by the new era of peace and protection. To the defeated and oppressed peoples it spelt a fresh form of conquest

unlike that to which Tshaka and Dingaan had adhered. Gradually there came a knowledge of justice. The Indabas were not spectacular merely, they gave to the chiefs an opportunity to show that their race was looking forward as well as backward, and to the Heir Apparent an opportunity to confirm the sane and sympathetic attitude of the Throne to their ambitions and affairs.

No one who knew South Africa doubted he would have an impressive success, but every anticipation was more than fulfilled. Of all the visits which he has made to British States none was more difficult, or more signally triumphant, than this. Enthusiasm became a word too hackneyed to explain the temper of the people who hailed him at every point—a temper of real personal regard, deepened by an admiration not less real for the thoroughness with which he did his part as a cherished guest. It was not an easy part. Changing conditions of climate brought much fatigue. The routine of official presentations and addresses must necessarily become monotonous, whatever skill was devoted to diversify and enliven them. At one point, indeed, the Prince stated with candour that he had derived more benefit and gained more knowledge from wayside meetings and informal conversations than from his set programme. In spite of platforms and addresses, he contrived to enjoy an immense amount of friendly and fruitful intercourse with the very varied company he met. He gave yet another revelation of the simple courtesy that springs from genuine human interest in the everyday lives and concerns of those about him. It would be a profound mistake to read too much into the events of those weeks in the Union; but it is absolutely true to say that good auspices have rarely been so happily fulfilled.

No features of the public appearances of the Prince was half as solemn as the rallies of ex-service men. Because of their solemnity they were a trial, but not a tribulation. They awakened memories of comradeship rather than of hate, of deeds bravely done rather than of suffering. They revived the hot glow of patriotic feeling. They offered men a chance to resume the good fellowship of those long gone days in khaki. They took place under the guidance of the British Empire Service League and were sealed with the Prince's handshake.

The South American part of the tour was a surprise to everyone. The dates and itinerary of that visit were still under discussion when the *Repulse* moved out from Portsmouth. It had grown in conception since King George's acceptance, on behalf of his son, of the invitation from Dr. de Alvear, President of the

Argentine Republic. We knew that, besides the stay in Argentina, a call was to be made at the capital of Uruguay and that after enjoying glimpses of the great *estancias*, of the Pampa Central, of the garden vineyards of Mendoza Province and of the gorgeous vistas of the Cordillera, the Prince would pass under the brow of Aconcagua into Chile.

In South America the Prince was on entirely new ground. Strange types hailed him in a strange language and contrasts pressed upon him and multiplied in the sumptuous cities of the Silver River. It was the first time in our history that a member of the reigning house had visited Latin America and examined there the mainsprings of its material wealth and cemented anew the ties that link her peoples with Britain. We have had relations of many kinds with these regions since the days when Sebastian Cabot served a King of England. For long they had been good and advantageous to both the combatants of earlier times. England, under Canning, was the first European Power to recognize Argentina. The liberator of Chile was Bernardo O'Higgins, son of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, Marquis de Osorno and Viceroy of Peru. The deeds of Cochrane, Lord Dundonald at the head of the Chilean Navy are among the proudest pages of that country's record.

The Heir to the Throne had in these South American Republics an entertainment second to none given him by any community anywhere, British or foreign. The last section of the tour was, indeed, an amazing experience. The reception at Montevideo was a foretaste of what Latin American welcomes could be. From the smallest of the Southern Republics he passed to a State larger than British India, extending for 2,000 miles from the semi-tropical forests of the North to the Straits of Magellan. Buenos Aires has become the greatest of the Latin cities next to Paris. It boasts an eventful history, great commercial interests, a surprisingly fashionable social life, present opulence and a sure prospect of greater wealth and influence as the riches of the hinterland are more fully explored and applied. Though her political supremacy was fiercely contested in the past, none disputes the position of Buenos Aires to-day.

The first settlement of Buenos Aires was founded in the year of Anne Boleyn's execution, but it was not until our own time that Argentina embarked upon the wonderful career of progress which the world admires to-day. Prolonged revolutionary wars, conflicts between rival military despots, struggles between the various young Republics formed out of the fragments of the

monarchy of "the Indies," kept Argentina and most of her sisters in a state of anarchy and bloodshed until long after the last Spanish soldier had quitted American soil and returned to the Peninsula. Eight years after the Declaration of Independence the first Southdown ram was landed in the country. Immigration increased. After the Crimea came the railways, almost all built, financed and worked by Englishmen. That was the turning-point; the railways were the real Unitarians. Stretching their arms out from "B.A." they drew the country together as no political force could have done. They robbed remote provinces of the desire to revolt, and armed the Central Government with a power which made revolt unpromising. Had it taken place a generation earlier the frontier dispute with Chile, amicably settled in 1902 by the Holdich delimitation and the award of King Edward VII, would in all probability have led to war.

The railways thrown north and west and south across the Argentine pampas by English pioneers enabled the Prince to get some idea of the varied wealth of a highly favoured land; to understand the difficulties it had overcome and the qualities of character which had helped to overcome them, to compare the problems it is solving with the somewhat similar problems of Dominions and Colonies within the Empire. He saw, too, something of the fine manners, generous hospitality, courage and high sense of honour which live on in the older Spanish houses. He saw Argentine farming in its chief branches, the vast herds and flocks of scientifically improved breeds, the horses, the great meat exporting establishments, the shipping of the Plate River ports. Above all, he met, and delighted to meet, an amazing number of Argentine citizens and discovered for himself the qualities which have made it easy for Englishmen to live among them and trade with them.

The visit to Chile and the crossings of the Cordillera Principal were an ample education and a fitting climax to the tour. There is no people not of our tongue whose welcome could have been more pleasant to His Royal Highness and to us as a nation than that of the Chileans, who frequently call themselves the English of South America. Freed for a hundred years from the yoke of Madrid by their own heroic exertions and the active help of British sailors and soldiers, they have preserved unbroken the national friendship then cemented. In war, and notably in that naval warfare which must ever attract the special sympathy of a maritime Empire, they have shown a tenacity and a technical skill worthy of a nation sprung from the victors of Lepanto and

the defenders of Saragossa. Among the brightest aspects of the Royal call at Valparaíso were His Royal Highness's reunion with the heads of the Chilean Navy aboard the *Almirante Latorre* and his intervention in the cause of sending British Naval experts as advisers to their fleet.

One of the greatest of the *conquistadores*, Pedro de Valdivia, whose statue looked down upon an English Prince surrounded by every form of homage, came from Estremadura to found and lay out the city of Santiago beneath his fortress on the rock of Santa Lucia. That was in 1541. Estremadura is still rather a primitive region of Spain; Santiago, delightfully placed in the central Chilean valley, has spread its roads and suburbs until it has become one of the great cities of a promising continent. Few lands are richer in romance and in adventure than this utmost goal of the wonderful Royal journey. There is something Roman in the way these early Chilean cities were settled, with their military colonists and their long, straight streets at right angles to each other. They did not grow; they were founded; their permanence testifies to the wisdom of the founders. The natives of Chile defended their land and liberty with a persistent bravery which puzzled the invaders.

The time was to come when Englishmen and Irishmen were to render eminent service to Chile in war and peace. The names of Canning, Cochrane and O'Higgins are still revered as those of the liberators and heroes of the nation. Since their epoch Chile has passed through many vicissitudes. She has shown no desire to forget her benefactors or slight their countrymen. She gave her Royal guest a royal time. The kind and courtly manner in which her Government and her people paid him honour reflected no little credit on the country. It was the first time that the son of the King-Emperor had carried a message of goodwill over pampa and sierra to the republicans living along the southern seaboard of the Pacific. Only a few years ago Chile was the world's end, to be reached only by mule-back over Andean snows or by an elaborate voyage through the Straits of Magellan. Even now, in spite of the Transandine Railway and the Panama Canal, it lies remote from the great centres of human activity. The arrival of the Prince, who travelled overland in every possible comfort, even during his wintry adventure among the *crestas*, marked the distance traversed along the path of progress in the last few decades. New Chile proved, in her own amiable way, how deeply British influences have penetrated and how deeply they are appreciated.

SOUTHWARD HO!

CHAPTER I DOWN TO "THE COAST "

JUST as the gong of a neighbouring clock struck the hour of two *Repulse* cast off from the quay. A band of the Royal Marines from Deal Depot, in newly designed uniforms, played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "Auld Lang Syne." The Prince, in naval uniform and accompanied by Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey and Captain Dudley North, stood on the gun-deck above his quarters, acknowledged the cheering and waved a last farewell to his brother, Prince Henry, who stood on the jetty surrounded by a gathering of parents and wives of those who were going on the voyage. Slowly the blue-grey ship slid out under her own steam, showed herself in all her pride and dignity to the thousands crowded at various points along Old Portsmouth and the Southsea front and disappeared into the greyness of the outer roads.

Intermittently as the escort destroyers *Turquoise* and *Tilbury* led the way out into the open Channel the *Repulse's* wireless recorded messages of God-speed and good cheer from all directions. A farewell from the Lord Mayor of London was followed by respectful salutations from the 12th Lancers, the Middlesex Regiment, and other units of which His Royal Highness is Colonel-in-Chief. The signal-lamps flanking the flag-deck were kept busy responding to friendly flashes from passing vessels. Among the first was the *Aquitania*, outward bound for America. The great Cunarder appeared in the distance off Spithead and signalled "Good luck to you!" The reply ran, "Thank you—the same to you!" Beyond Foreland the destroyers swept round and returned homewards in the bleak grey afternoon, but during the evening ships in the Channel of all sorts and sizes gave us greeting, notably the *Kemilworth Castle*, on her way back from South Africa.

The Prince, who was much cheered by all these messages, and

particularly by the impressive send-off accorded him as his flagship emerged from harbour and swept on past waving crowds of people along the front, soon settled down in his quarters aft, spending some time inspecting the ship's trophies and the models of the first and last *Repulses* outside his private dining-saloon. One of his first acts on coming aboard was to dispatch a wireless message to King George informing him that the journey had been safely and satisfactorily started. The result of the boat race and the circumstances of Oxford's surrender in their water-logged boat were circulated within a very few moments after the report had left Thames-side; and after dinner that evening the Prince and Admiral Halsey came along and joined the officers at a cinema entertainment, at which the thrills of the Grand National—run the day before—were thrown on the screen, the film version of that historic event having been brought up the gang-plank at the last minute before we moved off.

At noon on Sunday, at a steady half-speed of 15 knots, we rounded Ushant and entered the Bay. There had been some talk of "dirty weather ahead," but to everybody's surprise the day was magnificent and the sea calm. The sun, which the evening before had made a few futile attempts to penetrate the cloudbanks over the South Coast, shone from out a perfect sky. The Prince of Wales and his staff rested hard. There was a Sunday peace about the vessel and the surrounding expanse of water, which it was difficult to believe was the Bay of Biscay. There was divine service on the stokers' mess-deck—the Prince had been inoculated, and was advised not to attend, but take things easy—and in the afternoon the crew stretched legs and indulged in a little dancing "forrard." Everybody was fit and cheerful, from the Captain to the little round faced bugler, and not least the "contemporary historians," who were privileged to accompany the tour and who received every help and consideration on board.

On Monday, by a happy coincidence, it was discovered that *Repulse*, flying the Prince of Wales's standard, was steaming down the Portuguese coast just as the Atlantic Fleet was returning home from exercises, which it had been carrying out jointly with the Mediterranean Fleet off the Balearics. Vice-Admiral Halsey therefore took the opportunity to wireless to the Commander-in-Chief saying that if it would be quite convenient and agreeable the Prince would very gladly pass through the Fleet and asking for a rendezvous. Answer was promptly received from Admiral Oliver (*Revenge*) stating that the Fleet was much

honoured by the Prince's wish and would steam to meet *Repulse*. At the same time messages were wirelessly to outlying units under Admiral Oliver's command—the 2nd Cruiser Squadron, the 1st, 6th, and 9th Destroyer Flotillas, and the Aircraft Carrier *Argus*, with the *Telemachus*—instructing them to adjust courses and speeds as necessary to rendezvous with the Battle Squadron at noon at 42 00 North, 09 35 West, or about fifty miles west from Vigo.

Beyond Finisterre *Repulse* changed direction a little, heading towards the Squadron, which had been carrying out full-power trials during the forenoon. At 11.24 a.m. the advancing fleet was sighted on the port bow and gradually materialized from out the blue distance. The dark specks grew larger and more imposing until they opened out in two parallel lines to allow the Royal cruiser to pass down the mile-wide avenue. There were nineteen vessels on either side, the battleships of the Second Squadron on *Repulse's* port side, the light cruisers to starboard, with the flotillas following. Each ship was dressed with mast-head flags and ships' companies had been fallen in on the near side.

It was a rare and impressive occasion. Twenty-one guns boomed their salute, and as we were about to enter the line, at eight minutes past twelve, the Commander-in-Chief addressed the following message to the Prince, who had taken up a position on the gun-deck aft "The officers and men of the Atlantic Fleet present their humble duty and wish you a good voyage out, a successful tour, and a safe return." The searchlight flashed back the Prince's reply: "I am very glad to see the Fleet under your command and thank you all for the splendid send-off you have given the *Repulse* at the start of her long cruise. I wish all success to the officers and men of the Fleet and a good Easter leave."

While the semaphore transmitted further courtesies the bands struck up and there came lusty cheer after cheer across the water. First the Admiral's flagship *Revenge* drew near, then *Ramillies*, *Royal Oak*, *Resolution* (Rear-Admiral Boyle's flagship), and *Royal Sovereign*. In their wake followed the strange outline of the *Argus* and the long tail of destroyers. Finally, after we had emerged again from the line, and as the Fleet was resuming formations and disappearing northwards, the *Carysfort* fell back, neared the *Repulse*, and sent a whaler alongside to pick up our special mail-bag—the last before we got to West Africa. The Prince, who had rested his arm during Sunday, was well again

and full of vigour. He waved his cap aloft as each cheering ship glided by and took keen interest in the unexpected naval display, evidently pleased with the enthusiasm of all ranks and ratings. Later in the afternoon he turned out once more to catch a glimpse of the largest ship in the Navy, the *Hood*, speeding towards home ; and then took occasion to meet and shake hands with all officers in the *Repulse*.

By this time all aboard had donned white cap-covers, the first portent of fiercer suns, and active preparations were proceeding for the round of visits to African ports, where the cruiser would be decorated by day and illuminated by night. The weather continued brilliant. The bleakness of Spithead seemed far away and there were many indications that we were gradually approaching the tropics. Early on Wednesday evening we passed through the Canaries. As we approached the Straits course was changed so as to afford the Prince a clearer view of the famous Peak, towering above thin layers of cloud, its topmost slopes streaked with snow. The rugged cliffs of Northern Teneriffe and the changing skylscapes formed a gorgeous panorama. Visibility was exceptionally good.

The experts of the ward-room, not otherwise given to superlatives, devoted a few seconds of each of the next few days to exclaiming that this was the sunniest, smoothest trip in all their experience. Day by day, without a break from dawning until dusk we had the manifold blessings of a blue sky and the supreme comforts of a good-humoured ocean. From the hour when the fighting tops of the *Repulse* receded from sight of the watchers on Southsea beach until speed was reduced off Bathurst nothing came to ruffle her passage. The Atlantic was almost glassy until along the coast of Rio de Oro a brisk breeze came over the Tropic of Cancer and brought the white sea horses to meet us. It was then that shoals of flying fish went scurrying away excitedly before the ship's rainbow, like small mechanical toys.

The Prince by this time knew his flagship from compass platform to gun-room. As experienced a sailor as you would find outside the limited circle that passes its existence in service on the Seven Seas, he took as much pride in the *Repulse* as she in him and was as much at home on a round of inspection as chatting with the middies. With the musicians he had thoroughly established himself. The morning after we had moved down beyond the Canaries, where a superbly shaded sunset hushed the decks, he inspected divisions and made his first official tour of the ship. In each division—maintop, quarter-deck, torpedoes, fore-

top, stokers, mariners, boys, fo'c'sle and central—he looked for the familiar face, or the token of exceptional service, and was invariably prompt at taking up the threads of comradeship just where the knot was most aptly tied. To the Chief Passenger everything that went on above the water line, and sometimes below, was worthy of exploration.

A pleasant hour in the twenty-four was that spent at the Prince's dining-table, to which officers, midshipmen and warrant officers were invited in rotation. It was regarded as the particular honour among the messes to be asked into the "cuddy." There "snotties" sometimes passed the salt to admirals. Talk flowed freely and ranged over adventures, memories and plights. Early training reminiscences, ship's plate, floating nautilus, a musical comedy number, the squash rackets ladder, divers and barnacles, what the skipper said when so-and-so—each theme set a ball in motion that might roll anywhere and everywhere round the little globe between the sherry and the port. There was only one brief pause. That was when the Prince stood and said, "Gentlemen—The King!"

It would be wrong to suppose that the tour had disturbed the *Repulse* in her seafaring customs. Through and in spite of the glamour that the Imperial mission had given her she remained her simple self. Discipline was neither tightened nor relaxed. On a six-months' cruise there is work to be done apart from keeping decks spotlessly clean and taking part in the drills that animate the fo'c'sle. An armament of six 15-inch guns, with a secondary armament of triple-mounted batteries and high angle guns in support, is not counted least among the modern battle-cruiser's accompaniments; and there are a thousand mechanisms seen or hidden, between stem and stern, which need the same strict supervision on errands of peace as in the turmoil of a war. Contented faces were the rule among the 1,240 seamen. It may have been that the nice, gentlemanly behaviour of the elements was answerable for the nice gentlemanly spirit on board. But the ensign on the main-mast and the higher circumstances of the voyage added a lustre to the *Repulse's* company as well as to her plates and mountings; for in some, at any rate, of the cities where the Prince would represent the Throne, *they* would uphold the credit of the King's Navy.

Repulse is the twelfth of her name. Strangers in her might be surprised to find how little of her history is worn, so to speak, on her sleeve. There is a *Repulse* which is fort and trench and battery position; equally there is a *Repulse* which is club and

class-room and playground. Sometimes, as the clock goes round, the two *Repulses* mingle in one, as for instance, on the poop during physical jerks, and again in the messes, which are not the worst places aboard for liaison work and the dispelling of difficulties. Up on the main-mast her battle honours are enscribed; they range from "Cadiz, 1596"—compare the 600 tons and the 97-foot beam of that "great shippe" with her present descendant's tonnage of 37,400 and length of 794 feet—to the "North Sea, 1916-18." On the aft-deck you may find, once you know the way, a large glass case containing trophies that the ship's company have won in boxing, shooting and field-gun contests. Near them there is a plate from Nelson's dinner service; and a Russian urn, of delicate form but with melancholy brooding behind its cut-glass facets, for it was presented to the First Battle Cruiser Squadron by the "Municipality of St. Petersburg, June, 1914."

To the writer and to his colleagues, accompanying the Prince, but surplus to establishment, every opportunity was given to see how the ship was navigated, the watch kept and the machinery set in motion. They became part of the life of the ward-room for the duration of the cruise and it would be difficult to imagine better treatment. They were welcome down among the levers and valves of the great gun turrets—if they could manage to squeeze themselves from story to story at the heels of an eloquent gunlayer-guide from Yorkshire—or in the conning-tower, or the sick-bay, or the stoke-hold.

His Royal Highness visited the engine-room department on three separate occasions, always choosing a particularly hot day in the tropics. He was not satisfied with seeing one or two machinery compartments merely, but inspected every single one, from the capstan engine-room in the bow to the steering compartment at the extreme stern. Whenever he arrived at a particularly hot spot he remained on it for some considerable time, generally engaging the watch-keepers in conversation until he felt that he had really experienced the same conditions as they had to work in. From his training as a midshipman he was already familiar with Belleville boilers and turbine machinery, but the high-speed geared turbo-generator was new to him and it was his first experience of the inside of a steam-drum of a boiler in the tropics.

On Saturday, April 4th, the *Gambia* lived a year in just over seven hours. The Prince was up early in anticipation of his first day ashore in West Africa; he landed at Bathurst wharf at ten and re-embarked at seven. He and his suite returned to the cruiser rather tired but very happy, the Colony having received



THE LEADER OF THE MUSICIANS
GARDEN PARTY AT BATHURST

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them with wide-open arms. In her own phrase, the smallest but oldest British African Settlement, a foundation stone of the Colonial Empire, yielded to none in the pride she derived from the Prince's presence or in the unanimity of her welcome.

The *Repulse* had anchored in the small hours several miles from the shore, opposite the mouth of the Gambia, that "river of secret trade and riches," which now runs a British wedge into a great tract of foreign territory. Soon, in the dazzling light of the tropical sea, yachts and the gunboat *Dwarf* were sighted and the famous dank smell of the West Coast came out from the land with them. In a few minutes the burly form of the Governor, Captain Cecil Armitage, C.M.G., D.S.O., stepped up the cruiser's side, accompanied by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. C. R. M. Workman, the whole ship's company parading for the occasion in full-dress white uniforms. The Prince boarded the Gambian river steamer named after him three years earlier and with porpoises frisking around the bows passed into the green estuary, breakfasting within sight of the cliffs and breakers of Cape St. Mary, a post garrisoned by the local company of the West African Frontier Force.

It is said that the Gambia has a population of some 200,000 people. It seemed that the whole of it must have congregated in the capital that day. Certainly every district had sent its envoys. They had come with their headmen from the Upper Saloum and Fulladu East and Foni Bintang. The Upper River vied with McCarthy Province and Kombo. The North Bank and the South Bank sent their quotas. Everybody was cleanly clad and many had arrayed themselves in most elaborate headgear. You would not find more vivid hues in all the Orient. Shipping in the fairway was gaily dressed—eyes were for a moment riveted on a giddy little fishing boat that flew a Royal Standard several times bigger than the Prince's own—and the party landed on a clamorous front. Smoke-rings from the saluting gun lingered over the water's edge as through a triumphal arch modelled on ancient Fort James specially for the present ceremony His Royal Highness entered Wellington Street and found the "W.A.F.F." Company lined up and looking smart, stiff, and extremely serious in their red and yellow tunics. They stood the strain of inspection and marched off perfectly in column of fours and bare feet.

The Prince was then taken for a prolonged "drive round the capital, along the marine parade and through streets spaciouly laid out by Royal Engineers and named after generals

in the Napoleonic wars. At every corner and from every house great shouts of welcome rose, and under palms, native cotton trees and clusters of Pride of Barbados picturesque groups were gathered, all agog. The visitor saw a distinctly agreeable little station at its best. For a day, at any rate, the loneliness of its position was forgotten in the excitement of entertaining the high guest. There may be bad-humoured natives living along that riverside, but we saw no sign of them. There may, for all the stranger can tell, still be Englishmen who "live up creeks and throw boots at leopards," but the hosts of Bathurst, who looked after our every comfort, and the Travelling Commissioners, who answered our every question, had buried their troubles deep. If they had a care it was that Whitehall might learn that the heat was not so oppressive after all, and that life could sometimes be tolerable in the Colony. For so remote a place the Gambian past is rich in naval and military ties. From the entrance of the fairway you may watch the posts at Barra and St. Mary which were garrisoned over a century ago by the West India Regiment. Captain Armitage, the Governor, one of the very few administering an African Colony who have spent their whole career on the Continent, is remembered for the part he played in Ashanti during and after the siege of Kumasi, of which he was the hero and the chronicler. The township of Bathurst owes its shape and such shade as it enjoys to sappers of the past. And the nefarious traffic in slaves was suppressed ultimately thanks to the vigilance of the Royal Navy—a navy which could scarcely have conceived a 37,000-ton battle-cruiser at anchor in the roadstead.

Bathurst was founded 111 years ago by English traders who, when the Treaty of Paris restored parts of Senegal to France after the fall of Napoleon, elected to withdraw from Goree. For years the sphere of English influence went no farther than the outside range of the guns mounted on Fort James—and that was not far. Of the estuary that broadened out beyond, the settlers knew nothing. They saw here and there patches of scrub and clumps of ragged trees. The hinterland lay in haze. Europeans had first appeared in these coastlands as slave-dealers, and they were in bad odour. Until less than thirty years ago turbulent tribes whose homes were in the river reaches continued to oppose every encroachment into their areas. The Protectorate was proclaimed in 1894, but peace was not established until three years later. Since then the Gambia has been explored and the hinterland roughly mapped and opened up. Its history has been one of sure pacification—the Prince's stirring hour with the Protectorate

Chiefs revealed how great the transformation had been—but also a record of the efforts of merchant-pioneers seeking new and newer openings. Englishmen and Frenchmen now scour the fastnesses to which the expansion of European trade once brought Venetians and Portuguese.

A chronicler says that Gambia's first export was baboon skins, carried off to Carthage by Hanno and his explorers twenty-five centuries ago. Since those dim times sea rovers flying every flag and rag have made for the refuge of the river mouth. From the Middle Ages there have been Europeans who have built their homes and laid their trading bases in the valley. The stones on James Island could tell a tale of the cunning of Elizabethan adventurers. Those men of Exeter and London who received the Royal patent in 1588 would have been mightily surprised could they have returned and seen the energy of the Bathurst wharves, the lifting and shifting of the ground-nut crops, and His Royal Highness talking with native lawyers and councillors. From baboons to ground-nuts is a far cry. As the Prince sat down to luncheon that Saturday he noticed a small bowl of ground-nuts on the table before him. He picked one up and held Gambia between finger^s and thumb.

On the spreading lawns of McCarthy Square, a central enclosure pleasantly overlooked by bungalows and ancient trees, the main ceremonies connected with the Royal visit took place at high noon. After laying a wreath at the Cenotaph erected in 1922 to the dead of the W.A.F.F., the Prince was surrounded by a thousand prim little piccaninnies who piped in shrill English a verse of "God bless the Prince of Wales." He then mounted a dais, where he made acquaintance with the officials and leaders of the Colony and their ladies.

First, the Governor's address of welcome was read. It described a British outpost which had been the resort of mariners since the dawn of history. It tendered most respectful and grateful thanks to the King for having deputed His Royal Highness to visit the Island, reminded the Prince that this was the first time an Heir Apparent had set foot on the soil of West Africa, and expressed the assurance that no part of the Empire would give him a more cordial reception. "Gambia (it added) has seen many king's ships on its waters, but never so superb a sight as greets our eyes when we look out at the *Repulse* sailing along a shore whose names are the names of the victories of England." Finally, it wished the Prince a pleasant memory of the affectionate feeling he had inspired.

The Prince answered that he was much impressed by the magnificent waterway, the importance of which as a means of transportation and a harbour of refuge he fully realized. He regretted his stay was so brief that he was unable to go farther afield and see the Protectorate, or James Island, and wander in the ruins of that famous cradle of commerce. He added the wish that great benefit might accrue from a sound agricultural policy, on which the well-being of the inhabitants largely depended. He regarded his reception as a happy augury for the remainder of his tour.

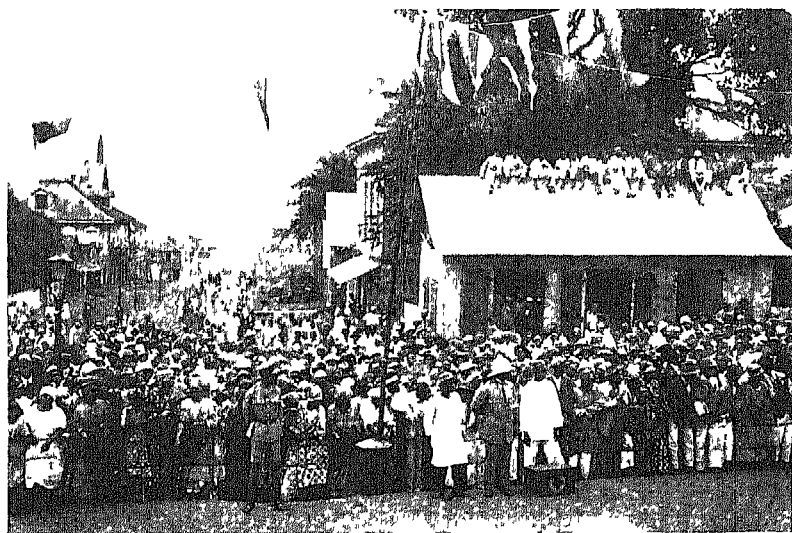
The French colony paid eloquent tribute from a "*minuscule dans l'immensité du glorieux Empire*," and the Chiefs of the Protectorate who had brought greetings from their peoples the Mendin-goes, the Jollofs, the Jolas and the Fulas, blessed the Prince for his condescension in coming this long journey over the big waters in one of the King's mighty ships to see them and their country, and "better still to allow us and ours to see you." Their spokesman continued, "Since long before our oldest was born we have been British, first under the Great White Queen, then under Her Great Son, and to-day under His Great Son, your Royal father. May we remain for ever and ever your children, your loving and loyal children."

Loving and loyal children they were as they filed past in their richly coloured flowing robes. They made it clear they had come to see rather than be seen. As slowly they approached the red platform they watched him with intense curiosity. In each case a chief's black hands closed gently over the Prince's fingers and held them in a long clasp. Some stroked his sleeve. Some kissed his hand. All withdrew with obvious reluctance, their gaze still held. Such deep devotion could not have been rehearsed. One gaunt veteran with a wonderful walk suddenly produced a pair of vast white-gloved hands and insisted on gripping the Governor's hand as well as the Prince's.

Meanwhile in a wide circle framed by blue-uniformed Gambian police, *kora* and drum players kept up a soft accompaniment, whilst a concourse of black-visaged people vented their raucous delight. Piccaninnies chattered and women waved. Sarahulis and Jollofs and Fulas mingled in an awful crush. Keen middlemen of the rivers joined voices with pagans and gipsies. Farmers and carriers and quarrymen had forgotten themselves. After the awestruck chiefs had been grouped before the dais their senior craved the Prince's acceptance of their humble gifts—*pang* (dresscloth) and swords in bedizened sheaths. And



THE PRINCE'S INTEREST IN NATIVE INSTRUMENTS AT BATHURST



FREE TOWN AWAITING THE ROYAL VISITOR

as they passed, their tribesmen, many of whom had never been in Bathurst in their lives before, acclaimed them vociferously. Musicians squatting at the Prince's feet swayed their weird stringed instruments and babbled ditties.

After luncheon at Government House the party motored into open country. The road led across silent creeks and through scorched ricefields and sandy swamps, now under baobabs and ruhpalm and rubber trees, now past clusters of flowers growing precariously in the hot soil. The Agricultural Station was visited, the Prince planting an *arbor vite* in a carefully tended oasis fenced by a mob of children from the nearest village. Some time was also spent at the headquarters of the Frontier Force high on the Cape. Later in the afternoon there was a garden party in the grounds of Government House, where His Royal Highness chatted for an hour with the guests, inspected a contingent of ex-service men and studied the native musicians and their banjos.

The day was crowded with new sensations from the moment the beaches turned into a seething line of human beings anxious to get a first glimpse of the Prince, until the last handshakes before re-embarkation. The homage rendered by those simple old Gambian chiefs is not likely to be forgotten. Nor are the streets of expansive smiles, nor the shrill-voiced piccaninnies singing in McCarthy Square, nor the last shout as the black youth of the Colony waded out into the sea in hundreds, bent on keeping abreast of the yacht as it left the Island.

CHAPTER II

IN SIERRA LEONE

TWO days later (April 6th) the *Repulse* passed the wreck of the *Fulani*, a coast steamer which lay crippled and torn on the reefs underneath Aberdeen Hill, and entered the Rokelle River. The Prince spent a day and a half getting to know the peoples of Sierra Leone. The criticisms of a few members of the Creole community had been voiced for weeks before the date of arrival, but had not interfered materially with the heavy work of preparation made by Sir Ransford Slater, the Governor, and his staff. They complained of the shortness of the stay and expressed the fear that the Royal visitor might appear before the populace too modestly attired. It is satisfactory to be able to record that they ate their words before the Prince left their midst.

The Sierra Leonian Peninsula is a pretty and varied triangle of land which lifts from a maze of creeks and mangrove swamps where it joins the Protectorate to a mountainous range along the Atlantic shore. It is one of the rare patches on the West African coast where mountains are found close to the sea, and a more marked contrast than that between the Gambian flats and the rocky headlands which guard the entrance to the magnificent harbour could hardly be imagined.

Without fuss, at seven in the morning the cruiser crept in along the Bullom Shore and came to anchor right under the nose of Free Town. Heavy clouds brushed the hill-tops and a rain cloud sulked in the distance up the estuary as the Prince appeared on deck. Before him spread the yellow sands, the green and purple plantations and the mounded spurs of the capital, which covers a surprisingly large area for so small a place. A flash and a blur of smoke formed in the sunlight on Tower Hill and the sound of the salute spread eastwards across Kline Town and Kissi, westwards over Kru Town and White Man's Bay. The inner city wore a most festive air. Every shop was closed. The hustle on the wharves was hushed and the boatmen who usually ply noisily between ships and landing steps had gone off to join the crowds waiting in the steep streets.

As the Prince, accompanied by the Governor, landed on Eastern Jetty at ten o'clock the gloom cleared from Sugar Loaf and from the ridge whose thunders, it is said, caused the early Portuguese mariners under Da Cintra to name the place the Lion Range. For the rest of the morning the Prince was engulfed in an affectionate welcome at the hands of the Colony and the assembled representatives of the Protectorate. After he had shaken hands with Lady Slater, with Colonel G. T. Mair, Colonel-Commandant, the Acting Chief Justice, and the Colonial Secretary, the guard of honour and the ex-service men were inspected and the Bishops of Sierra Leone and Amastri presented. Under green archways and up into trim thoroughfares he drove by way of Wilberforce Hall to the Supreme Court, where the Governor, as President of the Legislative Council, read an address of welcome. As the scroll was taken from its silver casket a bugler blew a warning note calling for silence, but it was of little avail. The windows, roofs and sidewalks opposite the Law Courts were packed with black families yelling with furious joy at sight of the white-uniformed "King Piccin." There was no stopping them. The official mouthpiece of the "Ancient and Loyal Colony" stressed the fact that by a happy fortuity the first Legislative Council to include both a popularly elected element of the Colony and representatives of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Protectorate was welcoming the first Royal Heir to visit Sierra Leone, but was heard only by the few.

Wending his way to the slopes above Cotton Tree, where the students from Bo School—for the sons and nominees of chiefs—were in attendance, the Prince went to show himself to the Paramount Chiefs. "Cotton Tree" is a real tree, a hoary giant that would shelter a cathedral in its shadow; but on that special morning it was more; it was a parliament more eloquent and more symbolical than the Council House near by. The tree's green branches swayed over a scene more impressive than Free Town had ever witnessed. Up the hill-side a countless mass of people moved in dense curves round the central circle. It was like Epsom Downs converted into Christy minstrelsy. Behind the chiefs were headmen and retinues from every district—Timnis from Port Lokko and from Bombali; Mendis whose homes lay off the districts fed by the main Pendembu railway; Krims and Korankos from afar; Bulloms from all the coastal regions. The bright-eyed native scouts, transparently proud of their share in the day's work, helped the police to maintain a barrier beyond the enclosure, but there were many points at which their tightly gripped bamboo

rods gave way to the multitude swaying and singing and hip-hip-hooraying high on the spur. Hardly two in all the press seemed to be dressed alike. There were aristocratic Creoles who came in motor-cars, top hats, and wedding garments. There were simpler souls resplendent in wrappings of printed cloth striped in every colour and every way. You saw mammies with infants tied tightly to their spines; and gesticulating students; and black ministers of grace and their lace-trimmed wives.

With several long halts His Royal Highness walked slowly round and received the chiefs' tokens of respect. Upon three of them (to the torment of their neighbours) he bestowed the King's Medal for Native Chiefs. Then under the gnarled buttresses of the tree, in an air thick with tiny flags and red dust, he joined the *balange* and cymbal players. As he did so the Paramount Chiefs stepped astride their hammocks and were borne away on the heads of their litter-bearers, who were nearly trampled down by the delirious retinues.

There were few districts in the capital not visited by the Prince in the next few hours. At midday he drove out to lay the foundation stone of a new laboratory at Fourah Bay College, a theological establishment maintained by the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies and affiliated to the University of Durham. The college stands on the site of an old slave factory (its first student, a rescued slave-boy, became first Bishop of the Niger) and the route showed the Royal party the eastern suburbs of Free Town, their picturesque inlets, and the houses of the Moslem quarter, where the Mendingo and Fullah families waved from their verandahs, compounds, or housetops. A visit was also paid to the Royal Artillery Mess on Tower Hill, a pleasant elevation where there were plenty of gardens, hedgerows of bougainvillæa and scarlet flamboyants, and a comprehensive view over the harbour where the *Repulse* was anchored. The most enjoyable excursion was that which took us to Hill Station. The zigzag road would have delighted Christosmanos, and the air and hospitality of the English bungalows were not to be hurried away from.

During the afternoon the Prince infused a more unconventional spirit into the proceedings, which began with the opening of an Agricultural Show, the first of its kind in the capital. The economic development of Sierra Leone hinges almost entirely on farming and forest products and the aim of the Government Agricultural Department has been to stimulate organized production of such export crops as cotton, copra, kola and ginger. Cotton is still in the experimental stage, but when climatic difficulties

are overcome Sierra Leone hopes to take her place in the group of Empire cotton-growing communities. The Prince spent some time studying forest products, local basket-making and cloth-weaving. Native performers then appeared and disported themselves—devil dancers from the Central Provinces circled about covered with thatching; snake “charmers” gave a weird exhibition while a gymnast from Sherbro twisted himself into appalling knots in mid-air, and young girls of the Bundu sect went through rhythmic movements as taught in the far north. There was a tea party in Victoria Park and a ball and evening reception at Government House, at which the Prince danced early and late.

The Europeanized African community in the Peninsula has had a strange evolution. It is well known that the movement which ultimately led to the abolition of the slave trade received its greatest impetus from the judgment of Lord Mansfield, who in June, 1772, ruled that slaves became free on setting foot in England, it is curious to read that at that time there were some 15,000 slaves in this country. As has often happened since, these unfortunates, on deserting their masters, soon lapsed into a state of abject poverty. Fifteen years after the Chief Justice’s decision, and thanks to the suggestion of a naturalist who had spent his life catching insects in the Plantain Islands, some hundreds of the “black poor” were sent to Sierra Leone and for another generation they continued to learn the hardships of freedom. Suffering and disease added to the misery caused by Timni attacks from the land and the raids of a French squadron from the sea. In 1807 the local “kings” ceded the Peninsula to the Sierra Leone Company, and a few months afterwards it was transferred to the Crown and placed under a Governor. In the next half-century treaties were concluded with the surrounding chiefs and the Government of the Colony strengthened its authority throughout the Protectorate, where it helped to settle all manner of tribal hostilities. In 1866 the importance of Sierra Leone was such that it became and remained for some years the senior West African Colony and the official headquarters of the coast settlements. The year 1898 brought with it a revolt in the Karene District, where a Timni chief refused to pay the hut-tax. Many Timni and Mendi chiefdoms were involved before peace was finally restored.

To-day there is nothing of the air of liberated slaves about the Free Town Creoles. The little aristocracy that made its bow to the Prince of Wales in the illuminated grounds of Government House were a suave, intelligent, and self-reliant brotherhood. Their numbers are decreasing, but for the present their mental

vitality is unquestioned. The vision of them walking up the staircase in evening dress and fox-trotting on the polished floor of the Residency was one of the piquant impressions of the Royal visit.

During the night a miniature tornado came blustering out of the east, but it clung to the mountain range, and the next morning a merciless sun poured its heat into the pretty valley behind Tower Hill, where the Prince walked round a hollow square formed by some thousands of school-children. A massed choir sang the Prince's anthem and the plaudits that followed must have been audible for miles. The final ceremony was of a less spectacular but more significant order, the Prince visiting the beginnings of the new Government Offices which are to form a separate block between George and Oxford Streets and laying the foundation stone. At eleven o'clock the party went on board the *Repulse* again from a shore which was all eyes ; and as the cruiser withdrew from the sight of Leicester Hill last farewells were waved from the bungalows and native huts that fringed the backwaters.

At Free Town the Prince of Wales caught his first glimpse of the two real West Africas. In the same twenty-four hours he watched them both at the dance. Out in the open field, under a burning sun and fenced in by crowds of black and brown humanity, a group of Bundu girls went through their weird paces, their arms writhing, bare feet stamping the withered ground, bodies jerking under skirts wrought of wooden knobs strung together into a noisy garment, and eyes blurred with a devotion that the onlooker will never fully understand. At Government House, in a setting of English fairy lamps and to the strains of English music, the Creole *jeunesse dorée* one-stepped and three-stepped in stylish boots and satin shoes, drank claret cup alongside the officers of the *Repulse* and chatted in clipped but debonair English as they passed their dance programmes.

Those two elements, the pagan type from the bush village and the more or less Europeanized type of the coastal cities, represent the two groups which the English administrator is "up against." Both are in the main extremely well disposed to him. The one is a multitude, prolific but obscure, shrouded, as it were, by the forest belt and the mangrove swamp. The other is comparatively small, but a great deal more conspicuous. The question whether the gap between the two elements can ever be bridged is the great conundrum before British West Africa to-day.

Numerous other ways might easily be found of splitting the

natives into natural groups and categories. It has been said that four hundred different forms of speech are to be traced between Bathurst and Calabar; that in the Bauchi Province of Nigeria alone over sixty dialects are spoken; and that language varies within the limits of a single town. On the big grounds where the Prince held palaver there were certainly comparatively few tribal deputies who would have understood their neighbours' outpourings. Anthropologists and oil-nut exporters, district commissioners and sanitary inspectors, all have their own pet methods of labelling and card-indexing their local humanity. Differentiation might be made between the fisher folk of the Niger Delta and the pastorals of the Lake Chad region, between Fanti goldsmiths and Moshi cattle-dealers; between the naked Jolas who grow millet on the banks of the Gambia and the over-dressed Fulani horsemen who come and go in the walled cities of the Emirâtes.

Even the very primitive communities of the West Coast Protectorates are subdivided and classified in many ways. Where the mountains of the Fouta Jalon shelve down to the water-courses of Sierra Leone, and again where the sacred White Volta passes the grasslands of Gambaga and loses itself in the desert beyond Wagadugu, there are pastorals, locally known as "strange farmers," who cross and recross the frontiers, here for to-day's harvest and gone to-morrow. In the northern territories of Gold Coast and Nigeria there are tribes who settle and wander alternately, leaving behind them only the débris of their farming.

In all your studies and calculations of the West African native you must remember that the racial groups are infinitely more divergent, more foreign to one another, than are the peoples of Europe. Migrations and invasions have not ceased since the dawning of the human era. In his address to the Nigeria Council in 1920, Sir Hugh Clifford said: "Even the Sinhalese of Ceylon, as an Aryan people, are more nearly allied to the English than are to each other many of the peoples of West Africa."

When the Prince's party sat and enjoyed the roundelays and burlesques of the Sierra Leonean performers, they sat at the outside edge of a land of mystery and superstition. There was nothing out-of-the-way ominous in any part of this little side-show—in the gymnast who, high over the compound, writhed backwards and forwards in a mesh of ropes like a spider struggling in its own web; or in the devil dancers; or even in the group of savages who whipped themselves with deadly serpents until

arms and fingers dripped blood. They gave the same exhibition as they would have given at any village ceremony in their own districts, but the spectator felt himself drawn nearer to those secret guilds which are the churches and the masonic orders of the Sierra Leonian hinterland.

There are good "secret societies" and there are bad. Some are for males and others for females. The Porro, for instance, is an increasingly important body which exercises considerable social influence in the country and usually co-operates with the white man in maintaining order and righting grievances. It has its own bush areas, with a trysting-place in the heart of the undergrowth. Its youths are there initiated with much ceremony and for some months are retained until they have learned hut-building and music and the arts and crafts of their ancestors. The Bundu is, if anything, a degree more significant than the Porro, for the women of the tribes comprise it and depend upon its benefits. Each girl of a certain age enters the Bundu bush, where she is schooled by the tribal matrons in the functions of wife and mother and housekeeper. Women's suffrage has advanced a long way in many districts, and among the Mendis—who less than thirty years ago joined in the revolt against the British hut-tax—women have ruled as chiefs.

The guild system is common to many parts of West Africa. It has been countenanced or opposed by the Administration according as it has exercised a peaceful influence or indulged in obnoxious orgies. Most guilds exist as a link between human beings groping in the forest and the spirit world. Fear is their basis. Some aspire to subordinate the women of the tribe, others excel in the holding of devil dances; and one, at any rate, has organized an old age pensions scheme among its senile members. Of the Human Leopard Society, which came into being in Sherbro country not many years ago, experts are not very willing to speak. It operated merely as a murder society and just before the outbreak of the Great War numerous chiefs were convicted of participation in its orgies and put to death, or imprisoned, or exiled. Boisterous youths or maidens seem generally to have been chosen as the victims of these merciless elders, for their young flesh and blood were needed for the *Borfima*—the medicine which was regarded as the parent of the community. In fairness to Sierra Leone it should be stressed that the destructive agencies which, where they still exist, play the part of human leopards, alligators, and baboons, are approximately as rare as cut-throats in Europe and that the greater guilds, which guide "public

opinion" in the Protectorate to-day, curb tribal quarrelling and counter the workings of their ill-disposed brethren.

While the mighty smooth-stemmed giants of the Rokelle forests hide the occult practices of these simple clans, and while the *ju-ju* governs the destinies of his equivalents on Volta and Niger, the more or less Europeanized African of the steamship ports basks in the pleasanter air which blows over modern bungalows and cantonments. At Free Town, Sekondi, Accra and Lagos you will find him, polished, enlightened, glib with his borrowed language, which he does not mean to return. At Free Town he was Mr. Mayor, in mayoral robe and hat and chain and ruffle. In Accra and Lagos he was Member of the Legislative Council, lawyer, doctor and clergyman, with wig or mortar-board or silk hat complete.

Very quickly you find that the "emancipated" African is a degree more European than his prototype; that he refers to England as home, that he is far less reluctant to heed the ways and wherewithals of the unaffected tribesman from the interior than any homesick political officer or district magistrate. His brain is alert, his mind set on higher things. He is keen on his career at the Bar or in the Civil Service. He is in an overwhelming minority as compared with the millions who wear the garments of their fathers, but the fact does not embarrass him, so long as the Englishman is near. If the Englishman went—a few of them would be left alive, for the chiefs need hammock bearers. Meanwhile, he makes speeches in the council chamber, edits the local newspaper, or even pushes a clerical pen, and remains a race apart, with well-pressed trousers and button boots of patent leather.

Will ever a bridge be built that will join his world to that of the pagan peasants of Ronietta, Ashanti, or Oyo, who are thriftless, but not altogether lazy, who have always time for drumming and dancing, and who are devoted to richly-robed chiefs and obedient to cheerful Englishmen?

CHAPTER III

THE GOLD COAST

BEYOND Free Town the coastal regions are a labyrinth of deltas and mangrove forests, the one fighting against the other. Tree roots undermining the swamp become laced, they say, in a great stratum that dries up the mud, and the débris of nature continues the process of drainage until swamp joins mainland and begins to bear pines and palms and creepers. It must be a fertile and well-watered land. During the night we turned the corner and steamed at twenty knots past many leagues of Liberian coast. Yellow sand and surf stretching into invisibility and green walls of forest keeping line behind them made the landscape monotonous until smoke began to rise at regular intervals level with the *Repulse*. Soon we realized that an enormous smoke-screen was being put along the whole length of shore. White pillars reaching to the sky rose from every village. It was the coast tribes signalling the Prince's passage.

Then for a short week the Gold Coast side-tracked its customary occupations to receive the Prince, who landed at Takoradi in the early afternoon of April 9th. The circumstances of his landing might be regarded as furnishing lavish proof of the need of shelter and shipping facilities, for after the threat of a storm had delayed debarkation and brought out the best eloquence of the uniformed Customs boatmen bobbing impatiently about the accommodation ladder, tugs and surf boats made unconscionably slow headway in the piled waters of the bay. The Prince mounted the stairs as the first officially to step ashore on the important new breakwater and the first to entrain on the railway linking it with the land. It was a weird sight, that impromptu Royal saloon, as it scurried out of reach of the Atlantic spray; and there was an odd contrast between the ceaseless motion of the rollers and the hot inertia of the beaches. With the Governor, Sir Gordon Guggisberg, K. C.M.G., D. S. O., the Prince drove uphill to a point whence he might survey the harbour works.

Hitherto there has been an irksome absence of port facilities on all this coast and the deep-water harbour which is slowly beginning to materialize in the less exposed bay west of Sekondi

is one of many signs of swift progress in a rich and progressive colony. The present operations are to cost nearly three million pounds, but the eminent harbour expert who recently conducted an inquiry into needs and outlays found that the harbour would pay its way from the first year after opening. The congested nature of Sekondi beach during the cocoa season—the 1923 tonnage figures are likely to be nearly doubled by the year 1930—has caused some alarm at Government House; and Takoradi, with the aid of a new railway tapping the Central Province, which is already open from Huni Valley to the Pra River and should reach Foso this year, is to achieve what cannot be done by Sekondi in the west or Accra in the east. It will consist of main and lee breakwaters, with deep-water wharves for two or three vessels alongside the lee breakwater, a special manganese berth, and in the shallower water an extensive frontage from which exports can be handled by large lighters direct between merchant sheds and vessels alongside or at anchor. It should provide adequate anchorage in a tidal basin of some 260 acres sheltered by the bay and the reefs from the consistently heavy surf prevalent in the Gulf of Guinea.

For the benefit of the Royal party buoys had been placed to mark the spots where the moles would ultimately end. A memorial tower was being raised on high ground to commemorate the historic landing, and there the Prince met the local officials and residents before motoring to Sekondi. The seashore hereabouts has none of the mountainous beauty of Sierra Leone, yet from the landing-stage an attractive foreground of gleaming sands and rolling breakers was visible, with brown fishing villages and an occasional grove of cocoa-nut palms breaking the line. Everything was as clear-cut as though viewed through a telescope. Green forest scrub reached to the very ocean, but through gaps in the mounded hills we got glimpses of a mysterious interior. Westward there were only shifting bottoms, expanses of reckless surf and stagnant, mud-fringed lagoons; eastward the old Dutch fort and the tin-roofed settlements forming Sekondi, distinguished as the first "Coast" town which had complete segregation of its African and European quarters.

It was a unique Sekondi we saw that burning afternoon. The carpenters and cobblers were having a more or less well-earned rest. Mat-weaving and basket-making had ceased. The natives were where the Prince was. Fantis and Kroo-boys, Elminas and Ashantis, with a sprinkling of Mendingoes from the north and of Hausa merchants from Lagos, had gone to the Palaver. Here

for the first time the Prince's meeting with the chiefs brought before his eyes those insignia of local majesty which have, alas ! become known as stools and umbrellas. As he entered the Place of Palaver (which on the schedule was a little limply called the cricket ground) he saw several dozen canopics spread in a fan-shaped line before him and opposite them a pavilion composed of a canopy much larger than the rest. Reds and yellows and gold predominated, and the chieftains and their following, who had sat and squatted beneath their message-sticks for hours, and the masses of courtiers behind them, were dressed in clothes of richest hues. The Prince had never entered such an enclosure before. The dais where he received the chiefs was shaped like an enormous umbrella. The chiefs sat waiting with their musicians and message-sticks on the far edge of the green opposite him ; each was shaded under his rich canopy, but none was so elegant or large as that of the Royal visitor. After showing himself to the throng of chocolate-coloured tribesmen, whose applause burst into a spontaneous din whenever he appeared, the Prince mounted the platform and the chiefs were brought forward to make their bow. The ceremony was gorgeously staged.

Good Friday was spent among the Ashantis, in the romantic atmosphere of Kumasi. The Royal train which had been assembled for the journey up country was a wonder-work of care and ingenuity ; the best fourteen coaches in the possession of Government Railways had gone to its making and had been converted for the enterprise into bed-cabins, dining-saloons, lounges and telephone exchanges. What a convoy for the Obuasi bush ! At each halt the telephones were linked up with Kumasi and the coast, so that the officials could eliminate confusion and the Press representatives could send messages straight on to the homeward cables.

At Tarkwa, which has sometimes been dubbed by simile-seekers the Johannesburg of the West Coast, dinner was served. Would you believe it ? Mulligatawny, fish salad, lamb and mint sauce, roast duckling, dessert, coffee. The only mistake you could make would be to think that such fare and care were matters of everyday occurrence. If the Englishmen sweltering on the West Coast have a vice it is their superlative hospitality—and the Prince of Wales is not a frequent guest. Outside, the ex-service men of the district were assembling in the gloaming. We could just discern the hill bungalows and tall mine chimneys of this little Klondyke. After dinner we wandered among orange trees, but it was too late to see the gardens where honeysuckle and English

roses grow in the same soil as banana trees and pawpaws. We settled to rest as the train negotiated the hills of Huni Valley, once a land of mango flies and driver ants, which had proved too much for many a railway pioneer. We slept through Dunkwa and the settlements of the Wangana and the Obuasi gold-fields, and rubbed our eyes at Bekwai, an extensive township with a history, for it was the base whence the relief column went out to recapture Kumasi and its Omanhin was and remained the soul of loyalty. Bekwai is a haunt of goldsmiths and its artificers have from time immemorial made a fetish of their ancient bellows.

At the wayside station of Eduadin, just before dawn, after a very comfortable night, the party discovered that hot and cold water baths had been set up beside the line. The fascinations of the bush, with its vistas of tree-shapes, teak and camwood and ebony, tall rubber trees and mahogany giants, revealed themselves under the waning moon, and as the sun came up and silenced the bottle-birds and crickets that had pierced the whole night with their notes, dense clouds of mist began to rise from the thicket and trail amid the mast-like stems and the splaying buttresses and the all-pervading foliage. Here and there we crossed a stony torrent-bed, a yam plantation, or a village full of eager sight-seers. Sometimes, beyond the plantain bushes or in forest clearings, we could spy groups of half-frightened denizens of the bush, who had come far to watch, but not to demonstrate. Through the trailing mist-clouds the train steamed into Kumasi in time to permit the party to attend early divine service at St. Cyprian's Church.

At 10.30 Ashanti, through the persons of its leading chiefs, welcomed the King's son at a really Grand Palaver. The polo ground was thick with people long before the ceremony was timed to begin. The chiefs were gathered under a curving line of umbrellas, with a background of palms and raintrees behind them and their peoples. There were fifty-four groups and they had travelled by road and rail from every corner of Ashanti and the northern territories to see the Prince and to crave his acceptance of their golden gifts.

Accompanied by General Guggisberg and his chief advisers, His Royal Highness was received by the Chief Commissioner of Ashanti, Mr. John Maxwell, C.M.G., and after inspecting the perfectly trained guard of honour provided by the Gold Coast regiment he took his seat in the Royal stand opposite the magnificent array of chiefs' canopies. The cloth on which he sat bore the legend *Okoasa* (No more War) and the great umbrella held

over his head was inscribed *Yokoma* (King of Textures). His appearance on the silver and blue stage was the signal for the *atampum* (talking drums) to beat out their salute. The message which they talked might have been interpreted :

“Thy fellows proclaim thee a man
Triumphant from the struggles of war
To the ruler of kings, who comes,
Who inspires awe in the greatest,
Hail ! hail ! hail !”

The ruler of Mampong, on behalf of the assembled rulers, presented an address which said, “What our ancestors never dreamed we are now experiencing. Thank you, Barima, for the great honour you are doing us in visiting your father’s loyal subjects and witnessing the benefits of a Government which has bestowed peace upon us.” He then offered as a souvenir of the whole Ashanti people a heavy gold sword, on which emblem he swore by Kromanti (the great oath) allegiance to the Throne and asked God “and our fetishes and our stools” to preserve the Prince throughout his tour and restore him safely to his Royal father. It was disclosed that the goldsmiths had been given so much gold for the manufacture of the stool that enough had been left over to devise other remembrancers and the Prince, therefore, received a model “stool” and other ornaments as well.

The ceremony was notably less intimate, though on a much bigger scale, than those at Bathurst and Free Town. The chiefs and their retinues moved to the Royal platform from the distant limits of the enclosure, which was prettily fringed with palms and raintrees. Canopies were twirled and shaken and swayed, as though to create a little breeze for the chieftains’ benefit, and group vied with group in the splendour of its apparel and the wealth of its message-sticks. Horn-blowing and sporadic drumming, like low thunder, marked the dispersal of the chiefs, after they had removed slippers, made obeisance and shaken hands with the Prince. After the Ashantis came representatives of the Hausa residents, led by the head of the Moslem community in Ashanti. When they had withdrawn, the dancers appeared and entertained the party. By the time all presentations had been made an incessant rolling of drums filled the air. So passed the greatest of the grand palavers, and one of the most interested spectators at it was the former King Prempeh, who has now been allowed to return home to his own people after many years of exile. He sat at the end of the Royal pavilion with the officials, but in the capacity of an

ordinary citizen. In the days of Prempeh's kingship Kumasi was a shambles and human life was nowhere cheaper. The writer had refreshment with ex-King Prempeh after the display and he drank good English beer and talked about his present-day work for the Christian church. He expressed the conviction that the changes which had occurred during his absence were all for the good of the people. He was amazed at the progress made under British administration and gratified at his treatment since his return. Prempeh has received a big house, a pension and a plot of land. He wears European dress and devotes himself wholly to the work of the municipality and the church, but it was evident that the Ashanti people still regard him with supreme respect.

Kumasi has, indeed, been entirely transformed since the days when it was known as a shambles. Its broad roads meander pleasantly in and out over high ground and low. Mud huts of yesterday are now storied houses with raised verandahs. There is even a Zonga town, built for itinerant traders, which is laid out in American fashion. There are markets as fascinating in their way as Covent Garden. An affable throng waited in the winding streets to show its piccaninnies to the traveller at his every passing. The scenes at the palavar and the subsequent garden party would have amazed Sir Garnet Wolseley. White-uniformed D.C.'s, ladies with their golden-haired children, magistrates and missionaries had returned from trek and tour. They rubbed shoulders with chocolate-coloured Fantis, with Dagatis and Wasawas, Brongs and Grunshis, with perfumed women whose coiffures had been built up like busbies, with black lawyers and doctors and their Europeanized families. It is, perhaps, unkind to express a preference for natives in their own national dresses, but it is an unkindness often indulged in by those whose friendship for the African is keenest.

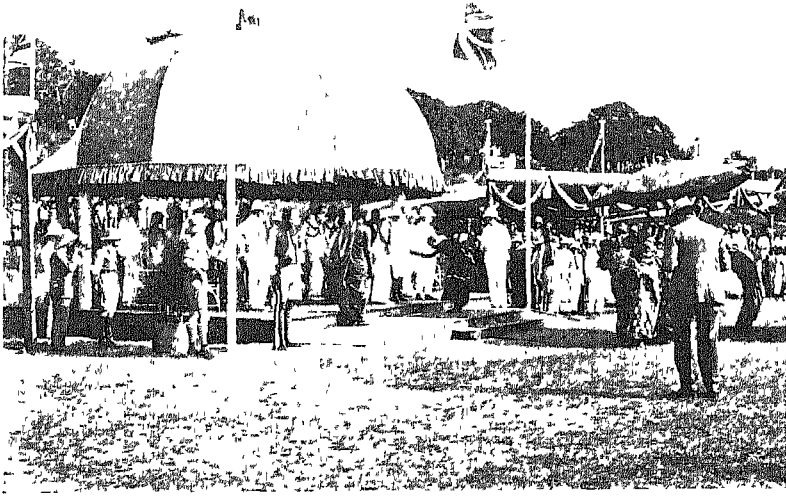
His Royal Highness performed several ceremonies of great local interest and closely associated with the civilization of the province. He visited the famous fort built after Scott's bloodless campaign of 1895. The general appearance of the fort must be much the same as when Hodgson's column marched out in 1900 to try and cut their way through to the Coast, leaving three British officers and a handful of Hausas to defend the compound. From these same shuttered windows haggard men strained their eyes towards the south until they beheld the vanguard of Willcocks's column emerging from the forest road, with a little English fox-terrier frisking in front of the buglers. The gun-sheds of the fort still stand with their pagoda-shaped roofs, but they

bear no air of military strength. The keep is converted into a club and peace reigns in the gardens which were once filled with the corpses of starved natives. Grasshoppers and orange-headed lizards abound in the adjacent meadows.

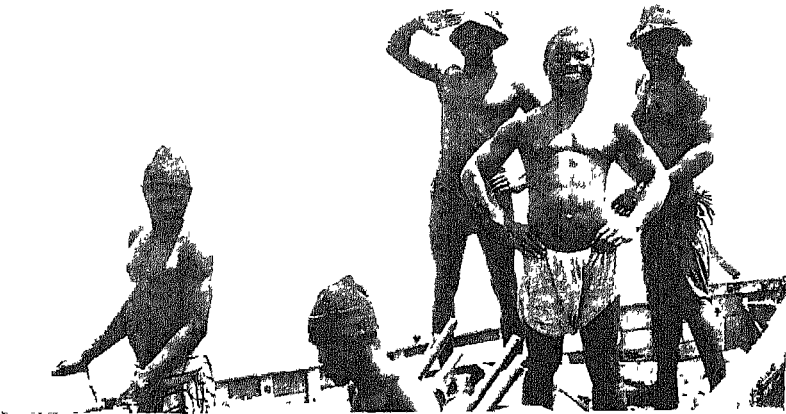
The send-off which the white colony gave the Royal party at Kumasi railway station, where the officers of the regiment danced a furious Hausa farewell outside the Prince's compartment, was overwhelming. The train steamed out into the bush, halting for the night not far from the beautiful Bosumtwi, the sacred lake of the Ashantis. The journey south through primeval forest regions and later by car along the main road leading from Bosuso through the heart of the cocoa country was a very varied experience. Every villager of every village had mustered at the village palaver tree and along the line of route and there were mad stampedes for the Prince's car wherever it appeared. These bush communities live entirely hemmed in by densest *macchia*, but the road and the railway have brought them in close touch with outside cultures. At Nkawkaw, where a rich discovery of aluminium was lately made, the head chief of Kwahu was waiting; and at Kibbi Trade School the Honourable Ofori Atta, Omanhin of Akimabuakwa, met the party. This wealthy Paramount Chief is one of the three Omanhins members of the Legislative Council of the Gold Coast. He is also, incidentally, a regular reader of *The Times*, on whose parliamentary reports he strives to model his utterances in the Accra Chamber.

Early in the evening of April 11th the Prince of Wales entered the Accra city boundary and drove through two walls of residents to Christianborg Castle, the Governor's residence at the edge of the sea. Every inch of space, every window of the whitewashed houses and depots, was occupied, but the Accrans at first seemed to be so intent on watching the Prince that they reserved their demonstrations until the following day.

That day being Easter Sunday, the Prince, with the Governor, at the head of the official world, a party from the *Repulse* and the whole British community, attended divine service at Holy Trinity Church. He drove out of the dazzling white precincts of the Castle, up an avenue made of the remnants of ancient Danish tamarinds, through the north-eastern residential quarter, where a wilderness has been converted into a thriving garden suburb, and into the *brouhaha* of the inner town. After service His Royal Highness planted a tree in the churchyard and was then run out to the Gold Coast Native Hospital, a building of spacious wards and laboratories the cleanness of which was in powerful contrast



THE PRINCE AT THE SECOND PALACE



KROO-BOYS OF ACCRA GREET THE "REPULSE"

with all the old tales of parched and pestilential coastlands. He was thereupon shown the native districts and the markets of Accra, where a way had frequently to be made for him through thoroughfares seething with chuckling humanity. "*Ohene ba!*" (The Great King's Son!) was here in the flesh and there were determined tens of thousands bent on giving him a good Ga welcome. Cries of "*Yaba dsogban!*" (Farewell and return again!) mingled with shriller yells of "Rightio! Cheerio! Nightio!"—which are the kind of pleasantry that the Coast boys learn most quickly. A myriad big-eyed babies squatted on verandahs and in drain pipes. The dusky belles had lavished hours on their Fanti coiffures. In Bannerman Street, Pagan Road, everywhere there was that same vista of jolly white eyes and teeth.

Down in the roadstead, and visible from various parts of the town, the *Repulse* lay basking in the sun, out of the range of surf-boats and rollers. The presence of the King Piccin's battle-cruiser-castle had created lively interest among the population, particularly, it seemed, among the groups from the Chieftdoms, who have the greatest veneration for the ocean, although many of them from interior divisions had never seen its blue waves before. Some hundreds of them were taken on board to inspect the gun-turrets and the maze of decks and hatchways and for their special benefit a few fifteen-inch shells were fired into the sea. The night's illuminations and fireworks displays were completely eclipsed by a particularly violent tornado.

One of the Accra ceremonies will stand out as a milestone in the history of the Gold Coast, namely, the inauguration and baptism of the still uncompleted University College of Achimota. A little while before people had been asking, where and what is Achimota? Achimota, as we learned at first hand that Easter Sunday, is a remarkable attempt to solve the problem of providing British West Africa with a suitable and independent educational centre on which all future tuition may be based. The college is to be situated in pretty country five miles north of Accra, whence attractive views over the Akwapim Hills act as an unwonted stimulant. Here the old system of literary education is being largely scrapped in favour of character training. Vague as it still is, Achimota has often been referred to as the Eton of the Gold Coast. Its youths are to be selected from every race and tribe. Preponderant will be the Akans from the West and from Ashanti. Vying with them there will be Krobos and Adangmes from this side the Volta and Awunas from beyond that sacred stream. The northern territories will send their favoured sons,

Dagombas, Grunshis, Gongas and the rest. It is thus hoped to bridge the mischievous gap at present existing between the semi-educated youths turned out by elementary schools and Gold Coasters trained in English colleges. The first task before the staff, as soon as the structure is completed, will be to bring up the young African in his own natural environment and make a man of him, instead of a clerk or a handyman anxious to don European garb and forget the pride he may ever have had in his native customs and qualities.

After inspecting Achimota College, which will henceforth bear his own name, the Prince unveiled the memorial tablet commemorating the occasion and subsequently returned to Government House, than which there could hardly be a more propitious spot in the tropics for a dinner party and reception.

The story of the European struggle for the Gold Coast is the story of the fortress castles along its coastline, built by Dutchman and Dane, Brandenburger and Portuguese and Englishman. Elmina, a stronghold of great natural beauty, dates back to 1481, when the Portuguese established themselves. It was surrendered to the Dutch in 1638, and both Danes and Dutch ceded their possessions to the English in the middle of the nineteenth century. Some of these forts are inhabited to-day, but most of them stand gaunt and in ruins, overgrown by bush, and all have ceased to serve their original two-fold purpose, as defence against natives and European rivals and as slave barracoons.

The first English mercantile transaction of which a record can be found is that of Captain Thomas Wyndham, who in 1551, sent home from the Coast a cargo of Malguetta pepper, or Guinea grains, and a large amount of gold dust. Towards the end of Edward the Sixth's reign some London merchants fitted out the first English ships to trade with Guinea. They had many encounters with the Portuguese. The state of spasmodic local war lasted for centuries, but from 1872 the whole coastland has remained in British hands.

Christianborg gleams blinding white above the rocks and the sands, whiter even than the breakers which wash its feet. Much of the material that went to its construction was brought from Europe and it was made ready for occupation in 1670, the year of the accession of the fifth Christian to the Danish crown. The land was sold for seven gold marks by the then Ga Manche, none other than Okai Koi, whose cruelties to his subjects led ultimately to his assassination. In those times the Governor was commandant of the fort and his chief duty was to buy gold and slaves in

exchange for European goods and you may still see dungeons the horrible memories of which chill you even now. Outside, terraced gardens, from which every prospect pleases, lead to the placid beach whence the survivors left their homeland in chains.

The next morning, Easter Monday, the Prince of Wales attended the Legislative Council at the Public Offices, where the Honourable Ofori Atta, C.B.E., as Omanhin of Akimabuakwa and senior African member, presented him with an address of welcome in the name of the Gold Coast as a political entity. The address, which expressed especial pride at His Royal Highness's presence just at the moment when the King was about to grant the privilege of Elective Representation, was placed in a very massive elephant tusk and enclosed with a silver lid.

Thence the Royal party drove to the last of the Gold Coast palavers, where were met the head chiefs and chiefs of the central and eastern provinces. Each of these big functions had its distinctive features. The centre had sent its twenty-eight rulers, the east its twelve, and some paraded with quaint double canopies over their heads, and some with their medicine-men at their side. One of the "diviners," at least, had come disguised as a fantastic crocodile; his home was in the Volta region, where the crocodile is a particularly important fetish, with the duty of providing cross-river transport to friendly warriors in wartime. Other chieftains were smothered in gold brocade, with fingers and arms stiff with heavy gold rings and armlets. Some were haughty, but respectful in the Royal presence; others were friendly to the verge of importunacy.

Another distinctive mark of the Accra Palaver was that His Royal Highness drove on to the ground with a picturesque escort of mounted constabulary from the northern territories, wearing carmine-coloured double turbans strapping under the chin and long green coats—an evolution of the dress of the wilder tribes of the interior. The crowds which hemmed in the enclosure were a degree more excited than those of Ashanti and it was with difficulty that the blue policemen maintained their cordons. In one instance a tree immediately behind the Prince's pavilion collapsed with its burden of several dozen natives, to the intense delight of everybody else. The humour that can be derived out of other people's discomfiture is the choicest the West African knows.

Slowly the procession of Omanhins and Regents went past. Each group had its elders and linguists and the great ones were supported by the Ohenes and Odikros of their chief villages. The first-comers presented the Prince with a graceful model stool

of Tarkwa gold. It was his last day amid the pomp of local heirlooms, and one may here express the hope, in view of his great success and the publicity his visit gave to Gold Coast institutions, that two old misunderstandings may finally have been disposed of. The chiefs' umbrellas should now be remembered as resplendent canopies, sometimes of huge dimensions, always of the richest silken hangings and tassels; and their stools not as stools, nor even as thrones in the ordinary sense of the word, but as shrines which are supposed to contain the soul of the nation and the spirits of ancestors.

Accra, which looks rather desolate from the surf-boat that removes you from its low red cliffs, has a warm heart, and a long handshake for you when you leave it. Beyond the cliffs you see the edge of an unimposing but go-ahead town. Its background is parched brown scrub. But there are consolations at Victoria-borg, where mauve and orange flowers smile at you from gardens built within the wilderness, and at Christianborg, where quiet courtyards and old-fashioned archways such as you would expect to find in Andalusia do their best to obliterate the ghostly keep-sakes of herded slaves.

Before the Prince returned to the *Repulse* he received "a hearty gift" from a Paramount Chief of the Volta River district. It took the form of a poem written by the Poet-Courtier of Peki Blengo. Here are two of its verses:—

"Best gritudes to the King,
And to our mother, the Queen;
Gritudes to House of Lords,
To Governor of best sorts,
Who all good provided,
That the Prince here guided.

"He is the real Prince of Wales,
Born in the diamond Palace.
Dear Son of King George the Fifth.
But he oft the Palace leaves—
Wanders in Dominions,
To know himself Nations . . ."

It was inscribed, "Melody : Ira D. Sankey : Jesus Lover of my soul," but someone seemed to have blundered.

From the haunts of the man who "lived up a creek and threw boots at leopards" to the ordered modern capitals of West Africa is a distance that cannot be measured in miles. Yet they are next door to one another. The bungalows and messes of

Victoriaborg and Lagos-Ikoyi revealed to the Prince of Wales a community which mixes Bush and Secretariat, takes a pride in its metropolitan rusticity and swallows its tours of duty as it swallows quinine. His visit found it prepared, hospitable, and tireless, determined to deserve success, but dazzled by the limelight into which it had stepped.

"The Coast" was until very recently the Devil's *poste restante* and a peculiarly unsavoury British possession, in most people's minds. With the help of the Prince and of Wembley the stigma has been shaken off, but the man on the spot has suddenly become anxious lest his station should be mistaken for a holiday resort and his leave curtailed proportionately. White people do not go there even now for health's sake. For every English-woman on the Coast who professes to luxuriate in her little garden suburb, there are others who live the hard life of the pioneer in an atmosphere that is 40 per cent. mosquito or sandfly.

To the new-comer the first surprise accompanies the discovery that those Englishmen and women who are "dying to get away" are in a small minority. Half the white community, officials and traders, live remote from their kind, enveloped in almost virgin thicket, or unfriendly swamp, or endless plain, and round about their homes there are districts the penetration of which is still a journey of discovery. They would resent your suggestion that it is a good country to live out of. They take unusual pride in the development of their province—and it would be hard to find a better type of patriotism—and frequently betray a liking for their work and for the native, who they assure you is "no fool." At the same time, they will withdraw promptly when their term expires. Only one Briton ever decided to spend the days of his retirement in Nigeria, for instance, and you may have the good fortune to find him on Zungeru Station platform when next you alight there.

All our West African territories are administered in two hard-and-fast divisions: the Colonies along the coast, which are owned by right of purchase or cession, and the Protectorates, which form their hinterlands, and which are governed by tribal chiefs under the supervision of British commissioners. These commissioners are few and far between. In Sierra Leone, which is about the size of Ireland, there are twenty-seven of them. In Nigeria the administrative staff numbers less than two hundred (one to every hundred thousand of the population); and, as the Governor remarked to the writer, the nineteen million people who, whatever their race or creed, go to the making of Nigeria

are not being governed by that handful of white men without their own consent.

Residents and District Officers are essentially jacks-of-all-trades. They are judges and foster-fathers, guides, philosophers and friends. Sometimes an oppressive chieftain has to be stripped of his authority; sometimes a judgment of Solomon to be delivered; sometimes a border dispute to be smoothed out. In all these tragi-comedies administrator and native make a fair exchange and learn to know each other's uses. Native courts of justice have had to be fashioned and watched. Inter-tribal enmities and communal cruelties have had to be obliterated. The idea of forestry reserves and the preservation of game has had to be inculcated. The protection of the peasantry and of tribal law and usage in their more generous emanations, the guidance of petty despots, the infusion of a sense of local responsibility—such are the beginnings of the White Man's Burden in West Africa.

The Prince went as far and saw as much in the West Coast regions as was humanly possible in the time available. No traveller living ever saw such a concentrated West Africa. Where he could not go to the tribal districts, the tribes came to him, and brought their chiefs and their children. All the roads and clearings round Cape St. Mary, Kru Town, and Kumasi paraded piccaninnies. The experts could have told at a glance which were Jollofs and which were Akwapims, but to the stranger they were a host of happy darkies. One wondered how the white man's task might develop as these children grew up.

The native "question" in West Africa is one of education, employment, and encouragement. The three E's are more immediately applicable than the three R's. The British officials in the West Coast Protectorates are nothing more nor less than a body of educationalists and on the methods they employ depends the justification for their interference in tropical tribal affairs. They are faced with an inexhaustible medley of clans and classes, but they have retained their faith in the humans of the bush.

If one thing is certain in these Protectorates to-day it is that the withdrawal of the white magistracy would be the signal for war preparation among many of the tribes. In Ashanti—better, perhaps, than elsewhere—you may study the marvels of peace. To sit on a sun-bathed verandah at Kumasi, sharing a cool drink with ex-King Prempeh, is like sitting and taking part in a miracle. Round the *jardinières* lizards blink and scutter. Beyond them, through a gap in the mango avenue, you see the

buttressed grey trunks of cyclopean forest trees which stand where they stood before Prempeh was king and the totems had quenched their thirst for human blood. Their branches are spread over the traces of the old bush road that ran to Cape Coast, so well known to successive British punitive expeditions. Their shadow falls on Bantema, where, thirty years ago, the soldiers found a grove containing human skulls and bones many feet deep. The Ashantis who resisted Wolseley like warriors accepted a domination which quickly became a vigorous alliance. It has been the same with the Gambians, who made submission to the Anglo-French forces in 1901, and with the turbulent Mendis of Sierra Leone, who revolted against the lightest form of taxation three years before that.

The D.O. trekking about in his two or three thousand square miles of territory is not a superman. It would be a mistake to paint a picture of him holding a magic wand of peace between two neighbour tribes waiting with bared teeth to spring upon one another. The D.O. travels with his silver-mounted message-stick and a sense of humour and quite a little retinue of servants. The talking drums herald his approach across the countryside and he receives a first-class welcome. He holds palaver, transacts his business, and leaves the stamp of British justice upon the affairs of the tribe.

It is to be hoped that the common sense of peace has had its effect upon the Protectorate peoples. One never knows. Without suggesting that there is the very slightest ground for uneasiness in Ashanti to-day, one could not help but feel the marvellous effect that Prempeh's presence had upon that great assemblage of chiefs and courtiers. The gratification of their wish was mentioned in their address to the Prince of Wales, and Prempeh's villa on the outskirts of Kumasi was a place of pilgrimage. It is not every West African race that is as sensible as the Ashantis. In the country of the Yorubas, in Southern Nigeria, in the Volta Regions, and in many districts of Sierra Leone, no love is lost between tribe and tribe. The vast majority of West Africans are primitive folk, intellectually unambitious, and without any craving for "advancement" in any shape or form. Yesterday they were mainly warriors or fugitives. The superior tribesman seems to be the one who "would not eat cockroaches unless they were cooked."

The once-prevalent impulse to cut the native completely adrift from his tribal traditions and "make a good Christian of him" overnight is a thing of the past so far as most centres of

education and missionary work are concerned. The pagan likes to have his better nature developed along the lines of least resistance. His *ju-jus* and totems, or his fear of their cunning, have given him qualities which are well worth preserving, and teachers have come to recognize that their task is to superimpose the benefits of European science upon the actualities of native African custom. Those queer creatures, the mission boy and the black dandy, are not in favour. The inspiration of native education—witness Achimota—is that the masses and their future chiefs must be trained for use in Africa and not on pseudo-European lines.

Sir Frederick Lugard's conception of the interrelation of colour may be written once again : "Equal opportunity for those who strive, equal admiration for those who achieve ; in matters social and racial a separate path, each pursuing his own inherited traditions, preserving his own race-pride and race-purity." The Coast has interests and dangers peculiarly its own. It owes as much to the sea as to the hinterland. It stands like a long chain of clearing-houses between the elements which make West Africa, draining and feeding each in turn. Through the barrier white administrators and traders come and go. They are there to bear the burden.

CHAPTER IV

IN NIGERIA

NIGERIA was under a cloud with a silver lining. Before ever the *Repulse* had reached the Bight of Benin her wireless had conveyed the ominous warning that outbreaks of plague and smallpox might possibly affect the party's freedom of movement. Thereafter, from the cruiser and from the Royal train going up to Kumasi, frequent messages were exchanged with the Nigerian capital in the hope of finding a solution of the difficulty. It was understood that the outbreak was slight, but fears were expressed that the movement of natives caused by the elaborate programme for the Prince's reception might easily lead to a wide spreading of disease. The question of South African quarantine also had to be considered.

Several alternative suggestions were made by those surrounding the Prince. It was at least hoped that he might see the tribesmen of the North at the great gathering arranged at Kano. It was thought that a landing might be made at Port Harcourt, whence the party might have used the Enugu and Bauchi railway systems, but that could not have been done in the time available. The Nigerian tour was therefore cancelled and disappointment prevailed. In what appeared to be a final telegram, Sir Hugh Clifford said that all classes and creeds in the Dependency would receive the news with deepest grief. He added that the Prince's hint that it might be possible at some later date to pay a separate visit to Lagos and its hinterland would be some consolation to them in their extreme disappointment.

It was not until matters had reached this stage that Government House thought of a simple means of disentanglement. The fact that Lagos is an island linked with the mainland by railway across another island was mentioned. It was then agreed that the *Repulse* should remain in the roadstead out of touch with the capital and that an Elder Dempster tender should land the Prince and suite at Iddo Island, the terminus of the railway, and that the visit to Lagos should be left until the return down country from Kano

The good Lagosians had passed through so much tribulation and suspense that when the Royal tender, the *Attendant*, steamed into the harbour of the forbidden city and made her way slowly along the front, within a few dozen yards of the Marina, there were round a hundred thousand inhabitants lined on the shore and worked up to a pitch of excitement such as we had never seen before. The welcome of a week was squeezed into one great shout that lasted half an hour. Shipping in the pool was gaily dressed and every deck was lined with waving hats. Whistles and sirens dinned a welcome. From Bruce Point and Five Cowrie Creek to the big Lagoon people were shouting and singing in an unbroken three-mile line. Some hundreds stumbled waist deep in the water to gain a vantage point and ample elbow room. It was frantic while it lasted.

At six o'clock (April 15th) the Prince was moving out of Iddo terminus and crossing Ebute-Metta Creek on to the mainland. Between acknowledging the Royal salute opposite the harbour mouth and settling down for the two days' train journey northwards, he took a lesson in local geography, for Lagos and its vicinity are a complex of islands, creeks, and lagoons, with never a bit of raised ground within sight. Five Cowrie Water derives its name from earlier ferry days. The capital, like Bathurst, has been reclaimed from swamp and scrub; its lagoons are in reality part of the vast system of waters which link up with the Niger Delta.

That evening, as we sped up through Abeokuta, was memorable for the glimpses of Yoruba townships and the swarms of moths, beetles, sausage-bugs, sandflies, ephemerals and other winged nuisances which attacked the train. Mosquitos left us severely alone. At breakfast-time we alighted at Ilorin, where we discovered Langa Langa, Mr Hermon-Hodge, still "Up Against It in Nigeria." As acting Resident he presented the Emir to the Prince. Behind the station and its flowering flamboyants and its superb caladium leaves a large gathering of councillors and district headmen sat, with the Emir raised on a little platform in their midst, and groups of horsemen in attendance up the line. As the Prince stepped down the young ruler strode forward and knelt in touching humility at his feet, where he remained with arms crossed and head bowed low throughout the interview.

At noon a halt was made at Jebba, where the Prince was shown the islands in the Niger, the famous Juju rock from which human victims are said to have been hurled, and the red ant-hills rising like stalagmites from out the shrub. Thereafter,

excepting two or three village communities which knelt down and murmured "*Barka da zuwa!*" (Hail on your coming!) as the Prince's coach drew level, we travelled for many leagues through the hot isolation of the Nupe bush country with no human being within sight. The only moving creatures were kites circling overhead, grasshoppers and swarms of white butterflies fluttering over stagnant jade-green pools. The railway here crosses the most sparsely peopled tract in Nigeria.

So we entered the land of Hausa hamlets and as night and its moths and beetles again descended on us fires were lighted amid the round thatch-roofed huts, distorting the bizarre shadows of the bush and revealing groups of motionless natives peering at us through the gloom. As dawn came someone outside sang softly:—

"I'd sooner
Live in Kaduna
Than any place I know . . ."

And at Zaria a small surprise had been prepared by the railway authorities. During a quiet hour the Prince had been on the footplate and had acted as his own engine-driver over some twenty-three miles of line. He was therefore paid at the standard rate of four shillings per hundred miles and received the sum of tenpence in Nigerian coinage, and a lonely railway office now cherishes a mileage allowance voucher bearing the signature of the Prince of Wales.

The oil-palms and yam plantations of the coastal region had been left behind and cassava, guinea corn, and dorowa trees had taken their place. In Zaria Province there were areas which were described as unexplored or uninhabited bush on not very ancient maps, but such inhabitants as they now possessed had emerged from their solitude to watch the passage of "*Dan sarkinmu*" (our King's son).

Immediately on arrival at Kano, after his 704-mile railway journey, the Prince made acquaintance with the city which is the chief commercial centre of Western Sudan and the prototype of the red mud-walled city of the West African Section at Wembley. After being received outside the walls by the Emir, an old man and an invalid, but unwaveringly loyal in his relations with the British administration, he entered by the Nassarawa Gate and drove past the native Treasury, the Emir's Palace, the Alkali's Court, the towered Mosque and the famous hill of Gorondutsi. The tour of the thirteen main gates which break up the thirteen miles of crumbling wall and of the stifling Hausa

market-places within, where you may hear a hundred tongues and smell a hundred smells, makes you realize the supremacy of the place as a clearing-house and as the terminus of the main Nigerian railway. Here, all roads led to Kano and its stalls and booths. The Prince passed in and out of dusty lanes, where the townsfolk had congregated in huddled groups behind the vivid uniforms of the mounted constabulary—the Dogarai. Wherever the visitor appeared groups knelt in profoundest respect, but remained mute. One began to think them incapable of emotions such as had marked the Prince of Wales's visits elsewhere in West Africa, but a surprise was in store the following day.

On Saturday the Prince held durbar on the great Kano Plain. The gathering of the cavalcade of 20,000 riders under the Moslem chieftains of the northern territories of Nigeria—a medley of mediæval courtiers and crusaders with a smack of wild-west showmanship and touches of Moore and Burgess minstrelsy—must have been one of the most imposing displays that any royal traveller has ever witnessed.

From earliest dawn the drumming of the *tambari*, the blowing of royal trumpets and the bagpipe-like dirge of the *algaita* floated spasmodically over the city. Inside and outside the walls, under the sandy haze of a very late *Harmattan*, all roads and tracks bore currents of humanity out to the plain—excursionists from all the northern provinces who had trekked many days to see their chiefs' King's heir; horsemen from Sokoto, Bornu, and Zaria; caravans from the solitudes of the North; merchants from Lagos; villagers talking the rich vocabularies of Nupe and Ibo; Kerrikerris and Kanuris and men from Bauchi Plateau. There was no apparent excitement and little noise as yet, except that of the busy musicians.

On the dun ground itself, where the long, low Royal pavilion had been built into a mound of red mud so characteristic of Kano, two companies of the Nigeria Regiment paraded with their artillery company, the infantry in red tunics, the gunners in blue. The bearers marched past with guns poised perfectly on their heads. The Prince had arrived in an eerie half-silence, but as the last bar of the National Anthem was played a din of drums and cymbals broke from the assembled multitude in which the patriotic airs played by the regimental band was hardly audible. Thereafter there was a gradually growing hubbub.

It came from a dense cordon of horse and foot which formed a mysterious barrier nearly a mile away. A single vulture

hovered overhead. Suddenly the cordon took clearer shape, and one noticed a line of galloping horsemen charging, so it seemed, the Royal stand. They spurred their lean steeds into greater speed, dashed up, reined in abruptly with a jerk that made you pity their mounts, and at the very edge of the turf wheeled to their flank. This was the famous *jafi* of the northern cavaliers and it was repeated by six groups in a hurricane race led by native chiefs.

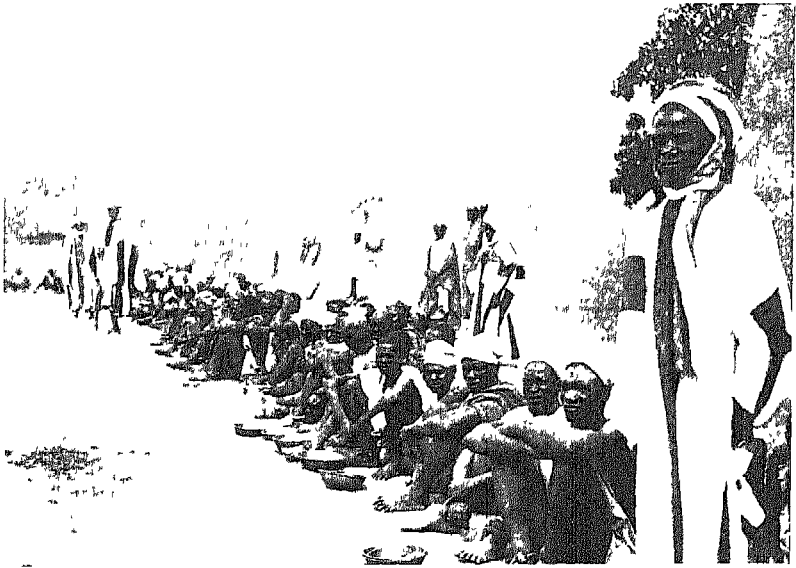
As soon as the last group had *jafi*-ed, a stupendous procession of all the Emirs, chiefs, and followers began. For nearly an hour the 20,000 of them, caparisoned and armoured, passed by in review. The world can seldom have seen such a display of mounted men. The thirty-five groups centred in the great Mohammedan rulers of Northern Nigeria and the column must have extended some miles. As it advanced gunshots rang out in the distance and when its units drew level with the Prince of Wales's platform each acclaimed him with trumpet blares, shouts and the raising of lances. The *hakakis* (royal trumpets) must have been ten or twelve feet long. Replying to these salutations, the Prince, who sat between Sir Hugh Clifford and Mr. Herbert Richmond Palmer, C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of the northern provinces, raised his clenched fist in greeting, in accordance with local custom.

Most of the Emirs were followed by umbrella bearers, court jesters, and dancers who performed their strange swaying motions and contortions while yet mounted. There were from each Emirate long lines of lancers and courtiers. Some of the black faces that peered from out the folds of their double turbans of every colour and shape wore a fiercely serious air; some were convulsed with catcalls and songs of praise to the Prince and their chief. Hundreds wore chain-mail which had come across the Sahara in past centuries, and plumed headgear (*falfali*) evolved from the old crusaders' helmets, but mainly the massed riders moved past half buried beneath turbans and cloaks. Over and above all these crowding impressions there remained the gorgeous kaleidoscope of colour and the silhouettes of horses and riders approaching out of the dust. From the bigger provinces footmen led camels and richly harnessed horses as a sign of their rulers' splendour. Katsina advanced with his Irish stallion beside him and his magnificent scarlet-coated retinue. There followed lancers from Zaria and a score of wild hoe-dancers who, at His Royal Highness's request, came near and performed, hurling their hoes into the air and juggling as they danced.

Twelve first-grade chiefdoms took part in this huge Durbar, including the Sultan of Sokoto and the Emirs of Gwando, Kano, Bida, Kontagora, Yola, and Bauchi. With each of these units there passed a little empire. The Emir of Kano's subjects number over two millions. The population of Bauchi is half pagan, its Emir Yakabu rules fifty tribes. Sokoto and Katsina have two millions between them. The Sheikh of Dikwa, in the Cameroons, whose predecessor owed allegiance to Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, was there with an interesting retinue. Each of the dense masses of horsemen was distinct in its formation, its dresses, its adjuncts and its musical instruments. Many of them could not have understood the next group's language. Buffoons, half-naked and pretendedly half-witted, came at the heels of chiefs covered in gold and silver suitings. There was a head thief-catcher of the Emir of Kazaure balancing his bundle of rods on his cranium—a veritable Roman lictor with his *fascies* and the only Fascist in sight. Dancers attached to the various courts went through fantastic capers on the small plot of ground which separated their lord from the Prince. Not the least instructive were the bands of pagans howling and brandishing sticks and clubs—weird appearances from the bush joining in the Fulani gathering.

At the conclusion of the wonderful parade Emirs and chiefs were brought into a circle opposite the dais and ranged in order. Each was presented by the Resident, and at the end of the ceremony all stood while His Royal Highness invested Mr. Palmer with the insignia of a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Before departure the Prince addressed the rulers and peoples. He said he had long had the desire to visit this country of theirs and was pleased to see them all assembled without mishap. He rejoiced that relations between the Government and the people had never been happier and recalled that during the war they had contributed without stint to the common cause. He assured the Emirs that his august father the King-Emperor studied their welfare with abiding interest. The address was interpreted to the chiefs sitting round and it was received with a murmur of approval.

The spell of apparent languor was broken completely. Silence in Kano seemed a thing of the remote past as the Royal party disappeared and the masses turned their toes townwards across the plain. "*Sai wata rana!*" (Till another day!), they yelled. And the quieter groups squatting in voluminous gowns along the side of the laterite road murmured,



IN THE PRISON YARD AT KANO



THE KANO BABY'S TOILET

"Allah ya ba ka yawan rai!" (May Allah give you long life!).

That afternoon the Prince went for a further and more casual tour in the walled city, mingling with the humble folk bartering millet and hides and blue cotton-cloth, horses, and scent and spices, in the entirely un-Europeanized market-places. The whole city is built of the same light red mud. Goats jump about the parapets and vultures scan the open spaces from every roof. Tall palm-trees and here and there an embellished house-front give an air of distinction to some of the streets and there is a perpetual coming and going of half-naked carriers. Under the broad shadow of durumi-trees the market-folk from surrounding villages had spread their wares. It is not entirely extravagant to call Kano the London of these limitless plains. Its native Secretariat, its Treasury, its Alkalis' Court, its group of palace buildings, its Survey Department and its metropolitan gaol, all of which we were permitted to see, are an absorbing study to all who are interested in the Dual Mandate and an eloquent tribute to the handful of English officials who supervise their operation.

On his first drive through the city the Prince had expressed some surprise at seeing so few natives in the streets and had asked what had happened. He had been informed that the native administration had cleared all the population out of the way in their anxiety that there should be nothing that might offend the Royal visitor. He made the second tour in his shirt sleeves and went about quite unrecognized. He returned much intrigued with the fact that he had seen in one of the streets the corpse of a native recently killed—which was evidence that the place had not been specially prepared on this occasion. It transpired that the body was that of a thief who had been killed while violently resisting arrest. The native official responsible for inquiring into sudden deaths had intimated that he could not view the corpse that day, since he wanted to go and see the Prince play polo.

The history of Nigeria has still to be compiled, but a few of its best known phases may here be set down to denote the essential difference between the Northern Emirates and the petty pagan kingdoms of the South. At the time of British intervention Mohammedan influences had bestowed a certain degree of civilization upon the up-country tribes, while in the south systems of law and religion were in a very primitive state and barbarism was rife. In 1851 action was taken against the usurping King of Lagos, whose islands and lagoons had become an obnoxious centre of slave traffic; but ten years later, as the

trade still continued, Lagos and the dependent territories had finally to be ceded to the British Government. It is of interest that the colony which formed the nucleus of Greater Nigeria should once have formed a portion of the West African Settlements under the Governor-in-Chief resident at Sierra Leone, and later of the Gold Coast Colony.

In 1893, seven years after Lagos had become an independent colony, the Oil Rivers Protectorate, which lay to the eastward and had been officially recognized by the Berlin Conference of 1885, extended its territory and assumed the name of Niger Coast Protectorate. The following year, after severe fighting, Nana, the Jekri chief, who had successfully opposed all attempts to trade on the lower Benin, was defeated and deported, but a subsequent peaceful mission to Benin was treacherously attacked and massacred. Benin city was captured by a more powerful mission, and the authority of its priesthood, which had inspired a reign of terror and bloodlust throughout the land, was broken. Since that day the Binis have become an orderly and comparatively prosperous people.

While Southern Nigeria was being brought under unified British control the country north of the forest belt was being explored and exploited by the Royal Niger (formerly National African) Company, to which a charter had been granted in 1886. Treaties were made with chiefs; trading and administrative stations were created; the legal status of slavery was declared abolished. On the first day of the year 1900, after a conflict between British and French interests had been narrowly averted, the Crown took over the Niger Company's area as the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria, with Colonel (now Sir Frederick) Lugard as first High Commissioner. Many Emirates, Sokoto, Yola, Bauchi, Bornu, Kano, and Kontagora, were subdued in turn and for some years minor expeditions had to be sent against truculent pagan tribes, of whose truculence there is now no trace or sign. It was Sir Frederick Lugard who in 1914 became first Governor of Greater Nigeria.

The Fulani tribesmen, who provided such a feast of colour and movement on the Kano plain, were in the mass different from any other stock we had seen in West Africa. Tall, lean, enswathed in turbans and overalls, they showed us little of themselves except their pointed noses and their dignified gait. When saluting or addressing the white man they squat with their finger-tips touching the ground. They seem to be an intelligent but restless folk. The growth of Fulani power became

suddenly perceptible in the time of the Imam Othman dan Fodio, when the race took up arms in the name of its religion. Bawa, the pagan King of Gobir, became offended at the might of the Fulani religious chiefs and at the independence of their Koranic doctrines. He administered a drastic public reprimand, but Othman called his followers to his support. Fired by his eloquence and excited at the prospect of a religious war, they named him Sheikh and carried their conquests over large parts of West Africa and the Sudan. Othman's son became Sultan and in his reign the Fulanis reached the zenith of their earthly glory. Later Emirs allowed the Empire to crumble and at the time of the British advance some of them were keeping body and soul together by the promiscuous sale of slaves and treasure.

During his stay at Kano the Prince of Wales played his first game of polo on West African soil and scored two goals. After dinner at the Residency (April 18th) he attended a fireworks display and tattoo at Bamfai and danced until it was time to start the return journey to the coast.

The passage southward through Oyo Province was interrupted to enable him to meet the Yoruba rulers of Southern Nigeria and to see Ibadan, the centre of the palm-kernel industry and the largest native city in the whole of British tropical Africa, with a population of well over a quarter of a million. The Royal party alighted at Ibadan level-crossing and drove in motor-cars to the Regimental Mess Hall, where the tall, dignified chiefs representing Yorubaland, Egbaland, the Ife people and other tribes had assembled. All were richly robed and wore ornately built-up crowns during the presentation. Some of them had never before left their palaces and had been conveyed to Ibadan at dead of night under canopies such as had signalized the palavers further westward. They had been prevented by the change in the programme from appearing on horseback with large retinues, as they would have wished, but bore themselves bravely in their disappointment.

These quaintly titled Yoruba rulers are the equivalents of the Northern Emirs. First among them came the Alafin of Oyo, then the Alake of Abeokuta, the Oni of Ife, the Owa of Ileshi, and the Orangun of Illa, various Ekiti and Ilaro chiefs following. The Prince, in his address to them, made clear that it was with very great regret that he had been compelled to modify the original arrangement, whereby he would have met them and their people at Oyo. It was, however, a source of keen satisfaction that he had yet been enabled to receive the homage of

the heads and representatives of the Yoruba nation. It was, he recalled, in 1893 that the envoy of Queen Victoria had intervened and ended the intertribal warfare then raging. Since then each and all had settled down to the process of political and economic development and were living in peace and concord with their neighbours. "Your chiefs retain their authority, both judicial and executive, and raise their own revenues to support your public services. I am glad to be informed by the Governor that the progress rudely broken by the Great War, in which your men, your money, and the products of your soil played their part, has been renewed and that the trade outlook is brighter."

The Prince then invested Major Ruxton, acting Lieutenant-Governor of the Southern Provinces and formerly Senior Resident of the Cameroons Province, with the C.B.E. There followed a hasty but decidedly charming drive through the city, where a wreath was laid at the foot of the war memorial to the dead of the Fourth Battalion, the Nigeria Regiment. The cars entered Ibadan at Agodi Gate and passed Bere Court and the site of the Council Hall and various markets where masses of people cheered from behind bamboo barriers, from under mangrove trees and from inside the motor-buses which had brought them from distant towns. The Prince must have seen Ibadan and its hilly lanes at their very best in the cool early morning. The vegetation on the heights was luxuriant and freshest green, with splashes of crimson and yellow blooms, and glimpses of blue hills between. The houses, mud-built and thatched with ekon grass, were lavishly beflagged, but the proud mammies and their exuberant little coons were the best decoration that even so vast a city could have displayed.

It would be hard to find in the annals of Nigerian native affairs a more pungent bit of enterprise than was shown by the young Alake of Abeokuta, who had excusably expressed his embarrassment at having to salute the Prince of Wales on foreign soil, namely, at Ibadan, the capital of another Yoruba ruler. After the beautiful little reception in the Mess Hall, the Alake withdrew hurriedly, stepped into a motor-car and rushed across country to his own capital. When the Royal train reached Aro, the station for Abeokuta, a quite unexpected and brilliantly staged spectacle awaited the Prince. Under a great central canopy, surrounded by minor sunshades, stood the Alake, collected and serene, with his wives reclining at either side. Around them were grouped retainers and district headmen and

on the quarried slopes above, as though posed by a Reinhardt; there was a living bank of Abeokutan subjects, thoroughly enjoying the artistry of it all. As His Royal Highness crossed the metals the young and splendidly attired Alake, who had lived for a time in England, strode forward through the lane of attendants and welcomed him. Then with a gesture new to his environment he spun round with arms upraised and called forth three magic cheers for the Royal visitor.

Late the same afternoon, eager to stretch his legs again after the long, though comfortable, journey, the Prince jumped from the train at Ebute-Metta, in sight of the imposing railway terminal workshops, and drove to the capital in a whirlwind of Lagosians, all without exception wanting to keep abreast of his car. In the gardens of Government House he received the members of the Nigerian Council and the White Cap Chiefs of Lagos. Paying a tribute to Nigerian devotion to the Crown, he mentioned that the wise policy which the Administration had pursued had been recognized by the decision to entrust to it also the administration of those areas on the eastern borders which, as a consequence of the German War, had come under the control of the King as a Mandatory of the League of Nations; and he regretted that lack of time prevented him from visiting the British Cameroons.

Apart from tennis, dancing, and a polo match, the list of events at Lagos had been kept intentionally light so as to give the Prince's suite a rest. On Wednesday, the 22nd, the foundation-stone of the Cathedral of Lagos was laid. The walls of the new edifice are being built round and outside the present Christ Church, which for nearly sixty years has been a well-known and homely landmark for Lagos Colony. The former diocese of West Equatorial Africa is now divided into the Lagos Bishopric and the Bishopric on the Niger. Bishop Melville Jones presented the Prince with a silver trowel of African workmanship and Assistant Bishop Oluwole, a white-haired native divine of impassioned utterance, delivered the address. That afternoon the local Christian Missions produced their school children like rabbits from a hat. The Prince and the balloon figures that swayed over the polo ground looked down upon tens of thousands of them—boy scouts, girl guides, and mere civilian children—but all determined not to budge from beneath the Royal pavilion until they were moved on by force. During this inspiring march-past Sir Hugh Clifford, who was to leave for home immediately after the Prince's departure, after twelve

years' service in West Africa, wrote down the following message, which he handed to me for transmission to *The Times* :—

"Apart from the manifestation which the events of the last week have given of the extraordinary power the Prince possesses of appealing to the imagination and captivating the hearts of his fellow-creatures, the supreme significance of what, since Wednesday last, has been witnessed in Nigeria lies, I think, in the proofs that have been afforded of the attachment to and pride in the British connection felt by all sections of the indigenous population.

"I have lived more than forty years among the peoples of the Tropics in the East and West, and in my time have heard an immense volume and variety of organized tumult, from the "all kinds of music" of Daniel to the "music and other noises" of the cynical old Singapore police passes. Never once, however, have I anywhere heard in tropical lands so obviously spontaneous, so completely unorganized an outpouring of popular enthusiasm as that which greeted the Prince as he passed up the lagoon on Wednesday last to the improvised landing-place at Iddo Island.

"The 18,700,000 human beings who live in Nigeria have seen their affairs administered and guided for twenty-five years by a mere handful of Europeans with no force behind them save that represented by four battalions of the native infantry, a battery of portable guns, and two small police forces locally recruited by voluntary enlistment, all officered only by Europeans. Here, if anywhere in the world, there is to be found government not by force, but by the consent of the governed, and though into a quarter of a century there have been crowded revolutions in facts and ideas which have taken European energy and restlessness many hundreds of years to evolve, the truth that the process on the whole commends itself to the bulk of the indigenous population has been demonstrated fairly clearly in every place where the Prince has shown himself during his arduous journey through a mere cross-section of this immense territory. The Prince, of course, is himself; his personality would awaken enthusiasm anywhere. Nigeria, however, has stood forth also as an embodiment of British rule and it seems to me that through him it has received a striking testimonial, while nothing could stimulate the spirit upon which the efficiency and the justification of our rule alike depend more vitally than his coming amongst us."

The mileage allowance voucher which shows that the Prince of Wales drove his special train over twenty-two and a half miles of the journey through Nigeria, and drew his pay accordingly, was subsequently framed in local timber and hung in the office of the

general manager at Ebute-Metta. The incident was worth more than tenpence to the railway company. While on the footplate the Prince exclaimed, "I only hope we're not going too fast," and the permanent driver at his elbow (a Scotsman) replied, "It's up to you, Sir"—not at all a bad motto for those who are responsible for the affairs of West African transportation. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's recent remark that "everything in life, from marriage to manslaughter, turns on the speed and cost at which men, things and thoughts can be shifted from one place to another," seems a shade truer, if anything, in the West Coast countries than elsewhere. The speed with which news is carried over big distances in Africa where there is neither telegraph nor telephone is one of the profound human mysteries. But the movement of men and merchandise has also been put on a different plane in the last ten years and from McCarthy Island to the Cross River everybody is concerned in the improvement of transportation.

Excepting the Gambia, which is nothing but a river and its banks, the West Coast colonies and dependencies are extensive and thickly peopled countries, rich, vigorous and open to enterprise. To the student of "men, money and markets," in Mr. Bruce's phrase, their tropical surface offers an absorbing prospect. Ground-nuts and cocoa and palm-oil have a plain commercial smack, but they also have the qualities of real romance in the stages of their growth and dissemination.

Have you heard how Tettie Quashie started the biggest cocoa industry in the world? Tettie Quashie, a Fanti of Accra, went as a labourer to Fernando Po and worked on a Spanish plantation fifty years ago. At the expiry of his service he returned home and carried with him to Mampong a few plants which soon bore fruit. His neighbours bought some of the pods and Tettie gave them some instruction in the method of growing and in 1885 the first consignment of cocoa was exported to England. In 1916 the Gold Coast cocoa export amounted to over 70,000 tons and to-day the Colony supplies the world with nearly half its need in cocoa. It is entirely grown by the native producer, of whom Sir Hugh Clifford has said, "This man, reputed to be lazy by the superficial globetrotter or the exponent of the damned nigger school, has carved from the virgin forest an enormous clearing, which he has covered with flourishing cocoa farms. Armed with nothing better than an imported axe and *machete*, and a native-made hoe, he has cut down the forest giant, cleared the tropical undergrowth and kept it cleared. With no means of animal transport, no railways and few roads, he has conveyed

his product to the sea, rolling it down in casks for miles or carrying it on his own sturdy cranium. Here is a result to make us pause in our estimate of the negro race."

The Royal party had seen something of that result on its seventy-mile motor drive southward from Bosuso. The discovery of the barrel, by the way, was the sequence of a "brain-wave" similar to the earlier enterprise of Tettie Quashie; a carrier who had spent his life fording streams with sixty-pound sacks on his head suddenly saw the possibilities lurking in an empty cask which he had found by the trackside.

There is a seasoning of romance in every tropical trade—in the gold of Tarkwa, the tin of Bauchi and the coal of Enugu, in the skins and ivories and ostrich feathers which come down from the recesses of Bornu Province, no less than in the ground-nut which the "strange farmers" from Senegal come to cultivate on a profit-sharing system in the Gambia valley. The mahoganies of the Gold Coast and the odum and iroko and cedar woods of Western Nigeria are inexhaustible, and though the timbers of West Africa have had their vicissitudes, their beauties and utilities will one day enrich the world. Palm-oil is the modern equivalent of slaves—the traders turned to it when the traffic in human lives was stopped. The oil-palm thrives in open valleys with low undergrowth; enormous supplies of it rot on the ground in the coastbelts of Sierra Leone, Gold Coast and Nigeria; and its seeds are mostly distributed, not by the agency of man, but by the birds and squirrels.

On the building up of a sound system of communication the immediate prosperity of British West Africa depends. The maintenance of maritime trade goes hand in hand with the maintenance of railways in the interior and it has been to the railway systems linking up the hinterlands of Nigeria and Ashanti and Pendembu with the seaboard that the main work has been devoted. The Prince travelled over two of these three kindred systems, and even the comparative luxury of the Royal "specials" was not so memorable as the vistas of village industry they unfolded. From the carriage window he saw a thousand communities which, though they had all paused to watch his passage, live neither a monotonous nor a slothful existence in their farms and compounds. The peasant was building his hut, weeding and seeding, planting yam or cultivating rice, launching cut timber upon the stream, cattle rearing, weaving and bartering in markets where his ancestry had bartered. Women were mixing the porridge, pounding the meal, scaring the birds, balancing on their heads a multiplicity of utensils.

From Kano, which is the Peshawar of Northern Nigeria, the caravans pass into the regions of sands, sunsets and solitudes. Where, at the gate of the walled city, the railway ends, locomotive and camel meet, and the locomotive is taking away the camel's trade and diverting it to Lagos. A generation ago the northern territories were scarcely known to the European. They were a prey to gipsies, raiders and spearmen. Their gateways faced towards the farther interior. Their distances were reckoned by marches. To Gulf of Guinea merchants their markets were practically unknown. Fifteen years ago the journey from Iddo to Kano took six weeks. Now anyone may sit back in his compartment as the boat-express moves out from Iddo wharf and alight at the other terminus forty-four hours later, no more fatigued than he would be after a similar journey in many parts of Europe.

It may sound more luxurious than it really is. The discomforts of travel on West Coast lines are many and varied. The railways have been of hurried growth. Most considerations have been submerged in the urgent need of connecting coast and hinterland, tapping trade and mining centres on the way and feeding populous districts with the least possible delay. But you will agree that Nigeria has passed beyond the adventurous stage when you have dined no less than sumptuously, sipped iced drinks and slept at your ease, in spite of sandfly and sausage-bug.

The opening up of these countries cannot be forced by means of a period of frenzied activity. In Nigeria the main effort is being directed to the junction of the eastern system, which runs from Port Harcourt through the rich coalfields of Onitsha Province to Makurdi, with the main western line at Kaduna. At Makurdi there is a train-ferry across the broad Benue and the line has already been continued through Nassarawa Province to within some sixty or seventy miles of Kaduna. The light railway which now runs from Zaria to the Bukuru tin-mines will eventually be converted to the 3 ft. 6 in gauge and the completion of the system will cause a great reduction in the rates of all mining material and give northern industries a supply of coal direct from the collieries of the Udi area.

In the Gold Coast a railway line is being constructed from Huni Valley, through the richest part of the Central Province, towards the Kibi cocoa areas. It is already in operation from Huni to the Pra River, and, since Accra is of no importance as a harbour, instead of joining up with the eastern main line it will feed Takoradi and Sekondi. Feeder roads are being developed on the outskirts

of coast towns and near the main railway centres of Ashanti and the Nigerian provinces. Motor lorries have made pack animals and head carriers look extremely small and are ousting the picturesque but primitive methods of transport along the main arteries of contact between colonies and protectorates. The waterways of the Niger Delta remain, in the nature of things, commercial highways of great local value, but they are a source of disappointment to the new transport pioneers, and the tendency is to regard them in the harsh light of pushful progress and economic enterprise.

For ages the West African native has been his own beast of burden or his master's. No statistician is needed to convince him that an ordinary railway train will do the job of many thousand head carriers at a fraction of the cost. He recognizes the virtues of metalled roads and permanent ways. They have made his tribal district more secure. They have increased the number of his pursuits. They have shown him that there is a world outside his forest.

CHAPTER V

INTERLUDE AT SEA

THE *Repulse* crossed the line on April 23rd. The crossing was marked by time-honoured ceremonies and many recalcitrants provided excellent fun. At nine o'clock the evening before, when everything was perfectly peaceful on board and the ship cutting her course into the half-darkness, strange lights were suddenly seen. They went and the darkness became intensified. The ship's company pretended to be completely surprised and peered out into the night. The ship was stopped.

Immediately a voice was heard from the vasty deep. "Ship ahoy!" it hailed from somewhere forward in the bows. And the Captain from the top of "B" gun-turret responded complaisantly "Standard!"

A surprised and surprising figure came up from the waters—Neptune to the life, long white hair and beard spreading about his robust features, and a silver, jewel-studded crown upon his head, bearing an emblem of crossed haddocks. "Standard! Why, what ship is this?" he called; and the Captain replied with sedate confidence: "His Britannic Majesty's ship *Repulse*, commanded by Captain Hope, bound from England for the Southern Seas with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on board."

Neptune: "Our greetings to His Royal Highness on this occasion of our second meeting."

Captain: "By what right do you challenge us on the open seas?"

Neptune: "By the powers vested in me as King of the Seas. I am Neptune, Monarch of the Deep, with Amphitrite my Queen."

Captain: "I crave your Oceanic Majesty's pardon and beg permission to enter your domains."

The boon was graciously granted by Neptune, who in turn begged that he might bring his Aquapuritanic Court and, for this special occasion, his daughter, on board. An odd-looking group of courtiers then appeared in the searchlight's glare

—Amphitrite, rather wobbly in her tight skirt, the mermaid daughter, graceful though out of her element; Court Barbers and Court Physicians, the Chief of Police, and the Bears—and they came down the fo’c’sle to the breakwater. Amid the howling of the Bears the ship’s papers were scrutinized. A dreadful state of affairs was found, for the fishy official who had conducted the examination turned to the King and informed him that there were on the battle-cruiser many hundreds of novices, who still had to be enrolled as veritable Sons of the Sea.

Neptune thereupon addressed the Captain with politeness but with determination. He warned him that the 900 long-shoremen not yet enrolled as citizens of his kingdom should be ready on the morrow “to be presented and, if fit, to be passed through the hands of our Court and duly enrolled.”

While courtesies were being exchanged and formalities gone through, the summonses were distributed round the various messes. They read —

“THE EQUATOR.

“Neptune, by the grace of Mythology Lord of the Seven Seas, King of all Waters, Governor and Lord High Admiral of the Bath, etc.

“Whereas it has pleased us to convene a Court to be holden on board His Britannic Majesty’s ship *Repulse* on the 23rd day of April at the hour of 9.30.

“By these presents, We summon you, the Novices of the Ward Room (or other) Mess to appear before Us at the said Court to render Us the usual homage and to be initiated into the Mystic Rites according to the ancient usages of our Kingdom.

“Hereof nor you nor any of you may fail as you will answer at your peril and to the delight of our trusty bodyguard.”

With this portentous farewell Neptune disappeared with his scaly family into the fo’c’sle, wishing all “Good-night, and woe betide all skulkers and malingerers in the morning !”

It thus happened that on Equator Day a fanfare of trumpets brought all—or, rather, nearly all—the ship’s company to the Court, where awnings had been furled so that every one might have a good view of the ceremonies. In a general atmosphere of expectancy Neptune and his Court arrived. The royal chariot (which had been a gun carriage the day before) was produced, and the hoary monarch was dragged round the deck to the howling of the faithful Bears.

On the "farrard" side of "A" gun-turret, under the muzzles of the 15-inchers, a stage and canvas bath had been rigged. Dolphin, the High Clerk, craved silence. Neptune then read and presented to the Prince of Wales an illuminated address in verse, in which the drawbacks of bachelordom and the manifold charms of the mermaid daughter were harped upon. The Prince's retort was so prompt and final that it must be included in the permanent record of the Naval occasion —

"Thanks, King Neptune, for your greeting
And for the welcome you bestow.
This is, indeed, our second meeting.
Your Queen, too, I already know.

"I thank you for your kind suggestion
About your beautiful Princess,
Though may I ask you just one question
Where on earth did she get that dress?

"But, alas! I'm forced to spurn her,
Though your offer makes me proud.
Yes, my King, I must return her.
Pets on board are not allowed!"

There followed an Investiture at which the orders presented were the Equatorial Cross and the Orders of the Old Sea Dog and the Young Sea Dog. Then the order, "Assassins, to your stations!" was given and for the next two hours a good deal of the Equatorial Current was diverted down reluctant throats. The policemen dashed about the decks and up and down the hatches and ladders to round up skulkers. The Bears with an ultimate howl dived into the long cold bath to receive the novices with open arms after they had been dealt with by the Barbers, who wielded brushes dripping an evil concoction, half soap and half porridge. The Physicians had previously dosed them with patent pills. The nine hundred went hurtling down in ones and twos and groups. Most severe sentences were passed on malingerers. Sometimes captors and captives struggled together in a jumble of lusty limbs, sometimes a victim succeeded in dragging his tormentors into the bath with him. The more one struggled, the more thorough the treatment. At last the stage was rushed by a hurriedly organized opposition and the last we saw of Neptune's Court was Bears, and Barbers, and stokers and buglers in one blest burial blent.

Then the *Repulse* proceeded on her way to the Cape, and that night there was a Grand Equatorial Ball on deck.

CHAPTER VI

AT CAPE TOWN

ON May 1st the eternal political struggle, which had its beginnings when the East Indiaman *Haarlem*, in 1648, was driven in a gale on to the Blaubeurg beach, was relegated to the background. The Prince of Wales landed at Cape Town at eleven o'clock and captivated the population before his car had reached the top end of Adderley Street. Of the 200,000 people of the Peninsula there must have been few who had not found their way at an early hour to the centre of the capital to throw their caps, or flowers, or kisses at him somewhere along the route. For the first time in their history they displayed the full power of their emotions.

The *Repulse* was met in a thick, grey early morning mist by the *Birmingham*, the flagship of the African squadron, the *Dublin*, and a couple of gunboats, and escorted into an invisible Table Bay. Searchlights had to be used to penetrate the belts and blankets of fog. Until the Outer Anchorage was reached the guiding vessels were obliged to tow their fog-buoys, so utterly blank was the outlook. Sirens hooted and wailed and then across the waters came a salutation from a launch-load of excursionists, who had ventured out to give His Royal Highness a first greeting.

It was not until the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, had boarded the battle-cruiser in the roadstead and paid his respects to his Royal relative that the mists rolled up and Cape Town, the sea-front, the buildings ranging up the shelving hills, the glorious blue bay and the Blaubeurg strand were dramatically revealed. An aeroplane, the first we had seen since Portsmouth, hovered over the harbour and the esplanade. As the trim little barge, flying the Royal Standard, approached the Dock Road front the white clouds made a last generous gesture and the Prince mounted the stone steps of the pier in a blaze of warm sunshine. There he was again met by the Governor-General and his family, and strode forward to greet Princess Alice with an affectionate kiss. After shaking hands with Lady May Cambridge

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and Viscount Trematon he received General Hertzog's official welcome and made acquaintance with the members of the Union Cabinet, Messrs. Boydell, Creswell, Malan, Tielman Roos, and their colleagues. Opposite, among a gathering of officials and clergymen, stood those close friends, Sir Thomas Smartt and General Smuts. "Good old Smuts" had received a remarkable personal ovation on his way down to the landing-place.

By this time the city behind the crowded front was on the summit of expectancy. Along the promenade, between two heterogeneous groups of small craft which steamed and rowed in a frantic jumble of oars and barge poles to keep abreast of him, the Prince walked ashore through an avenue of boy scouts. Under van Riebeeck's statue, which faces the expanse of roofs in the city and the heights beyond, naval and military guards were drawn up for inspection, and as he stepped into the square, after taking the salute from a shore battery, a large body of South African ex-service men thrilled him by giving vent to the battle-cry which they had made their own when emerging to the attack in the shell-shattered mazes of Delville Wood.

Very slowly the procession of cars drove into the bunting-bedraped town. Up Adderley Street, the main thoroughfare, and down St. George's Street and Shortmarket, the Peninsula had foregathered. Under the bright sun two impenetrable lines of spectators stirred into spirited human movement and noise along the whole route—a most unwonted condition, they say, for these phlegmatic Cape folk. It was a cosmopolitan and a polyglot throng, Malays, Chinamen, and Indians, coloured people and natives, as well as weirdly mixed and criss-crossed whites. Windows, balconies, doorways, pavements and even roofs were full of them. The best of it was that Dutch and English seemed equally interested and alert. Blessings in plain English alternated with draped inscriptions of "*God seen die Prins van Wallis.*" Occasionally one heard the weird war-cry "*Gee gamalio!*" Behind the cordons of men of the Cape Battalion Highlanders, the Union Cadets and the Active Citizens' Forces there were "crowd-breakers," which sometimes stood the strain and sometimes did not. At each bend in the even street blocks were cries of recognition and much waving of kerchiefs, but invariably, on either hand, an agitated "Here he comes!" preceded breathless applause, to be followed by an intense scramble for another glance. Old inhabitants, accustomed to a Cape Town which "never could cheer" and always went the even tenor of its undemonstrative way, were bewildered by the freshness of the scene. There might

have been in their midst combative elements which on other days and occasions had marked their aloofness from the Imperially minded section of the community, but on that day nothing—except an overdose of eager curiosity which the police could hardly grapple with—tended to mar the Prince's great triumph.

It was strange to reflect that a little more than a year before, when the *Repulse* with the *Hood* and their escorts of the Special Service Squadron had tarried in the turbulent waters of Table Bay, a marked anti-British prejudice had made itself felt and something rather like a boycott of Vice-Admiral Field and his officers and men had been staged by political extremists. Of that spirit the Cape showed no trace; if there was any lukewarmness it wisely remained in the background.

Odd moments of anxiety were due to the overcrowding of areas behind the police barriers on the Grand Parade. There, in front of the City Hall, the Prince alighted to receive the city councillors, who were presented one by one in their bright blue robes of office in the open space beneath King Edward VII's statue. On a platform in the middle of the Parade, in the presence of a gathering tens of thousands strong, all anxious to get near him at once, he received from the red-robed Mayor, Mr. Verster, the civic address of welcome and addresses from the British Empire Service League and other bodies. The Mayor recalled those pioneers, who, from England, Holland, and the pleasant fields of France, had followed the same ocean track on which the Prince had come and the first influences which had tamed the wilderness, penetrated beyond the Cape Mountains and brought barbarism within the folds of civilization. He recalled also their Majesties' visit to Cape Colony, as Duke and Duchess of York, at the close of the South African War, and welcomed the Heir Apparent to the "Gibraltar of the South." The Prince's reply was spoken into microphones for the benefit of listeners tuned-in to Cape Town from distant country districts. He assured his hearers that he was eagerly anticipating his introduction to the far-famed scenic attractions of the Peninsula and expressed the hope that its climate and scenery would enable it eventually to take its rightful place as one of the world's most favoured health resorts and playgrounds.

The ceremony was brief, but full of colour. A glance around lent point to the Prince's remark about local scenic splendours. All open-air ceremonies in Cape Town must be blessed and greatly enhanced by a natural outlook of exceptional beauty. From the platform, constructed of branches of the silver-leaf tree peculiar

to the Peninsula, which grows on the heights of Lion's Head, and adorned with chrysanthemums and protea, the South African national flower, one could look up and see the famous white "cloth" spread upon Table Mountain and the spurs of Devil's Peak like trails of white hair flowing and changing with the changing winds. Along the front, avenues of pines and oaks led off to a distant view of delicate capes and headlands, obstructed on the left by the grim but now beribboned battlements of the old castle, whose walls might tell much of the early history when those mountains were the narrow confine of the white man's world and lions prowled where tram lines now run and the unknown lands behind changed hands as tribe subdued or slaughtered tribe, or was subdued or slaughtered in turn.

Meanwhile the crush had increased. In the square overlooked by Darling Street and the City Hall there was an ominous crack and first one and then another "crowd-breaker" gave way. At once there was a rush to the nearer railings. For a moment one feared for the safety of the more delicate folk crammed into the middle of the mass, who were moving willy-nilly with the sea of faces; but good humour prevailed; nobody seemed to mind the crushing; and in English, Scotch, Irish, Afrikaans and stranger tongues acclamations burst out afresh as the carillon sounded in the City Hall steeple and the Royal party drove off to Government House to mix with the children of the district assembled in the paddocks. At the civic luncheon which followed the Prince sat behind a screen of brilliant scarlet nerinas, sprinkled with rare white blossoms plucked in the Porterville Mountains and small karoo plants in shades of red, brown, and green autumnal foliage—for it was autumn at the Cape. Four hundred guests met under the Chinese lanterns and sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" with great gusto, after the guest had been termed the most popular visitor who had ever stepped ashore near the beaches on which Saldanha and Nicholas Proot had landed.

During the afternoon, having set aside his naval uniform in favour of a lounge suit, the Prince went to the cycle track to make friends, or in some instances renew acquaintance, with 3,000 ex-service men. Privates and brigadier-generals were in the ranks together. A colonel who had sacrificed an eye and an arm was in command for the occasion and "Blind Barrister" Bowen and Bandmaster Rendle, V.C., were there. So, too, were many veterans of other campaigns, including one aged 92, who wore the Indian Mutiny medal, and a sergeant-major with fifty

years' service with the colours. It was then the turn of the boy scouts and girl guides, and after them came the coloured community. There was an eighty-year-old bushman who had walked into the capital from Huguenot in search of work; he had never heard of the Prince of Wales until that morning, when the writer had asked to see him, but he promptly announced his intention of "shouting when the Big Baas passes." There were backvelders who had taken days to reach the city from dorps and fonteins and were bent on setting eyes on Koning Jors's son, Neef Eduard. They would have given him ginger-beer and their last cigarette and fattened him up with their best crushed mealies, if only he would have consented to return with them to their bokveld dorps. There was a coloured gentleman whose wife had presented him with twins early that day; he had named one Prince and the other Wales to make quite sure.

The day ended with the pomp of a State Ball in the historic rooms of Government House. The ballroom was a dream of scarlet poinsettias, chrysanthemums and trailing sprays of asparagus fern and there were ladies fair in shot gold and tangerine-coloured ostrich feathers, fawn and gold brocaded georgette, rose-embossed velvet, eau-de-nil and silver, and all the combinations which a mere man ought to leave to a woman to describe. A day in the life of a Prince! At the breakfast tables of Cape Town the next morning practically the only topic of conversation was the amazing energy the Prince of Wales was infusing into every one of his multifarious duties. He was to have a second day every whit as busy as the first, but enjoyed himself immensely and looked exceptionally fit in a country of fit men.

First thing on Friday the Cape students made a determined attempt to take charge. They appeared at Government House in a tented wagon drawn by twelve oxen and in it they conducted the Prince through the thoroughfares to the City Hall. Drawn from his room by the sound of lusty varsity choruses, he stepped into the portico to enjoy his first "rag" with South African students. A full-bearded "boer," with flintlock and veldschoons, offered his hand and a gruff "*Dag, mineer!*" The Prince thus sallied out with a group of mortar-boards at his elbow. His equipage was followed by a comic bodyguard of bearded and fur-capped Cossacks wearing uniforms which blended historic and histrionic elements in bizarre confusion. In the rear came the university jazz lorry with a load of leading politicians. One noticed a striking impersonation of the Prime Minister, Mr. Hertzog, wagging a warning finger lugubriously at the crowd and

saying, "*Ek is absolut teën Secessie.*" Mr. Stanley Baldwin puffed his immortal pipe as though in mortal fear of its going out. Messrs. Lloyd George and MacDonald panted as they bawled verses. One young fellow descended townwards in advance of the creaking wagon garbed in the scanty jackal skins of a Zulu warrior, with assegais and shield.

An "official" communiqué, circulated just after the cavalcade with its armament of old brooms and feather dusters at the slope had reached its journey's end, read as follows :—

"The Prince of Wales was kidnapped from Government House this morning. The plot had been hatched under the nose of the authorities, and the Prince and his suite were so taken by surprise that scarcely any opposition was offered. His captors escaped with the Prince in an ox-wagon. It is estimated that one thousand desperadoes were concerned in the outrage. They were supported by a commando which was well armed. The first warning of the approach of the raiders was the wild shouting of their battle-cry : '*Yea Sacs ! Yea Sacs ! Vat Hom ! Vat Hom !*'"

Inside the City Hall the Prince was installed as Chancellor of the new University of Cape Town and the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him. The students were stentorian, but silence fell as the Vice-Chancellor and Principal, Sir Carruthers Beattie, in the rich sky-blue satin robe of his new office, led the Prince, who was wearing a dark-blue velvet gown panelled with gold, to the Chancellor's chair. The degree was conferred by Professor Ritchie, Dean of the Faculty of Arts. The first formal ceremonies over, the students again abandoned all spirit of restraint and an animated chorus was sung in which Edward Christian George was asked to remember, and Patrick David not to forget, that day. Subsequent rhymes initiated the visitor into the supposed ways and characteristics of Union statesmen, or talked democratically to him in words something like this :

"The U.T.C. is happy and the U.T.C. is free.

They never, never quarrel and they never disagree.

The motto of the U.T.C is, Have a drink with me !

So, Edward, can you put one down? Can I?—*Well !*

Suddenly in the middle of further formal proceedings a white leghorn appeared on the stage. It had been smuggled in as by magic and stood with the university colours draped over its

back, shaking out its ruffled feathers. The hen regarded Professor Ritchie, who was delivering an oration, and Professor Ritchie looked at the hen. The students chuckled and the Prince smiled broadly. It was a ludicrous situation. Titters grew to guffaws and in a few seconds the assemblage was convulsed. After the capping someone shouted "Well, Edward, now you're South." To his set speech the Chancellor-Prince added a pleasing little extemporized message to the students. He appreciated their laborious effort to get him down from Government House and the magnificent procession, and added, "I must say, when I mentioned an ox-wagon at a South African luncheon a few days before sailing, I did not expect I should be having a ride in one quite so soon. It only shows how careful you have got to be in speeches. I can only wish you, one and all, every possible success in your careers when you leave this University, of which I am very proud to be the first Chancellor, thereby carrying on the connection of my family with South African education, for my father was, as you know, Chancellor of the University of the Cape of Good Hope for many years, and maintains a keen interest in educational development in this Dominion."

To the tune of "John Brown's Body" the Chancellor dissolved the congregation. Immediately after the ceremony was completed the party went for an extensive drive round part of the Peninsula and saw, for the first time, something of that great health resort which lies serenely beautiful between Table Bay and Simon's Town. Out along the western road skirting Lion's Rump, the procession passed through suburban settlements, between the villas of Three Anchor Bay and the bathing pavilions of Sea Point. Beyond the brown bump of Lion's Head, we entered a stretch of lovely and exhilarating coast scenery, the beautiful blue-in-blue seascape of Clifton and the jumbled bungalows leading down to Bachelor Point, where the surf bubbled against rocky beaches. It was an interesting mixture of Shoreham and the Ligurian Riviera. The coast road twines in and out among furze, yellow cliffs and huge boulders such as you will find strewn about Castilian hills. For the first time the Prince beheld the beetle brows of the Twelve Apostles overlooking Camps Bay and Ondekraal, a solitude of steep brown dolomites and giddy promontories. At Llandudno his car entered the gorgeous Hout Bay valley, whence there was a prospect of distant peaks and nearer fertile allotments.

Than Hout Bay nothing could be prettier. It has often been called a "great place for honeymoons" and one can well believe it.

Under Chapman's Peak a new road has been cut which runs through young forests of Douglas firs—as fine an engineering feat as can be seen anywhere. Its highest point is 500 feet sheer above the sea, with the sheer side of Clifton Rock rising nearly 2,000 feet overhead. At the entrance to Chapman's Bay the Prince was shown a point on the road from which, across an expanse of oaks, eucalyptus trees and Kaffir huts, the Atlantic and Indian Oceans are simultaneously visible.

A short run across the flat saddle of the Peninsula brought him into the breezes of False Bay, with the serrated ridges of the Hottentots Holland country staring him in the face, the docks of Simon's Town to the right and the seaside houses of Kalk Bay and Muizenberg at his feet. Every child in every village had turned out to hail him and the villas along the front displayed flags, balloons, gollywogs and messages. The drive ended in the grounds of Groot Constantia, the delightful old-world mansion built by Simon van der Stel, who held high revel within its walls over two hundred years ago. Groot Constantia looked like a bright chromograph of gabled walls, thatched roofs, ancient timbers, and floral radiance against a deep blue sky, with glimpses of splendid furniture in cool recesses and of dim coastlands framed in the outer foliage. Among the spreading oaks, beneath which an old naval boatswain of Constantia, as a labour of love, had devised and erected an awning of great ingenuity, the Royal party joined the seven hundred guests of the Administrator, Sir Frederic de Waal, and the Committee of the Province of the Cape of Good Hope, at luncheon. After the repast a silver paperweight model map of the Peninsula was presented to the chief guest, with a magnifying glass to enable him to study more minutely the plan of the roads and countryside over which he had been conducted.

Later the Prince went on to Groote Schuur, the magnificent estate which Mr. Cecil Rhodes built at the foot of Table Mountain, where, even more than at Constantia, he might feast his vision on the charm of the surroundings—gardens ablaze with sunshine, parkland with fascinating stone pines, and the precipitous side of the mountain culminating in the Devil's Peak, over which flakes of white cloud lapped and plunged like spray that is held in its descent.

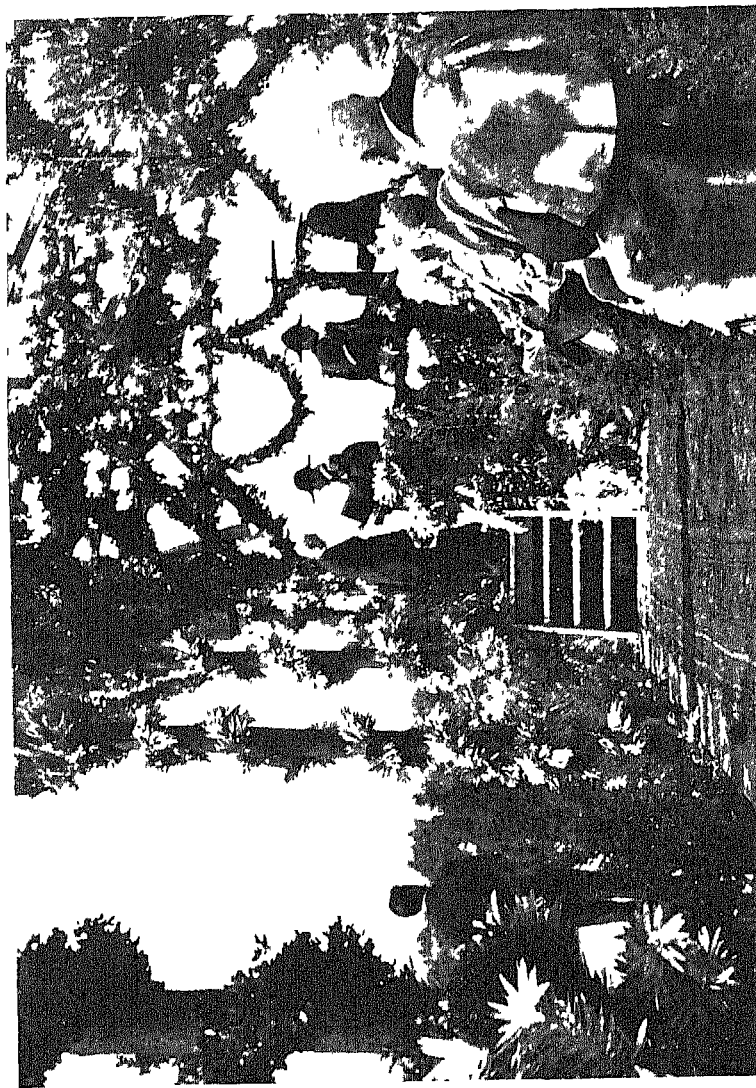
Here the Prince laid the foundation stone of the new university. Of the various functions at which he blended admirably formality and *bonhomie* at Cape Town, none appealed more strongly to the white community than those connected with the students and

their new foundations. At Groote Schuur he reflected happily upon the inspiration of Rhodes and his great South African patriotism. The site of the university had once been Rhodes' choice for a national seat of learning and the exhortation from the "youngest Chancellor in the Empire" greatly moved the gathering that listened to his address on that majestic spot.

"Rhodes," he said, "knew no differences of race between the two great European strains which together have made the history of this splendid Union. He saw no barriers between that Union, of which he was only privileged to dream, and the great Commonwealth of Nations within the British Empire, which now forms the surest nucleus of an even wider fellowship, the League of Nations itself. His monument stands not far from this place and I feel sure that his great spirit would have kindled with enthusiasm at this great ceremony, which I am greatly privileged to perform."

The young Chancellor finally recalled that the building was a realization of the dreams of a long line of public-spirited citizens and urged his hearers not to forget the munificent gifts of Sir Julius Wernher and Mr. Alfred Beit. The Principal, thanking his Chancellor for having laid the stone, said that in South Africa, with its many and complicated problems, education was particularly necessary; they wished to place in the forefront the training of character; and they appreciated the great part played by the English college residences, from which the Prince had come, in facilitating intercourse between men of different ranks and personalities.

On Saturday, May 2nd, there was another memorable drive through "District Six" and a visit to Simon's Town, where His Royal Highness inspected the South African training ship *Botha* and lunched at Admiralty House. The coloured people of the districts outside the capital, notably the "Cape girls," gave him a tremendous ovation, the line of jocund brown faces stretching almost uninterruptedly from his temporary home among the gardens of Cape Town Avenue to Wynberg. Factory workers in their workaday garments and barefooted brown-skinned kiddies emitted howls much as a *Minenwerfer* emits its mortars. Veiled Mohammedan women bowed solemnly. There were many red and black-fezzed men from the East with their Imams, standing in white robes, and even a few Afghans might have been noticed. The shrill applause of seven thousand piccaninnies massed under the streamers in Searle Street was repeated at Woodstock and Wynberg, where by this time a strong south-easter had sprung up



CIVIC RECEPTION AT CAPE TOWN
THE PRINCE PRESENTS HIS ADDRESS

again. Through Muizenberg and Fishhoek and over the hill into Simon's Town the cars sped on in the teeth of a fierce wind, which made the pennants and standards flutter madly, shook the evergreens, proteas and myrtles of the triumphal arches with increasing violence and stirred the fleet anchored outside the docks of Simon's Bay. Guns heralded the approach of the blue car and the sight of the princely naval cap afloat.

His Royal Highness was met by the Mayor, who recalled the visits of the King, first as a midshipman aboard the *Bacchante*, and subsequently when, with the Queen, he had gone ashore from the *Ophir*. On that occasion, twenty-four years ago, their Majesties had been drawn up the hill by bluejackets and had visited the sad but well-behaved boer prisoners in camp, where they spent their time toy-making. Responding to the welcome to the naval station, the Prince remarked that the importance of Simon's Town was to be gauged, not by its size, but by its geographical position, which rendered it one of the vital stations in the Empire. He was assured that the best relations existed between the men of the squadron and the civil inhabitants. While he was touring South Africa, he added, the officers and men of the *Repulse* would join the station. He congratulated the town on its hospitality and its attractions as a seaside resort.

After walking through the ranks of the local ex-service men and inspecting the guard composed of marines and defence force men he went off to inspect the *Botha*, on which the best young Africans are trained for a sea career. The party was taken out in a cutter manned by keen cadets—and there had been a desperate competition among them for the honour until a race between the rival watches had decided it a fortnight before. As their oars were raised upright after a hard row across, saluting guns echoed thunderously in the crescent of mountains. Having watched the *Botha's* bluejackets executing their drill evolutions and inspected divisions the Prince reminded the assembled ship's company that he had spent two years doing exactly similar duties and added, "Whether you join the Navy or the merchant marine, or get a job ashore, keep up the good name of your training ship, the *General Botha*."

The remainder of that Saturday afternoon was spent, appropriately enough, on sport, and it seemed as though the whole of Cape Town and the suburban parts of the Peninsula had come out under the perfect sky for the main events honoured by Royal patronage. At Kenilworth race-course there was a combined race and gymkhana meeting, arranged by the South African and

Milnerton Turf Clubs, and at 4.30 we were taken to Newlands for a Rugby football match.

A nail—the after-dinner optimists were inclined to say the final nail, but at any rate, a very big nail indeed—was driven into the coffin of South African republicanism that evening, when the Heir to the Throne, or, as General Smuts called him, “the future occupant of our hereditary presidency,” attended a banquet at the Parliament House as the guest of the Union Senate and Assembly. At that function the Prince of Wales for the first time came face to face with the extremists within the Nationalist party. The hours he spent with them may, one day, when a retrospect is possible, be regarded as a turning-point in the relations between Boer and Briton. Till the early hours the event was excitedly discussed in the clubs of Cape Town and in the suburban villas to which the guests retired, for it represented a wholly unexpected *rapprochement* between the more rabid elements in the Hertzog camp and the Crown.

The reception took place in the Queen’s Hall of the Parliament House and the hosts were Mr. Jansen, speaker of the Assembly, and Mr. van Heerden, president of the Senate, who presented their guest of the evening with an ornately illuminated address and introduced the senators and deputies of the Union. Snatches of talk which the Prince had with the Dutch parliamentary representatives before dinner sufficed to infuse a frank, good-humoured atmosphere into the preliminaries. The happy visitor merged into the Ambassador of Empire. During dinner barriers were burned away and afterwards Mr. Jansen made a simple and sincere speech welcoming the visitor on behalf of the people of South Africa through their elected members. He remarked that those walls, within which so many South Africans had played their respective parts, had never witnessed such a scene. Tremendous changes had taken place since, a quarter of a century before, the two white races had been at death grips. The opponents had become members of the Legislature of a united South Africa and that banquet would help to eliminate every element of bitterness.

General Hertzog then spoke on behalf of a “more widespread membership, which extends from the Cape to the Zambezi,” in whose name he promised the Prince a warm welcome to the high veld of the Transvaal, to the plains of the Free State and to lonely villages and farms. General Smuts diplomatically and concisely epitomized the feeling of all sections of the Union which had already shown the way they valued their

connection with the Crown. He added that they might show their affection and admiration for him in peculiar ways, but no matter how unique the way, he would know that to a large extent it was a personal tribute to himself. He had been some years at the battle front and it was well known to many that he had been a very great embarrassment to the British commanders; they admired the fact that he had lived a life of duty from his early days

All this time there was a good deal of noise and banter going on, especially among the young Dutch deputies and the extremists, but silence intervened as the Prince got up to speak.

"I find it hard," said he, "to put into words my appreciation of the welcome you extend to me on my arrival in South Africa, on behalf of the Parliament of the Union, and I appreciate its cordiality all the more because it comes to me in the name of all parties, in the name of representatives of distant constituencies scattered through this great land, whose local interests may, perhaps, force them to face their own problems in their own particular way, but who are all, I feel sure, animated by the spirit of free government and conscious of one single purpose, the welfare of the Union of South Africa as a whole. Many of these places I hope to visit in the next few months, and I need not assure you, gentlemen, how greatly I am looking forward to my tour.

"At this early stage I am hardly competent to make any remarks about South Africa. Indeed, I was—though I am no longer—rather appalled at the thought of having to address this distinguished gathering so soon after my arrival; but you have already made me feel that I am no stranger here, and if the wonderful welcome I have received, not only here, to-night, but ever since I landed in Cape Town, is a foretaste of what awaits me throughout my tour, I can assure you that I shall feel very much at home and know that I shall leave these shores at the end of July with feelings of regret, but with a deep and lasting affection."

The Prince, whose remarks were punctuated with an incessant crescendo of guttural hear-hears, went on to say that his reply to those who were inclined to question his good taste in not having come to South Africa earlier was supplied by the new High Commissioner, Mr. Smit, just before his departure from London, namely, that he had kept the best until last. He was a little late, perhaps, but nevertheless, genuinely delighted to be there. His visits to the other Dominions had assisted him to realize the great development in the constitutional status of the various

self-governing parts of the British Commonwealth since the war.

"That development was first strikingly marked by the separate signature, by the representatives of the Dominions, of the Peace Treaties, and by their inclusion as members of the League of Nations. But anyone who has taken the trouble to study the history of the period since 1919 will recognize that the development is going on all the time and that the full conception of what is meant by a Brotherhood of Free Nations such as ours has still to be worked out.

"The welcome I have received is in recognition of the fact that I come to you as the King's eldest son, as heir to a throne under which the members of that Commonwealth are free to develop each on its own lines, but all to work together as one. No Government can represent all parties and all nations within the Empire, but my travels have taught me this, that the Throne is regarded as standing for a heritage of common aims and ideals shared equally by all sections, parties and nations within the Empire."

He then made reference to the important position which the Union Government holds in the League as exercising the mandate for South West Africa; he hoped the tour, although it did not include South West, would enable him to see something of its community. Finally, he quoted the King's words spoken in reply to the address from the Imperial Conference of 1923: "First comes the spread of mutual knowledge of the conditions obtaining in all parts of the Empire, then the increase of good feeling that springs naturally from such knowledge, and lastly, the hearty desire to co-operate in strengthening the bonds which unite us, so that, however distracted the world may be, the British Commonwealth shall stand steadfast and undismayed."

"If my visit serves in any degree to add thus to our mutual knowledge and co-operation, I shall be content." The gathering shouted its applause until it noticed that the Prince's message was not quite finished. Looking round as though regarding a group of old friends, he said, in better Afrikaans than Zuid Afrikaaners sometimes hear from English lips: "*Mencere, ek is baie bly julle vanaant te ontmoet, en ek bedank julle nogmals vir julle warme welkom!*" (Gentlemen, I am very pleased to meet you to-night and thank you again for your warm welcome.)

The statement, short and homely as it was, had an extraordinary effect. Fellows who all their lives had professed red-hot republicanism clamoured round him clapping and shouting, formality and suspicion had melted like butter in the sun. There

were dozens of "rebels" anxious to have a further word with the Heir Apparent and dozens of others wanting to teach him the words of Dutch ditties and songs. Smuts's phrase had caught on. It had been arranged that all senators and members under forty should have a separate talk with the guest, but when he appeared in the lobby several older men, including some "secessionists," joined in the talk and song-singing, and one old Nationalist was heard to remark to a leader of the S.A.P., "You won't be seen talking to us, but the Prince will!" The occasion ended with the singing of the Springbok Song.

The behaviour of the Nationalist leaders generally created an impression of new-found loyalty which it would be difficult to disavow. As the students of the Cape, in one of their intimate chanties, reminded the audience, "It isn't the froth that makes the beer." It was obviously too early to appraise the abiding effects of the visit to the Mother City and senior Province of the Union, but there was no doubt that it stirred the people to the depths of their being. It augured well, too, for the days ahead, for the play of parties and for the evolution of the South African administrative machine, that Hertzog and his Ministers appeared at and took part in every function arranged for the Royal party and worked hard to add to its success. So far as the general Dutch public was concerned, there was no keeping it away from the thoroughfares through which the Prince's cortège was expected to pass. Before and after the State Ball and the civic reception at the City Hall the streets were thick with watchers. The inner town was lighted with millions of fairy lamps and Cartwright's Corner, the hub of Cape Town, was as bright as in broad daylight. On the Friday night a gale swept over—a raging south-easter of the "Cape Doctor" type, which developed without warning and tried to play havoc among the scintillating glow-lamps and the festoons, but everybody was suffering from a virulent attack of Prince fever and refused to budge. The pier-master deemed it advisable to abandon a display of pyrotechnics and a dance which had been arranged on the pier for those who were not invited to the City Hall, but there was dancing all the same and merry-makers, to whom the *Repulse*, rocking unusually in the Outer Anchorage, appeared as a fairy-ship ablaze with light, made merry on the sea-front. The youth of Cape Town smoked a special Royal Welcome brand of cigarette, wore Royal Welcome neckties and played Royal Welcome marches.

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH THE CAPE PROVINCE

THERE was a good deal of speculation as to how progress through the Western Divisions of the Province would shape itself. In a region of grim, silent mountain ranges, stony solitudes, veld and karoo and phlegmatic farmers, the Royal trek began. In such a land there would be nothing of the clamorous shoutings of Dominion capitals and nothing that might compare with the native pomp and colouring of Kano or Kumasi. Yet warm hearts and exuberant hospitality thrive in the lonely valleys and lonelier veld settlements in which the Prince passed the next fortnight. It was all extremely simple and homely, but if there had been any doubts as to the nature of the welcome in districts which are largely Dutch-speaking and Nationalist in their political outlook they were early dispelled.

The picture changed from day to day. An infinite variety of scene was offered and enjoyed. Skirting the northern shore of False Bay, which throws its spray aloft to form the layer of cotton-wool cloud on Table Mountain, the road ascended into Hottentots Holland country, showing us where the feet of the brown range dip into Kogel Bay. It climbed over Hells-Hoogte; through valleys where the early servants of the Dutch East India Company had pushed their hamlets from terrace to terrace towards the central plateau, past vineyards and wine-farms, in maintaining which, the leavening of French Huguenots exiled in 1687 have retained the dogged character of their persecuted ancestors; and into the Breede River hollow, a place of rocks towering in pinnacles and fantastic shapes high above the undulating plains.

At Stellenbosch, which has sometimes been described as the "Mecca of Afrikanderdom," the university students promptly asserted themselves, and of one of them, at least, it seems safe to predict that something will be heard in after years. Stellenbosch is the oldest Dutch settlement on the mainland and original traditions have been stubbornly maintained. As an outpost of white civilization it was for many decades destined to withstand

the raids of Bushinen and Hottentots. Superb oak trees have converted its quiet streets and in front of the old Dutch homesteads, thatched and gabled and shining white, pitted rivulets gurgle and purl. The quiet of a past generation rules in its gardens and normally the old folk sit, like Rembrandtesque figures, on *stoep* and portico. On this particular day the Rembrandt figures had joined the motley gathering on the Braak, where the old guns of Van der Stel fired the first salute they had fired for many a year.

The students had brought an ancient barouche. It was drawn by a team of energetic young rugger players in maroon-coloured jerseys and white trousers and in it they drove the Prince and Admiral Halsey out to their own domain—a training ground of Rugby internationals and on that sunny morning a Valhalla of varsity wit and song. A splendid rendering of "*Die Stem van Zuid Afrika*," with words adapted to the occasion, led up to the jocular oration of Mr. Johan Buhr, the President of the Students' Council, whose quips made the Prince, his entourage and the grand-stand full of students rock with mirth.

"We have come here to-day, your Highness," he said, "because we like to see a man and we cheered because we know a man when we see one. Our presence here is intended as a tribute to your manliness, which the most persistent attempts of the whole world have not been able to spoil. This is, however, not the only reason for our enthusiasm over your visit. Next to a real man there is nothing we love better than a real sportsman, no matter for what side he happens to be playing, and it is a special pleasure to us to welcome here, to-day, one of the finest and most daring sportsmen of the British Isles.

"I am afraid your Highness will find that all our most popular heroes are people who have either been in gaol for political crimes or in hospital for fractured bones. I must admit that the fact that your Highness has never been in gaol is a serious disqualification, which I sincerely trust your Highness will manage to get remedied before leaving the country. On the other hand, your Highness has, fortunately, on several occasions managed to get yourself into hospital and I can assure you that on that count alone your visit would give us great pleasure.

"As regards our lady students, I would very much have liked to interpret their feelings also, but I am afraid their sentiments on this occasion are far too delicate for masculine interpretation, and for further information on the subject I shall have to refer your Highness to the way they are looking at you. I trust that

the mere fact that they have put me here will abundantly show just how enthusiastic they can be over good-looking young fellows with pleasant smiles."

At Somerset West, where a folio of views enclosed in a casket of camphor wood from the historic trees of Vergelegen was handed to him, the Prince was reminded of the local claim to "excellent wine, delicious fruit, powerful explosives, fair women and virile sportsmen." From Paarl he carried a pair of model stukvats containing the best local wines and a memory of chrysanthemums and singing children. At Huguenot, under the purple-blue crags of the Drakenstein, a train of cream-coloured coaches awaited him. It was to be his home through the sub-continent. From its observation coach, a compartment panelled with glass, finished in Rhodesian teak and West African mahogany, he might have an uninterrupted view of each successive district and its waiting peoples.

Through the "Land van Weveren" and the divisions of Robertson and Swellendam, the cream coaches sped down to the coast again. At Worcester the Prince was met by the first of the mounted commandos which gave his entries into numerous townships their most distinctive touch. The leader and his *onderbevelhebbers* were giants; the men, wearing khaki shirts with sleeves rolled up, were the finest type of Western Province Boer. The squadron was mounted on shaggy veld ponies and cantered briskly into a madly excited town. Farms for some miles around had emptied themselves and across the hills country-folk had tramped and ridden from Ceres and Goudini, De Doorns and the Overhex. The youngsters, we were assured, had not slept a wink of sleep, and the farmers, who, as the Prince remarked, were the life-blood of the country, were alert and profoundly interested. The lanes of Worcester are lined with poplars and tall blue gum trees and water runs in furrows at their roots. Under the old church walls, against which cypresses throw their black shadows in the sun, there is an immense double square, where is enshrined a new war memorial which is at once a Stone of Remembrance dedicated "To the Spirit of Honour and Sacrifice," and a plaisance of flowers and fountains. On his way to it the visitor was wedged in a throng that had broken all bounds. For some minutes he disappeared from the view of his suite, but presently emerged smiling to make a speech to the farmers. The singing of the Prince's anthem in Afrikaans was an inspiration on such a spot.

In all these townships the Prince's first care was to find the

veterans of the Great War. During the tour he must have shaken hands with the great majority of them. Sometimes he noticed them in the crowd, sometimes he stopped his car out on the open road to chat with them. It was clearly the labour of love of one who had not forgotten stern campaigning. At Somerset West he discovered a K.C.M.G. standing to attention in the ranks. At Parow and again at Robertson he found old men wearing their own medals and, on the other breast, those of sons who had fallen. Later, during a halt at Cradock, he talked with Mrs. Faulds, mother of the first South African to win the V.C. in the war. Colonel Kirsten, who gained fame in the South African campaign by a marvellous feat of dispatch riding, carrying Smuts's dispatches single-handed from Lambert's Bay to Pretoria when the commandos were penetrating the old colony, was presented to him at Cookhouse. In the main street of George he paused to talk about the battle of Cambrai with Mr. van Niekerk, who was blinded during that ill-starred action. Many thousands of old campaigners had to recount to an intensely interested and sympathetic comrade the tale of their hour of pain or gallantry.

When, on the morning of May 6th, after travelling all night through the veld, the Prince looked out from his coach, he saw the sparkling grey sea and the cove into which had put many an ancient navigator, Mossel Bay. After fields overgrown with cactus and the gaunt fastnesses of the Lange Bergen, the seaport and its rock-bound bathing pools and hill villas were a not unwelcome change. The night had been a remarkable experience. For hours after the amber sunset had merged into a blackened landscape the white train ran past wayside stations near which the villagers had congregated to view its passage. Camp fires were lighted at intervals along the embankment and in their fitful blaze they sat, thousands of them, until the early hours. The Prince was dead tired. After leaving Ashton he had called a break for exercise and had run out in sweater and shorts into the empty veld at the head of a few harriers drawn from his staff. He showed his considerateness by arranging for brief halts wherever a large concourse of people had been signalled along the line, but retired at length, sending to the Mayor of Riversdale his apologies and the explanation that "one must sleep sometimes." It was a stirring spectacle, those huddled banks of coloured people and the groups of Dutch peasantry on the station platforms. "We have only one Prince of Wales," the young Boers said stoically, "and we should like one peep at him."

Down at Mossel Bay Point the Prince looked over an expanse of waving arms upon an attractive coastland bounded by a tumble of rocks. Above him, on the extremity of the precipice, towered the lighthouse, and behind the dais a singularly noble cenotaph stood in a framework of uncut granite boulders. He complimented the population on its progress as a community and a watering place, on its fishing industry and its harbour, but above all on its oysters, which he had tasted on the journey the previous evening and which he "believed were better than anywhere else." For his listeners there was a pearl in each one of those oysters and the cliffs re-echoed their stormy joy.

Near the Pacaltsdorp Halt the George commando was drawn up under a lowering sky to lead him across the plain and into town. It made a fine show, with rifles at the present and an ostrich plume waving jauntily in each broad-brimmed hat. In an avenue of ten thousand Georgians the Prince enjoyed the wai-cry of the boy scouts, in which the girl guides joined, of, "*Ngonyama, gonyama, mvubu uvial, uvial, uvial!*" During a subsequent visit to the little cathedral of St. Mark he was shown the red-morocco Bible presented and autographed by King George when the See of George was constituted in 1911. It was here that Mrs. Reed, aged 84, and a resident of Uitenhage, had a cheque for five thousand pounds handed to the Prince for the After-Aid Association, the local branch of St. Dunstons.

It was here, too, that the Royal party began its exploration of the magic grandeur of "The Wilderness" and Knysna, driving for several hours through deep green gorges, across great heather-covered heaths and among dense woods glorious in the autumn tints which decked their slopes. Ox-wagons, with full teams of eighteen oxen, passed us frequently, sjamboks cracking to clear the Prince's path. Here and there the farmers held up banners inscribed, "*Hartelik welkom!*" or "*Tot wierseens!*" and where cattle gates had been opened along the route coloured children had strewn furze and heather and ferns, but in the main the district was unpeopled, except for the huts of poor whites settled in seclusion, a few ancient native hovels and woodmen who had come out of the stinkwood forests. The jagged Outeniquas command the gorges, which are slashed into the plain like wounds which have healed. The motor road has been blasted out of the gorge-walls and reaches its goal by declivities as tortuous as any of those that cross the divides of Southern Tirol. In the chasms below, beer-coloured streams wander in search of the ocean, and when they find it refuse to associate with its brackish lagoons.

Every few minutes the cars plunged wheel-deep into the drifts and snorted back to the heights again

For such beauty "Wilderness" is an ill-selected name. Ravines and surf-locked estuaries, lakes and heathland were irresistible, but the Royal tourist had set himself a task and he was glad to get among people again at Knysna, where, instead of visiting the famous Heads, or hunting elephant in the Uniondale Forest Reserve (as the Duke of Edinburgh did nearly sixty years ago), he preferred to devote himself to the children, shake hands with the oldest inhabitants, inspect the lines of former soldiers and lay a wreath at the local cenotaph. There were veterans of the Zulu and Matabele wars to talk to, and a fine force of men who had smelt powder in Flanders and Natal, and a guard of honour from the sloop *Wallflower*, which had steamed into the harbour through the narrow cliff gate. There was a centenarian who was held up by his aged sons to receive a Princely salute. In his two brief public speeches the Prince touched upon a matter which, to Knysna, is one of overwhelming importance, namely, the approach of the railway from George, which will soon link the town and its beauties with the outside world.

To the people of Oudtshoorn the following morning he broadcast his sympathy with a district which has lost much of its wealth through the slumping of ostrich feathers. The stay at Oudtshoorn deserves a detailed account. It is the centre of a busy, populous and lovely region and it gave its august guest a day full of good purpose and performance—a day of ostrich feathers fitting to his own crest and motto, of stalactites and stalagmites, and of superb alpine scenery. It was a pleasant surprise, even after the magnificence of the Outeniquas, to enter the fertile valley where men have triumphed over natural drawbacks and transformed it into an oasis, surrounded by bleak karoo, but bright with peach orchards and orange groves and animated by innumerable ostriches.

The Prince reached the pent crowds of Oudtshoorn in a new fashion. He crossed over to the leader of the mounted commando which awaited the Royal train and asked to be given one of the horses for the ride to the town. His request delighted the two hundred farmers who composed the escort and two hundred white ostrich plumes quivered over two hundred proud bronzed faces as the Prince's big brown mount led the way down the road and into the streets. It was a gay ride and the cheers of the commando were echoed and re-echoed from every pavement. Through poplar-lined avenues the mixed procession swung into a recrea-

tion ground where twenty-five thousand people, mainly Afrikaans-speaking, cried themselves hoarse. The Potgieters, the Le Rouxes and the Yeomanses opened wide their arms. People had flocked in on foot, or by horse, donkey-cart, bullock-wagon and motor-car, from Ladismith, Prince Albert and Uniondale. It was pleasant to notice that the Nationalists' houses on the route were decorated without exception. The Mayor voiced their welcome in a thoroughly distinctive speech—and for once a lengthy mayoral address proved not too long and was heard by everybody.

"Irrespective of class, creed, race, or colour," said the Mayor, "we are united in a common feeling of joy at being able to welcome the Ambassador of King George, the Heir to the British Throne, round which centre our national aims and our national ideals. This visit will do much to create in the people of South Africa a more powerful sentiment of attachment to the Crown, which has fostered liberty and furthered the cause of independence. It has enabled us to advance our common national sentiment and patriotism."

The Prince came forward and addressed his reply into microphones, to the great delight of those in the distant corners of the recreation ground. Indeed, so well did the loud speakers perform their function, that some of his subsequent complimentary remarks, whispered to the Mayor, were flung into space and applauded from afar. He knew, he said, that the ostrich breeders of the valley had passed through bad times since the feathers had lost the favour of fashion, but as president of the Wembley Exhibition he considered the display of plumes there worthily attractive and praised the farmers for having turned to other progressive phases of farming, to the cultivation of tobacco, fruit and cereals, and to works of irrigation.

A few minutes later he appeared on the *stoep* of the Le Roux ostrich farm, a pretty white-fronted homestead at the foot of red and green hills, with a white plume stuck airily in his hat. "They're trying to make me look like an ostrich!" he said, and hurried off to see a lay of four fine fresh-laid eggs in the sheltered nest; a paddock full of scuttering baby birds, one of which, on being caught, blinked at His Royal Highness in a fashion reminiscent of the Cape Town college hen; and the dipping tanks, where we learned for the first time that an ostrich can be a powerful swimmer. Thence we were conducted to a farm well stocked with full-grown birds and the Prince was given two magnificent bunches of feathers, the ones of finest black, the

others white tipped. It was, in truth, a day of Prince of Wales's feathers. Ostrich plumes decorated all the royal motor-cars as well as the escorting convoys and ostrich plumes beautified the hall in which the party danced that night. They were set in festoons of giant ferns, in shields of royal blue and in canopies of orange and gold.

The reference to the hardships which has fallen upon the local feather industry may here be emphasized by a comparison of present-day prices with those of boom periods. At the time when plumes were in demand among women of fashion in two hemispheres, an average plucking of eighty to one hundred birds would realize £2,000 on the market. To-day they would hardly fetch £200. But those who saw the uses to which they were put by the good folk of Oudtshoorn that day hoped they will come into their own again, somehow, some day.

Outside Oudtshoorn, beyond the tobacco plantations and fields of lucerne, there is an area which has been devastated by the encroachments of the prickly pear. North of it, in a maze of mountains which lead up to the morains of the Zwarte Bergen, the ice-capped wall of the Central Karoo, the road coils round the sterile gorges of the Grobellaars River, into valleys rich in wild flowers and rustling yellow poplars and pools of clear water in which the willows angle. Here, through a hole in the mountain wall, the Prince was conducted into the Congo Caves, largest of all the world's subterranean grottos. The Congo Caves, which outshine Adelsberg and all the gigantic caverns of the Karst, were found by one Van Zyl, a farmer of the district, toward the close of the eighteenth century. Tradition has it that the discovery was made during the search for a lost dog. Till then they had never been penetrated or explored, though in the outer chambers you may find faint traces of forgotten Bushmen—blurred red ochre outlines of pictures, men, birds and animals, disfigured or nearly obliterated by later sightseers.

For the Prince's convenience a path through the various rooms had been lighted by a double row of tall candles and from time to time the guides burned magnesium wire to reveal the ghostly shapes of floor and ceiling. In all these eerie solitudes no animal or vegetable life has ever been found, save a peculiar type of beetle, which has acquired hereditary blindness in the black darkness of the caves and which is very rarely seen. The party was shown the "Throne Room," "Van Zyl's Hall," hanging curtains shining brilliantly in the flares and delicately traced stools and balconies. Diamonds seem to sparkle in this buried

palace of beautiful but unearthly forms. Waterfalls that the ages have petrified impede the path. Sculptures carved by the centuries stand in alcoves draped with lacc-like hangings that once were water. For over a mile you may walk with a priceless ceiling of veined blue marble overhead. For two miles you may pass from grotto to grotto, each entirely different from those adjoining, and beyond that, if you feel the spirit of the explorer upon you and find time and courage, you may discover fresh grottos where the human foot never yet climbed or stumbled. You may open up an elegant little lady's chamber or a splendid banqueting hall. Imagination may run riot. Inhuman hands may clutch your heart if you wander from the lighted track. In a cheating candle glow you may wince as shadows loom suddenly before you, where a moment ago there was a glittering monument in alabaster.

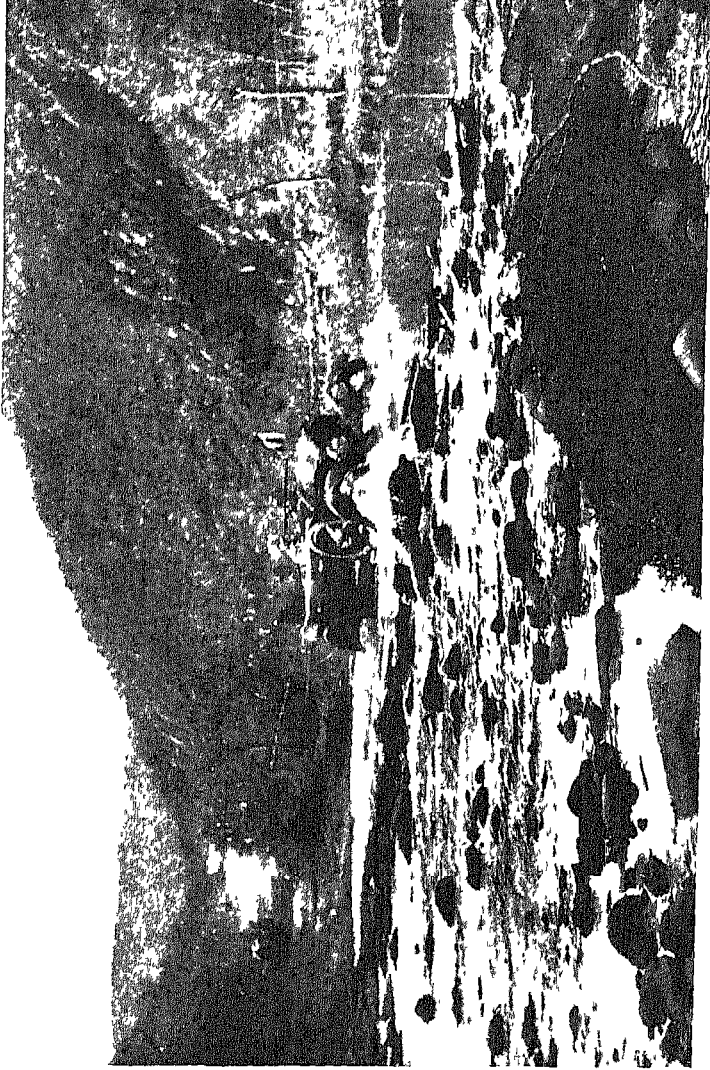
The Prince was ushered into a pulpit exactly fashioned and perfectly placed. He peered down from it at those below. "I feel almost inclined to say a few words to you," he said, in a stage whisper. He asked a budget of questions wherever he went. He examined the place where Lord Charles Somerset pencilled his autograph upon the wall of the Great Hall a hundred years ago. He stood for a flashlight photograph underneath the organ pipes; and somebody present murmured the words of a Keats' poem :

"I saw pale Kings and Princes, too;
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all."

The Prince had completed a week of his South African tour. He had mixed for the most part with the Afrikanders of the Cape Province and there is no doubt he had given an entirely fresh conception of royalty and its relationship with simple citizens of the Empire. He had borne a heavy responsibility through a critical part of his South African mission. Far as was the distance still to be travelled over the roads and railways of the Union, it was not difficult to note some of the main impressions gleaned during visits to these humble townships of the province which is still very aptly named the Cape of Good Hope.

It seems desirable here to say how the Royal progress had struck those left behind along the wayside who had at heart the uniting of the white races holding the keys to the destinies of this part of a scattered Empire. To the plain tale of the Prince's meeting with the Nationalists in Cape Town and his magnificent progress on the mainland may be added a brief retrospect.

Of the immense amount of work done by local committees



THE ROYAL CAR CROSSING A DRIFT
ON THE ROAD TO CANGO CAVES

in preparation for each necessarily brief call, of the generosity and warmth of the welcome offered by each community, however remote or small, however grouped or coloured, there was no need to entertain the least doubts. The young ambassador himself was implicitly believed when he said, and frequently repeated, that he had personally learned to understand the lure of South Africa.

What were going to be the after-effects of such splendid reciprocity? It was on the lap of the gods. South African psychology is a particularly hard nut to crack. It is also a nut that cannot simply be left on the plate and ignored. Nor can it be thrown away with the apple-parings of indifference. For months the heads of local councils had trembled to think of the day and the hour when they would meet the King-Emperor's eldest son face to face. No less. There may not have been the outward tokens of reverence which had brought the Emirs of the Western Sudan to kneel at the visitor's feet, nor the homage expressed when pagan chieftains in Gambia and Gold Coast gently stroked the visitor's hand and sleeve. It is not in the nature of the backveld Boer to break into ecstasies of emotion. He is a dogged, doubtful, and usually deeply religious soul, who likes to ponder over relations and to know how he stands before pledging his friendship, though whenever he had come within the proper range of the Prince's personality he allowed himself to be stirred and swayed as nobody else in the land could have stirred or swayed him. And the measure of the Prince's success depended, no doubt, upon the impression left upon the Dutch-speaking South African, with a somewhat narrow rural outlook, but with an affection that was well worth the winning.

The Prince had played his part like a man. He had worked miracles. He had succeeded, at Cape Town and Stellenbosch, at Worcester and Uitenhage, in blotting out party feeling to an extent which party leaders had never credited. To witness the Afrikanders surrender themselves to the occasion was as rousing as to hear their children sing the Prince's anthem in Afrikaans. The sight of a commando riding the Prince of Wales into Graaff Reinet, through the long street where, during the Boer War, the late Lord Milner had seen the Union Jack shot to shreds by a galloping cavalcade, is one that will have to be written into the chequered history of that centre of early republicanism.

It is no hyperbole to say that the English South Africans "saw red" as their Prince offered his hand and went off with a lump in their throat because he was "one of us." His Royal

Highness's personal staff worked untiringly in support of their chief and in aid of officials, local organizers and pressmen alike. The individual Ministers of the Hertzog Cabinet, attached to the train for succeeding sections of the trek, were unexceptionable in their attitude. The South African journalists toiled night and day in the particular coaches that were known to fame as "Fleet Street" and "the G.P.O." to prepare the way up-country and give their reading public a worthy account of the Prince's activities, relaxing only to afford him a week-end change away from watching eyes and publicity. Police, telegraphists, caterers, railway officials and defence force spared themselves no pains.

To those who had known the place in earlier decades, Graaff Reinet presented a startling appearance as it shut its eyes to a stormy past and smothered itself in Union Jacks to hail the Prince. Now called the Gem of the Karoo, Graaff Reinet saw the gradual spreading of the white man across the veld. It was under the shadow of its earlier church that, in a spirit of aloofness born of isolation, the old servants of the Dutch Company revolted against their local masters and those in Cape Town, and set up a short-lived republic. From its lanes the Dutch pioneers used to send off small commandos to check the inroads of the Hottentots. Within its precincts the Boer commanders held out against a too early peace with England, and it is still a Nationalist political stronghold.

We had left behind the piled terraces of the antarctic coast-belt and climbed into the undulating plains of the karoo, which ended in fantastic hills on every hand. The air was surpassingly clear and on that Saturday morning there was a distinct bite in it, in spite of the high sun. The karoo is a much debated area. Some have called it a desert, unfit for man or beast; others, the world's health resort of the future. It is difficult to realize that what is now mainly an arid wilderness was once a promising pasture-land, that these valleys of desolation, given over to lizards and ants, were once watered by *vleis* and sheltered by groves of mimosa, and that where parched dongas and changing drifts bar the track, meadows and woods were to be found. These flat-topped hummocks were famous a generation ago as the impregnable posts of Cronje and Joubert. The red sandy soil is covered with olive-green bush, among which you may sometimes catch sight of a flower, a spring, or a flock of sheep, but it is mostly a vision of kopjes and solitudes.

There is, they relate, a curious link between the jackals of the high veld and the dead fish that lie on the seashore at certain

periods of the year. Owing to the depredations of jackals, sheep have to be driven into fenced reserves and in their passage across the soft soil of the karoo they create deep ruts which deepen into trenches. When the rains come, tons of soil are washed away. In course of time the sheep track becomes a gaping gorge through which storm-water tears madly seawards. Thus it is that the vast bodies of fresh water discharged at the river mouth kill large quantities of fish. The conservation of the soil, the provision of boreholes and the raising of crops with the help of *saaidams*, or reservoirs, in which the flood-water is impounded, would transform the scene; but the fate of the karoo is in the balance. The extent to which its desert may be made to blossom like the rose is best illustrated by the farms at Grootfontein, where the Prince spent his first up-country week-end as the guest of Sir Abe Bailey.

At Grootfontein the veld abounds in springbok and blesbok, and the Prince rode out to watch the chase and the guns at work. After an alfresco luncheon, he went to shoot guinea fowl and partridges, his bag also including a *korhaan*, Royal game which only the Prince might shoot at that season. But in the main the time was one for relaxation. The Press people and the photographers were invited to share the hospitality of the farm in their private capacity and did their best to leave His Royal Highness alone to enjoy the tonic air, walks among the prize rams and champion cattle, and the tranquil beauty of *sloep* and *vorhuis*, the better relished because there was some good hard riding in between.

The Prince had left Colesberg junction muffled in furs, for the night on the high plateau was extremely cold under the stars. Colesberg is 4,400 ft. above sea level and a fortnight earlier he had been in the hot heart of the tropics. Heavy rains had turned the track into a quagmire and the string of cars lurched into the ruts like boats in an unfriendly current. The return was made in dusty heat, which increased as Colesberg was approached. The little town in its sleepy hollow among the ironstone kopjes had awakened for a brief afternoon of rapturous fête. It was, perhaps, one of the few disadvantages of a Royal progress that the quiet centres of the veld had disguised themselves beyond all recognition. The wayside dorps had followed the example of the densely peopled parent cities and put out ingenious aiches and dangling fruits. There is a spacious grandeur in the land which defies embellishment, but what nature had so lavishly done, these townships did not hesitate to try and

improve. The change that had come over Colesberg while the tourist had been devoting himself to recreation, was indeed astonishing. Its lazy streets had been transformed overnight by busy hands, and white, coloured and native excursionists had arrived from the neighbouring districts of Hanover and Philipstown.

The hollow is dominated by the low ridge on which, in January, 1900, four hundred men of the Suffolk Regiment met disaster under a storm of Boer bullets, and by Coleskop, which hid the guns of General French. It was the place chosen by the invaders of Cape Colony as their main advance post and the scene of repeated clashes in the early days of the war, until French's cavalry swept on towards Bloemfontein. The ancient trekkers' route wanders through it towards the Orange River at Norvalspont. The barren summit of Coleskop overlooks the rutted veld-track from Grootfontein and it was along this track that the Prince of Wales galloped in front of his commando into town—the biggest commando he had yet had, the best in that it contained a large vanguard of buxom farmers' daughters, and the most striking since it cantered or galloped several miles across country in and out of boulders and kopjes and drifts. He had a warm reception, first in passing the coloured location, and again when he dismounted and walked into the market-place, where, while tea was served on the green, a bevy of schoolgirls, all beauty, bloom and mirth in their white *kappies* and garden frocks, danced rural dances round him. The deadly artillery work of the Boer War is remembered by many and the trails by which the guns of General French and his astute opponents were hauled to the steep hilltops may still be traced, but there is now as little noticeable racial feeling in quiet Colesberg as anywhere in the Union.

One remark in the Prince's speech to the Colesbergers attracted marked local interest, namely, that he most certainly hoped he might be able to return to the town one of these days. Voices from the crowd of farmers exclaimed, "You'll be jolly well welcome!" and "*Ons sal u verwelkom!*" He congratulated the district on its horse-breeding and cattle-rearing, which was attracting settlers, with results beneficial to the whole of South Africa. He was glad the sheep-farmers were importing sheep from other parts. "As a farmer in a small way myself, I am very interested in and impressed by the fine quality of your sheep. In fact, in the face of keen competition from Australia, Argentina and the United States, you rank as one of the 'big four' of the sheep world."

We left Colesberg at midnight after an informal dance with the daughters of the district. Not the least happy of those left behind in the town was a small troupe of coloured minstrels who were working on the railway line and living in a typical little *pondokkie* not far from the station. Like all their race they were born musicians with a very natural sense of rhythm and harmony and they came to serenade the Prince during dinner on the train, stationing themselves on the veld outside his carriage. For an hour they played all manner of melodies inherited mainly from their remote African ancestors. The Prince in his saloon could be heard linking in on his banjulele. He delighted the simple minstrels by telling them that their people ought to be proud of their talent.

The descent from the karoo to the coast lay through the Cradock Valley, sparkling and trim after bounteous rains, and the wooded ravines of Alicedale. Wherever possible the train was stopped so that His Royal Highness might pay the towns a flying call, or, at least, hold levee at the station. Infinite trouble had been taken to do justice to "each crowded hour of glorious life." Cradock is the capital of the Midlands and the centre of the irrigation works of the Great Fish River, which, was then quite full after the rains. Referring to Cradock's fame as a sheep centre, he spoke of the importance of developing new markets and striving for stable prices, which were the key to progress in the wool and other agricultural industries.

When the train entered Port Elizabeth the ships of the African station, the *Birmingham* and the *Verbena*, were dressed in the roadstead and were visible from the slopes above Algoa Bay. The children of Port Elizabeth seemed to have the loudest voices in the province. Under the station vaulting and again in the city square under the heavy artillery memorial the noise was deafening. The streets were vibrant with children's piercing voices. In the square and the steep adjacent roads a sea of fifteen thousand faces surged. As the Prince appeared ex-service men howled three times, "*Gee gamalio—gee!*" ending with the super-cry, "*Waugh!*" The speech of welcome on the dais before the City Hall declared that the Prince's young personality had done more towards conquering the country than all the elaborate preparations for the tour. He had come, seen and conquered, and the port was happy in having heard his voice and seen him in the flesh.

The Prince broadcast his reply. He was speaking chiefly to descendants of the 1820 pioneer settlers, whose prolonged

early hardships one may discover perpetuated in the municipal device—“*Meliora spero!*” The Prince said, “When I think that the spot where your town now stands was in 1820 a sandy shore relieved only by a few huts clustered round the blockhouse known as Fort Frederick, I am astonished at the progress made in the comparatively short time of your existence. The Campanile which commemorates the landing of those first settlers of a hundred years ago symbolizes the simple character of your community, who in the early days endured, as British and Dutch on equal footing, the difficulties of pioneer existence.” Their prosperity, he knew, was due partly to the foresight of those who had made their port free of dues to vessels and had never ceased to improve the efficiency of their natural harbour. Before his departure from England (he added) he had revisited Wembley and inspected the Union Pavilion. He had there learned that the farmers had come forward generously to support the wool section. The exhibit would, in due course, bring an extension of the markets.

The varied experiences in Port Elizabeth included a visit to the snake park in the museum grounds, a boxing tournament and a ball at the Feather Market Hall. The snake park, which is one of the sights of the port and one of the prides of the Eastern Provinces, is under the direction of Mr. F. W. Fitzsimons, author of “The Natural History of South Africa.” It is one of the only two of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere (the other is at São Paulo in Brazil) and stands on the hill not far from the club house which served as the Prince’s headquarters, in a garden where its slummy and unsavoury denizens—puff adders, mambas, king cobras and sixteen-foot pythons—are kept from contact with the outside world by a narrow channel of water and a wall and coil themselves incessantly among the flowers and shrubs until their Indian keeper wants them. The keeper told His Royal Highness that he had been severely bitten and poisoned several times, but with an air of strange detachment he uncoiled the writhing creatures, squeezed open their mouths and enticed yellow poison from their hooked fangs.

Before the call at Port Elizabeth was brought to a close the Prince devoted three vigorous hours to visiting the Crusaders’ Ground, three miles to the east, where 7,000 white school-children and a further 7,000 coloured youngsters were lined in excellent array. Aeroplanes “stunted” overhead and on two occasions swooped low in salute over the Royal party—a fine feat of airmanship, though the wisdom of it might have been doubted by those more closely concerned. His Royal Highness told the

children he had secured them an extra holiday since he had so sincerely enjoyed their singing. Elsewhere there was a huge gathering of natives—Zulus, Xosas, Basutos and Fingos; and their deep-toned thunder of salutation to the "Great Son of our Sovereign Lord and Protector, the Great White King over the Seas" precluded the first native welcome the Prince had received in an important native area of South Africa. The *mbongo*, the poet who walks before any great chief, summoned the tribesmen to bow down and tremble. He chanted the *Izibongo*, or song of greeting, and at the end of each of his stanzas, the whole assembly burst in, chanting in unison. The most appealing portion of the festival was the native choir's rendering of a native song, "*Ixegwana*," a song of deep tones and sudden transitions and syncopations. The Prince was entirely delighted with his first experience of this passion for music in a minor key which is inborn in the South African Bantu and with its majestic rendering.

It was at the end of this gathering that the Prince of Wales sounded a grave and attentively heard warning, cautioning the natives against any tendencies to mistrust those in authority over them—advice which was received with a broad murmur of assent, followed by a shout of "*A zweliyazuma!*" after he had assured them that it would be they who would work out their own salvation.

A few hours later the church bells of Uitenhage rang out. Distant voices swelled into a racket of treble cheering as His Royal Highness alighted and walked the few hundred yards from the station into the town. The Royal party had moved down into districts where the warm dignity of the Afrikaans-speaking veld communities sometimes yielded to the almost delirious joy of English-speaking majorities. Thus it was that from the market-square of Uitenhage to the extremely pretty local park, from the sloping downs overlooking a remote sea, and from the downs back to the station a cheering mass, mainly composed of perspiring youths and maidens with cameras, chased the cars in a frantic scramble. They got embarrassingly close to the Prince, determined to make the very utmost of him even at the expense of a certain measure of comfort to his immediate suite. It should be added that His Royal Highness gave every evidence of complete ease and pleasure in all the hustling. The jovial Mayor, greeting the guest from the terrace of the City Hall, showed himself entirely disinclined to hide the light of Uitenhage under a bushel of modesty. The Prince laughed heartily as he loudly pronounced it the most beautiful place in all South Africa and in support

of his contention emphasized that it was the fifth town in the province, and one of the oldest, and furthermore, that it had sent a bigger percentage of its population to the World War than any other in the Union, having enlisted 1,700 white and a similar number of coloured and native men for service.

His Royal Highness, in a happily extemporized speech, assured Uitenhage that his experience as the country had unfolded itself had been a delightful one; he had heard of the lure of South Africa and had begun to understand its appeal to those who had long lived there. He caused some fun by remarking that he hardly dared say too much in endorsement of Uitenhage's claim to be the most beautiful of towns, because he had still to visit many other places in the Union, and "I might get into trouble if I said too much." The remainder of his statement was devoted to friendly comment upon the agricultural and educational reputation of the town and its development as a railway centre. He wished them a continuance of their welfare.

From Addo an excursion was made to the Sundays River Settlement. Colonel Creswell, the Defence Minister, escorted the Prince, and the journey was made in the sunset glow, with range after range of black mountain showing beyond the two hundred burghers who rode at the head of the line. The handful of emigrants who bought land and established farms in 1920 have thriven and multiplied and besides a homely English welcome a large party of "Boers" were anxious to talk with him. His first sight on nearing the settlement was a field of tents with camp fires burning in between—a replica of a typical Boer laager of Kaffir War days. As the golden sunset was blotted out behind the hills and darkness descended the Royal cars came into position and their headlights were switched on in a semi-circle which lighted up the scene—marquee tents, parked wagons, grazing oxen and a formidable body of natives, for whose benefit an ox was to be killed after the Prince's departure. The night was spent on board the train at Tootab Heights.

The Addo Bush, through the fringe of which the Royal train had passed, stretches over forty miles of undulating land above Algoa Bay. Few men have penetrated far into its thicket. Until recent years it was a recognized elephant reserve, and to-day a herd of elephant, alert and irritable, still clings to existence in the heart of the forest, surrounded at a very respectful distance by civilization. There may be twenty of them; there may be thirty—they are rarely seen intentionally.

Except for the Prince's passage the herd would probably have

been left to die out in the course of a few years, for they are isolated, immobile and lacking in the amenities of life. But like a great many other places in South Africa Addo had been drawn into the limelight which followed the Royal tour. A controversy had arisen, and was gaining in its appeal, as to whether this remnant of a mammal tribe should be allowed to become extinct or should be preserved by the districts which it raided and ransacked in its stronger age.

During the Prince's journey through the Eastern Divisions of the Cape, the writer had the opportunity of gleaning some facts about the Addo herd from one who took part in the campaign of extermination which was waged in the summer of 1920-1921. Until that campaign it had consisted of some 140 head, which wandered at large and wrought havoc among the neighbouring farm settlements, terrorized the native population of the division, captured water-holes and did vast damage to fences, causing the loss of cattle. The District Council of Uitenhage petitioned for the destruction of the beasts, but the task proved more formidable than could have been foreseen. The late Captain Selous was asked to undertake the work, but declined, expressing the opinion that men who entered the Addo thorn bush on such an expedition would be committing suicide.

When General Smuts returned home from East Africa, he brought back with him a famous scout, Major Pretorius, C.M.G., D.S.O. and bar. Pretorius was persuaded to attempt to blot out the obnoxious herd and during two long and hazardous shooting seasons he succeeded in shooting ninety-five head. After an exile of several months, camp was struck and the hunt abandoned because the animals were becoming too wild. During the later expedition Brigadier-General Ravenshaw went down to shoot with Pretorius and did not return. As the party sat in camp one Sunday (Pretorius would shoot nothing but vermin on Sundays) a boy came tearing in shouting "Leopard!" Pretorius, Ravenshaw and two others snatched their rifles and picked up the leopard spoor, but crept without warning into the middle of the infuriated elephant herd. There followed a shot and a mad scramble through almost impenetrable thicket.

The herd were, at length, turned off, but Ravenshaw was missing. After searching in vain for thirty-six hours the others returned to camp, and there they were joined by Pretorius's Alsatian wolfhounds, panting and restive. The dogs then led them to the spot in an elephant track where Ravenshaw had collapsed and died of heart failure in the excitement of the chase

and the retreat. That was the last expedition into the depths of Addo. Those who took part say that they rarely saw their game more than five yards ahead. The only means of making progress was by the elephant tracks. The older settlers had been accustomed to drag an old Victorian cannon, a set-gun, into the bush with its lanyard set across the track of elephants coming to the water-holes. That was in the days of the terror, but there is at least one native alive to-day who has remained a madman since he was caught by the herd.

The question which has been raised in the Cape Province affects the preservation of the remaining group of elephants. It is felt that, since their number is so few and there can be no fear of such raiding and spoliation as used to be complained of, it would be a national loss and a national tragedy if these unique twenty or thirty survivors of the vast herd which once roamed and ruled more than 30,000 acres of forest land were allowed to disappear from the map. The reserve is hardly a reserve in the strict sense of the term and is reduced to some 8,000 acres of bush. The number of animals has decreased since Pretorius's unerring gun was stayed, partly by private game hunts and partly through the insufficiency of water.

It is believed that, could such a rare family of wild beasts be found elsewhere in the world, every effort would be made to protect and foster it in the interests of biological evolution. Apparently the only problem with which the Provincial Administration of the Cape is faced is that of ensuring an adequate and properly placed water supply. Given that, the solitary herd might continue in the decades to come. Some time ago windmill pumps and borcholes were constructed just inside the reserved area, but the elephants have left them severely alone.

The former Minister of Lands, Colonel Reitz, has suggested that they should be given access to the Sundays River by the addition to the reserve of a stretch of country which to-day separates them from their old natural watering-place. Experts state that this could be done without danger to settlers and natives, or to fences or irrigation works. The expenditure would be inconsiderable in comparison with the asset of such a collection of African elephants, different from all other tribes of their race. Except for about a dozen, which are said still to persist in the jungle near Knysna, these are the only ones to be found in the southern part of the sub-Continent and they have, therefore, a worthy place among the matchless fauna of South Africa.

For some time past there has been a widespread movement in

favour of a sound national policy and programme embracing game parks, bird sanctuaries and nature reserves. Those who promote it claim that the farmers have learnt and are learning the lessons taught by pestilences and droughts and that there has been a great change in recent years in the attitude of the agricultural community towards the study of wild life generally. They are assured that the rural population throughout the Union has begun to recognize the uses of game birds, hawks, and even snakes in the eternal campaign against the locust or the plague-infected rodent. For centuries veld fires and prodigal grazing have been at work robbing mountain and plain of their luxuriant natural vegetation, but the idea of conserving the benefits of nature is making headway. The establishment of the Sabi and Shingwedzi game reserves as a national park is part of the same process of thought.

Just after the Prince left, a statement was made in the Cape Provincial Assembly by the Administrator, Sir Frederic de Waal, that negotiations were proceeding between the Union Government and the Provincial Committee concerned, to establish an improved water supply for the Addo elephants and ensure the survival of the herd.

The country to which the 1820 settlers wandered after their landing in Algoa Bay, along the Bushman and Fish River valleys, has become the most thickly peopled part of the Cape of Good Hope Province. It is a land of battle-scarred mountains, but rich in forests and pasturing places. Orchards and flower gardens such as you might pass in English counties are framed in your carriage window. Golden mimosa, rose-trees and delicate speckboom have here taken the place of the twisted chaos of monkey rope and the elephant haunt in the Addo forests. The line curved through a valley which, in the early morning, was a sea of white mist beneath the railway train; and Grahamstown city of saints and spires, enveloped us in an affectionate embrace. It was an embrace such as one would expect from a gracious little home town nestling in English hills and Grahamstown was the most English-looking place we had yet seen in Africa.

For a hundred years, since the universe was feeling the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars, the spot has been reputed a kind of colonial Eden. Its scenery and its traditions have a familiar look and ring. It is a bit of England, but the near heights saw the passage of voortrekkers, who also left their mark on its history, and the surrounding *krantzes* are dedicated to settlers who resisted innumerable Kaffir encroachments. Of the struggles

of Graham and Stockenstrom, of the fights against fearful odds, when the Kaffir Linksh and later the chieftain Hintsa attempted desperately to rush the settlement, few traces are left to-day. Grahamstown as the Prince saw it was a tidy, cheery educational centre, with college buildings and playing fields in its every suburb. Gums and pine-trees guarded smiling school gardens and lawns. The outlying countryside was a pageant of purple tulip which transformed the fields into a purple haze. Golden creepers were set off against red and yellow aloes. After the stress of Port Elizabeth and Uitenhage, His Royal Highness enjoyed the drive across the valley and into the crowded but most orderly market square, where a dais was placed in front of the Town Hall. Under a monster Prince of Wales's feathers made up of masses of real brick-tinged ostrich plumes he expressed grateful thanks for his reception. He called to mind the fact that Grahamstown had lately celebrated the centenary of its foundation. It had begun as a military settlement and frontier fort. "The progress made is astonishing to us from older countries, but is really a monument to all those 1820 settlers who, not only at Grahamstown, but throughout this part of South Africa, laid by their courage, energy and untiring industry the sure foundations upon which your present prosperity is built." Grahamstown, he added, was particularly fortunate in its educational institutions; its peaceful environment must greatly have helped its students in gaining the high positions they occupied to-day.

The students were in waiting for him. In a quiet suburb the Royal party reached the white stone gateway of the Drostdy and saw on the highest square foot of the wall above the gateway a "Zulu warrior" prancing. On the green beyond a couple of dozen more "Zulus" pranced, shook shields and spears, and howled and howled. It was not until they rushed his car that the Prince realized they were merely students at play.

In a fancy carriage with white and heliotrope drapings, with young women students acting as a vanguard, they bore him off to their *alma mater*, Rhodes University, where for a jolly hour they regaled him with sandwiches, an uncannily life-like exhibition of Zulu dancing and varsity songs on the sloping lawn outside the cool brick hall of the college. The Prince relished every second of it, from the kidnapping scene to the archway of assegais, under which he passed out when the "rag" was finished. The students, lads and gowned lassies, were in chaffing mood, and so was the Prince, though he left them all convinced that he knew more than a mere caller about their work and interests.

During a series of lengthy drives within the city boundary and among the outlying suburbs he found time to visit St. Andrew's College, St. Aidan's Roman Catholic School, Kingswood College and some other scholastic centres, imbibing their histories and exchanging school-day recollections as though he were an old boy come to look up his own school-town. He also exchanged addresses with dense coloured and black congregations. Inside the City Hall he shook hands with several hundred war veterans—men from Delville Wood, and some from the Kaffir wars, and some who had fought on either side in the South African campaigns. He was taken to see the house where lived Dirk Uys, who as a boy of fifteen rushed in vain to save his father from death at the hands of Dingaan's braves immediately after the ghastly ambush at Umkungunhlovu. He saw the famous old Drostdy, which is gradually being enveloped by the Rhodes University requirements. And finally he was fêted by city aldermen in the Minor Hall, where he sat amid a gorgeous table decoration of after-season roses and Bathurst apples. Some sixty oil-paintings representing the typical grandeurs of South Africa happened to hang upon the walls of the luncheon hall and the chief guest was so attracted by them that he bought three canvases, one entitled "Filtered Sunshine" and showing an old Cape homestead, than which no homestead can be more handsome in colouring or outline, and two others of prospects he himself has enjoyed at the outset of the tour, "Hells-Hoogte," the summit of the road between Stellenbosch and the Paarl, and "Marine Drive at Camp Bay."

There followed an exhilarating week-end at Kowie West, which boasts the best golf links in South Africa. Kowie West faces Port Alfred and the pleasant Kowie River, and is a place of small bungalow hotels from the windows of which the mighty breakers of the Indian Ocean may be seen across rolling dunes as they crash relentlessly against helpless and decaying breakwaters. In such an atmosphere the Prince was far from madding crowds, clicking cameras and town councillors. At his reception at Port Alfred he had complimented the townspeople on their development of the seaside resort; it was an admirable spot where to spend a few leisure hours and he was looking forward to frequent games of golf. The Prince's idea of a rest was to play forty-five holes in a day, at the end of which he was elected a life member. He had never looked better or more virile.

The return was through the deep green valleys and pineapple plantations of the Bathurst district, whence the train hastened up to Bedford and the townships on the northern rise of the

Great Fish River basin, Adelaide, Alice and Fort Beaufort. These prettily placed towns are firmly founded on the traditions of the 1820 settlers and proud of the notable part they played as frontier towns in the Kaffir wars. At Bedford the Prince of Wales remarked upon the great fencing campaign conducted in the region against the jackal, one of the farmers' worst enemies. In these little whitewashed towns the visitor learned a good deal about the "little people" of the land. He met old ladies whose trembling hands held out bunches of violets; Dutchmen who had come fresh from the trek, sjambok in hand, farm settlers who had just raced at a gallop to the wayside station; native women who had forgotten the babies strapped to their backs; coloured youths whose singing was a joy; children with smiling faces whose pandemonium was undiminished by long hours of waiting; and scouts who yelled their *Bayele!* with hats raised upon a forest of staves. He commented upon the changes which has come over the Alice district since farms had replaced forts, though he admitted with a smile that "even now farming is not, as some unkind critics assert, done by sitting on the *stoep* and waiting for the mealies to grow."

Under the great Winterberg Mountain, which surveys a "land of a thousand fertile valleys," we travelled through dairy-land. In the early morning many of these valleys were filled with delicate mists gleaming brilliantly and rolling like seas of milk. There were native hamlets where bunches of red-blanketed Kaffirs intoned their salutes, adding John Knox Bokwe's Xosa song, "*Vuke Daborah,*" for the benefit of the cinema men. Two ex-soldiers whom the Prince remembered were Conrad Siebert, a Crimean veteran of the Hanoverian Legion, and W. G. Williams, Sir Evelyn Wood's bodyguard during the Kaffir and first Boer wars. Fort Beaufort teemed with Province folk from Balfour and Hertzog and Healdtown, grouped on the hillock beneath the House of the Axe, in which the War of the Axe originated.

The Prince had now penetrated into that part of South Africa where one of the main and most interesting of his duties was to meet the Bantu *indunas* and show himself to their peoples. During a long open-air Indaba, or parade, at Victoria Grounds, King William's Town, he appeared in uniform before over ten thousand natives of the Cis-Keian districts. It was explained to him by the Chief Native Commissioner that the region represented by them comprised a widely scattered Bantu population of half a million people, in twenty-eight magisterial districts stretching from the Gamtoos River, on the southern boundary of Uitenhage,



A BASKET OF GRAPES FROM LILLIE MISS CAPE PROVINCE

to the Basutoland border at Herschel, an area of nearly thirty thousand square miles, including members of a vast number of tribes as well as detribalized natives.

At an early hour the groups had congregated on the great green meeting-ground. Except the Prince's party, civic dignitaries and native magistrates, no Europeans were permitted to attend the Durbar. For the most part the gathering was made up of Kaffirs who had long since discarded native garb and adopted mufti, roughly modelled on Europe, but on one side of the Prince as he stood on a platform jutting out from the royal dais squatted a large group of raw, or red, Xosas wrapped in vivid red ochre blankets, which appeared to be their only garment save a phable felt hat or a mass of cloth bandaging their heads, after the style of a turban. The men puffed long pipes and held aloft long sticks of assegai wood. Behind them the wives crouched or reclined in similar blankets with still larger double-tiered headgear and their faces quaintly smeared with red or stone-coloured ochres.

A very real Zulu dancer, a *ligogo*, wearing false moustaches and beard and brandishing a handful of spears, picked up the Royal car as it circled round the lawn and brought it up to the pavilion, where police drawn from Fingo tribes were lined up as a guard of honour. As His Royal Highness took his seat a huge native choir sang the anthem with which the whole Cape Province had been ringing, the young women swaying instinctively as they sang. They then chanted "*Lizalis idinga lako!*" (Fulfil thy promise!) and it may be hazarded that the hearer had never listened to clearer or more beautiful harmonies.

Opposite the rose-smothered stand sat the ubiquitous *mbongo*, official tribal chanter of praises, who wore a vermilion cape and sat with a look of dread uneasiness on his wizened countenance. Behind him were lined chiefs of the Imidushani, Amantinde, Imiqayi and other Cis-Keian tribes. They had drawn their clothes from a strange wardrobe stocked with Sunday suits, riding breeches, ancient top hats, and coloured waistcoats. One stout chieftain sat at his ease in bishop's hat and leather leggings. This was one of the many occasions when the Prince (whose sense of humour is acute) had his gravity sorely tried. Two by two or three by three delegates from Keiskama Hoek, Glen Grey and Peddie District were brought to the platform underneath the Prince's balcony and presented their addresses with all the eloquence at their command. They were followed by headmen from Tyinindini Location, the chief and councillors of the Amagunukwebe tribe, men from the kraals of Molteno,

and Fingo rulers and headmen. Deputies from St. Matthew's College and King Native Teachers' Association came to aver their loyalty and establish the proud record of being the first to see a Prince of Wales in the "unpretentious valley of our famed Keiskama River"

It was under Queen Victoria that these people had been initiated into the benefits of British political protection and their loyal speeches contained many references to their belief in the British constitution and to reminders of the peace which had followed sanguinary battles in the mountains of Keiskama Hoek region during the Xosa wars of 1846, 1851 and 1878. The Keiskama clans are descendants of the Abambo (Fingo tribes) whose homes were originally near the Tugela River in Natal, before the devastation perpetrated in 1820 by Tshaka, the Zulu, and they expressed pride that the spears and assegais of the Xosas have since those times of massacre and privation been turned into plough-shares and pruning-knives.

Then the *mbongo* drew himself up to his full height and opened his capacious mouth; with teeth shining in his black visage he half-recited, half-chanted the Prince's praises and gave him greeting into the land. "*Imvula Mayine!*" (Let the heaven drop blessings!) shouted the natives of Dortscht and the chiefs clapped hands and the ten thousand voices cheered merrily. The Molteno kraalsmen brought a message very much their own. "We believe," they said, "that your passage will bring happiness. Proceed, beautiful feet. Big rains have come and were given to us to lay the dust. Such rains we had not any more, which points out plainly that it cleanses your way for happiness and peace. God be with you!"

The Prince rose to make an important speech, voicing his appreciation of the native peoples' respect and thanking them for having travelled long distances to convey their attachment to the King and the throne. It was due largely to the patience of officials and the faith of missionaries, he told them, that they had emerged from comparative barbarism in a neighbourhood where no man's life had been safe. "To-day, it is recognized by all that there must be closer co-operation and more goodwill between the two races in the interests of both and I am advised that consultation is usual before any important steps affecting your welfare are taken by Government. I would caution you against tendencies to mistrust those in authority or to turn to those whose smooth promises have yet to be translated into performance. To avoid these dangers you should study how to

manage your own affairs through the council system. Those who already enjoy it understand its value. The council system has borne excellent fruit in the Trans-Keian territories, where it has been for many years in operation. I am confident that where it is available on this side of the Kei you will find in it a solution of many of your troubles and also an education as to many of the difficulties which Government has to meet." He made sympathetic allusion to the recurring droughts in the Kei valley and to the need for the conservation of water. In conclusion he presented the six leading *indunas* with walking sticks as a sign of recognition of their Amaxosa royalty.

The Indaba was the biggest native gathering in the history of "King" and it reached a happy climax as the thousand marvellous young singers sang, "*Nkosi sikela i Africa*" and "God Save the King" in Xosa as well as in English. The Prince realized that at these Indabas far-reaching results had to be sought and found. He was faced with a statesman's task. He spoke with the knowledge that his phrases would be carried through the length and breadth of the Cis-Kei and be digested and debated and digested again as the highest wisdom and as a sympathetic caution. His meeting with the natives was only half of the Prince's activities in the former capital of British Kaffraria. He heard and replied to an exceptionally apt mayoral oration, witnessed an amusing torchlight procession to Fort Hill and inspected a parade of all the European youth of the district. He also laid a wreath at the beautiful war memorial, a tall column built of rock-faced local stone, surmounted by a bronze figure of Victory under which stands an infantryman in full fighting kit—the "Springbok" as he went into action on the Somme. It was the Mayor of "King" who, in his oration, gave the Prince the new title of the King of Hearts.

On May 20th, in rather oppressive heat the train drew into East London terminus and the Prince alighted from his coach to return the salute presented by a contingent of Kaffrarian Rifles and to meet the City Fathers. With a galaxy of them he drove straight into a city glaring with sunlight, past the City Hall and its new war memorial in Oxford Street, to the recreation ground, where the inevitable civic addresses were submitted. For his part the Prince remarked on the efforts to improve the harbour, on the efficiency of which, he had learned, their prosperity largely hinged, since from it was exported the greater part of the wool produced in South Africa. Their struggle to maintain the export trade must be constant, for they had rivals

in Durban and Port Elizabeth and the time was rapidly approaching when South Africa would convert its own raw materials into finished articles. East London was very favourably placed by reason of its vast hinterland of native areas and abundant border districts.

The eight thousand natives whom the Prince saw at East London were mainly of the semi-civilized type and again the most memorable feature of the meeting was the choral effect of several hundred voices singing Xosa melodies. It was a feast for eyes as well as ears, for as they watched their leader's baton their bodies swayed instinctively to the beat. "*Sivela, sivela, ezwani lase kukunyameni*"—one must see and hear these young natives give themselves up to their rather plaintive refrains to believe the effect.

The spokesman of the natives on this occasion was Dr. Rubusana, who translated the Bible into Xosa. His Royal Highness assured him that the services of his people during the Great War were kept in remembrance. Their record (he said) was evidence of the general readiness of the natives to assist the Government. They no doubt had their anxieties and he was aware that their land had suffered for several seasons from severe drought and the hardships it entailed. Difficulties of such a nature, however, might be turned to profit if they led to increased effort and self-reliance and he wished them a successful advance on the road to progress, which he believed they were no less anxious to profit by than Government was to promote.

After a call at Cambridge, where the Cubs knelt before him and cried, "We'll—do—our—best!" the Prince was entertained at a picnic luncheon on the banks of the Nahoon River, a waterway which bears the name of the "Valley of Perpetual Spring" and which might have reminded us of the Meuse near Dinant, except that baboons chattered among the aloes on the opposite bank and a few natives were silhouetted in all their blackness above the topmost crags. Cambridge is one of a group of townships in the Cis-Kei originally founded by German soldier settlers after the Crimean war, and many of the people who waved at the cortège along the road were unmistakably Teutonic.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEW PIONEERS

THE days of pioneering in South Africa are not over. With the Empire facing the vital problem of redistributing its population they may be said to have only begun. In the nineteenth century it was the settler who wanted South Africa. He landed upon the barren beach of Algoa Bay and built the foundations of many townships in the Eastern Provinces; with Rhodes as his guiding star he trekked beyond the Limpopo and claimed for his own the whole of Zambezia. In the twentieth century the positions are reversed; it is South Africa that wants the settler. She needs him, not primarily because she sympathizes with an overcrowded, industrially tormented England—it would be a mistake to credit her with too broad a spirit of generosity—but because she is in dire peril of “going black” a few generations hence unless the pioneers can be found who will emulate the hard activities of the 1820 settlers or of the northern voortrekkers.

The men who in April, 1820, turned their backs on England and sailed for the Cape numbered less than 4,000, but it may be doubted whether any party of emigrants ever proved more worthy of their homeland, or left a greater impression upon the country of their adoption. They were selected from a much larger number of farmers, artisans, labourers and tradespeople, who had been hit by the distress which followed the Napoleonic wars. For every actual emigrant there were ten volunteers. Their plight can be readily understood by the England of to-day. Their success, too, can be repeated by the England of to-day. Some of them had means, experience and apprentices of their own and paid their own ocean passage money, but the Parliament of the period granted £50,000 to defray the cost of sending out the majority. Substantial plots of ground were mapped out for them in the pleasant region of the Great Fish River valley and for a time rations were provided for families who felt the pinch.

At first they mostly felt the pinch. They were pioneers. They had to fight desperately against foe and failure—Xosa tribesmen crept in and stole their livestock, floods washed away

their allotments and rondavels, crops were destroyed by rust. Their area had to serve as a buffer against the Gaikas. But in the course of years they throve so far as to have established the prosperity of Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth and given those lonely military strongholds on the Kaffrarian frontier a homely English aspect which a century of expansion has only served to enhance, and they founded on the smiling slopes villages which we know and admire as Queenstown, Bedford, King Williamstown and the eastern seaports, which toast the Throne, fly the Imperial flag, and still think affectionately of London fogs when they converse of home.

The success of that ancient settlement scheme can best be gauged when it is said that the 3,600 emigrants whom it benefited were the progenitors of some 150,000 white people; the descendants of the original families planted in the areas above Algoa Bay now number a tenth of the European population of South Africa. It is interesting to think what a difference a few thousand more of the same type would have made to the subsequent history of the Dominion. To their work and character three monuments have been erected—two in brick and stone. One is the simple Campanile which surmounts the harbour of Port Elizabeth, the second is a commemorative hospital at Grahamstown, in the districts where the first contingents lighted their watch-fires under spreading euphorbias and banks of gigantic aloes. The third has taken the form of a fresh movement in favour of Empire settlement which is happily growing in momentum—the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association. That body relies upon volunteer effort and devotes its disinterested energies to the selection and aid of suitable types of emigrants. It has already transferred to South Africa more than 1,300 men, who have been placed with established farmers in the Union for a year's apprenticeship and helped to invest their capital aright. The work done so far represents a total investment of something like £3,000,000.

Returns show that of the total number of men who have placed themselves in the hands of the Association a small percentage have failed and have elected to return to England. A few others have gone over to non-agricultural occupations in the country. The great remainder have purchased land and are launched upon life as South African farmers, or are still under tuition with recognized husbandmen, or at Government agricultural colleges. Men are at present going out at the rate of forty a month, and there are a certain number—perhaps a hundred in all—who are looking round before making up their minds where to settle. In

the past few months, certainly, according to local report, a more experienced and satisfactory type of emigrant has been arriving than ever before.

Two training farms are in process of being established under the Association. One is to be in the Cape Province and one in the Northern Transvaal. Between them they will eventually turn out every year at least 200 cotton, irrigation, and general farmers. The method of attracting the pupils which the two centres will accommodate should not differ in its essentials from that employed in the past five years. Each applicant is required to have a capital of £1,500 and a good character. By way of exception, would-be tenant farmers who have been reared in a rural atmosphere and already possess a knowledge of agriculture are required to take with them a capital of £800. On all training farms, which will be guaranteed against loss, land will be parcelled out to the newcomers in blocks of 100 acres each, which they will work under the supervision of experts against payment of £5 per month to the Board. No natives will be engaged on the farms except as cooks, waiters and herdsmen, so that the settlers may learn and practise the whole business of land cultivation from the bottom up.

In the Northern Transvaal training will be devoted, not entirely to cotton, but to general farming as well, while instruction in the Cape Province will centre chiefly in irrigation farming. It is not intended that the dependants of married settlers should live at the training farms during their period of tutelage. The farms will be situated within a few miles of townships. Accommodation for families could be arranged in the towns and the settler might go out to his work daily or might visit his family at week-ends.

Such will be the existence of the new pioneer in South Africa—a career moulded on plain and practical lines, undramatic, lonely at times and without luxuries, but without the stern anxieties of the voortrekkers, English and Dutch, whose lives were not their own and whose lands had not the protection of peace. There must be infinite compensations in the gradual building up of a permanent home in the open air of the karoo or the veld, on ground never before shapen by human hands. The stranger to South Africa is still inclined to think of her wealth in terms of minerals. Cattle and wheat have not the same romantic appeal as sparkling diamonds and burnished gold. There have been more tales told about frenzied fortune-making at Kimberley and Johannesburg than of the treasures contained in arable land, the tapping of springs, the improving of pastures, grains and fruits, the

converting of a wilderness into a garden. Yet no phase of African history is more stirring than the conquests made by Dutch and English pioneers, whose struggles to make two blades grow where one had grown before alternated with grim fights against Bantu invaders. And the products of the soil will outlast the products of the mines.

If you have not held a huge Bathurst apple in your hand, you do not know what apples are. If you have not regularly eaten South African fruit in England in the last few summers, do not blame South Africa. Mangoes and grapes, nectarines and pines, and granadillas, pears and apple-plums, reach Covent Garden with every mail-boat; they were picked in some of the sunniest spots in the universe. The South African growers' oranges reach the London market in the European summer, when the world's supply is lowest.

The success of South African orange groves in full bearing was such that syndicates were formed in the country to obtain and prepare land mainly for orange groves. New groves are coming into bearing and new capital is being invested. The industry is still young—and it is an industry in which judgment counts for more than luck. One hears of clerks and commercial travellers doing well as growers, just as one hears, or used to hear, of clerks and commercial travellers coming across seams of rich minerals, but the practical yield depends nearly always upon factors which are not accidental. There is the discrimination with which grove sites are chosen; the climate which determines the texture and succulence of the fruit; the depth of the soil; and the assistance which local irrigation can give to supplement the normal rainfall. The position of the southern grower is a distinctly advantageous one. Most of the great orange-producing countries are in the Northern Hemisphere. The difference in season between the Northern and Southern Hemispheres allows the bulk of the South African crop to be harvested between June and November and to be exported at a period of the year when oranges are a real refreshment and foreign exporters are inactive.

The same applies to other Cape fruits. The soil of the southwestern parts of the province is not particularly rich, but the climate is as nearly perfect as possible for delicate stone fruits. Apricots, plums and peaches are grown with rare qualities at a time when only hothouse fruits would otherwise reach the home markets. Pear trees are longest in coming into bearing, but yield large crops, have a commercial life twice as long as peaches, and pay better than any other fruit. An instance is recorded of

eight acres of "Bons Chrétiens"—600 trees in full bearing—yielding £1,200 in a season.

To the pioneer the main difficulty in the near Cape districts would be to obtain small holdings of good fruit land, particularly in the neighbourhood of Stellenbosch or the Paarl. Land in those old-established districts is high-priced and hard to get. It is near the Cape Peninsula and closely populated in comparison with most up-country districts. It enjoys most of the amenities of ordered life which your pioneer must forgo. Telephones and railways are near at hand. There is an air of exceptional prosperity upon these south-western valleys; their properties by no means go abegging. For the newcomer, prospects are easier a little farther afield. Tulbagh and Ceres are anything but remote, as African distances go. They are first-class fruit lands, and there is plenty more along the line of the Cape Central Railway at places like Riversdale and Heidelberg, and in the green divisions farther east.

The area within the Union under maize cultivation has doubled in a few years. It is the staple food of the six million natives who form four-fifths of the population; it yields the chief concentrate upon which the livestock is fed; and its growth has accelerated the transition of the country from a ranching stage to the comparatively intensive farming of smaller estates. In many parts of the Union it is the most profitable crop to grow, since it thrives in localities unsuited to fruit, cotton, or tobacco. Many fortunate farmers have such an abundance of ground that they need not make the most of each acre. Nature has been lavish, but nature does not treat every one alike. To the prospective grower less favourably placed success will depend upon his nearness to railways and markets, upon his ability to get the most out of the plot he has bought, and upon his grit in adversity. To him, in any case, soils and seeds, pests and fertilizers, rainfall and crop rotation, will be the studies of a lifetime. "Mealie" growing and stock raising are regarded as twin industries in the Union and Government advisers are satisfied that the profit from maize and livestock together should give a comfortable living and leave adequate reserves for working expenses—and that one bumper crop should see the farmer on the road to prosperity. Maize can be grown east of a line drawn from Port Elizabeth to Bloemfontein and on to Zeerust in the western Transvaal, excluding coastlands and very high altitudes.

Though still in its early infancy, cotton growing has gone beyond the experimental stage. Warnings against boom methods

are issued periodically, in view of the efforts of speculators to boom land beyond its normal value. The Union contains immense areas which fulfil the conditions needed for successful cultivation. In many parts of the Transvaal—near Barberton, Rustenburg, Lydenburg, and Zoutpansberg—you may see the close-cropped native women busy in the fields, with the inevitable baby's head sticking up above the wraps behind them and the white harvest stretching to the hills. Elsewhere, in the coastal regions of Natal, in strips of the Transkeian territories, in the Weenen district, in Zululand and Swaziland, research is going on with varieties of cotton, fertilizing tests and the improvement of seed. Production for profit is rapidly increasing with the organization of ginning and export facilities. In the Leydsdorp region an association of former army officers have taken over a considerable plot of land. It is estimated that the available area for cotton amounts to nearly three million acres in the Transvaal alone. A good deal of country has still to be opened up by short lengths of railway line and by the establishment of more irrigation schemes. Native female labour is generally plentiful and cotton lands are cheap in comparison with other countries. The practice in the Union is to sell the seed cotton in bales to ginneries or to pool it in a co-operative ginnery.

Virginian tobacco is cultivated over most of the country, from Oudtshoorn in the Cape Province to the slopes of the Maghaleibergs in the Transvaal. In the Kat River region, at Piet Retief and Rustenburg, and near Vredefort in the Free State Province various crops of Virginian are grown with profit to the producers. These are the main districts, but there are few small farmers who are not willing to experiment with varieties which may mean an additional source of income and run tobacco as a side-line, even in the south-western parts, where there is a certain scarcity of coloured labour and cultivation is close. A good deal more pipe tobacco is produced than cigarette. An effort is being made to popularize that characteristic South African weed known as "Boer tobacco," than which, they say, once the taste is acquired, there is no more innocuous smoke. Rustenburg has large co-operative warehouses and factories and the Transvaal is the largest producer, but Government experimental stations are maintained in the other provinces.

South Africa is a country which has been particularly lavish in its educational institutions and the paramount importance of training for outdoor pursuits is realized. Numerous areas have passed from an elementary pastoral state into conditions of closer

settlement. With the cutting up of big estates, agricultural schools and training farms had to be equipped. The south-western districts of the Cape are served by a school at Elsenburg, north of Stellenbosch, where special courses in fruit and viticulture are conducted. The remainder of the Cape Province is served by Grootfontein School, near Middelburg, which specializes in sheep and wool courses. At Cedaie, fifteen miles from Pietermaritzburg, there is a school of maize and forestry for Natal, and at Glen in the Free State there are special one-year courses in dairying and dairy factory management. For the Transvaal the establishment at Potchefstroom specializes in maize, cattle and poultry.

Irrigation farming is in its infancy. Vast tracts of South Africa are entirely devoid of perennial streams—otherwise the country would be an earthly paradise. In the aggregate quite a large amount of spasmodic irrigation has been done with the aid of dams across veld drainage lines, windmill pumps drawing upon boreholes, and flood systems, but the karoo is a thing still unconquered. The present policy of conservation may be said to have begun with the end of the war, and already there are nearly a score projects completed or under construction. Excluding private undertakings, well over three million pounds have been invested in these storage schemes and the irrigable areas total more than a quarter million acres.

The largest and costliest schemes are the Hartebeest Dam on the Crocodile River, between Pretoria and Rustenburg, the impounded waters of which are calculated to suffice for 31,800 acres; the Sundays River works, known as Lake Mentz, which extends thirty miles inland from the mouth of the stream; and the scheme which derives water from the Olifants River near the Van Rhynsdorp grazing grounds. There are also large acreages under conservation on the Upper Modder, near Graaff Reinet, and in the Cradock section of the Fish River. Courses of instruction in irrigation and its significance in the exploitation of Union lands are part of the curriculum of the agricultural colleges.

Of the men who emigrate to South Africa in the next generation the great majority will go on to the land. The Union will need to make no apology to them for the spacious existence, the quality of air, sunshine, or natural surroundings, or the quantity of coloured labour which she places at their disposal. South Africans have recognized that, desirable as is a regular tourist traffic to their beauty spots, a considerable influx of settlers of the pioneer class is infinitely preferable. Recent

statistics show that slightly more white people are deserting the country for good than are arriving to take up permanent residence. Such a state of affairs may well cause uneasiness in the light of the Census Director's report, an ominous document from the standpoint of white survival in the land. The conclusion arrived at in that report was that the European stock could only hope to hold its own numerically by seeking accessions from abroad. False ideas exist, of course, about South African conditions. It is the general lot of important countries. The tourist traffic will help to correct misconceptions, as also will a tolerant and unbiased attitude on the part of South African bureaucracy. But settlers have a more important mission in the Dominion, if its provinces are to remain part of the Empire and influence is to be retained by the white race.

CHAPTER IX

BEYOND THE KEI

THE paramount chiefs of the Transkei presented their gifts to their "elder brother," the Prince of Wales, on the morning of May 21st, on the rolling green plain above Umtata, where twenty thousand natives from Tembuland, Pondoland and Griqualand East had mustered

They could not have been allotted a more expansive valley or a more historic ground for their Indaba, for it overlooked the blue uplands of East Griqualand beyond the hollow of Umtata River, the far Quathlambas and the nearer Zuurberg range, now the haunt of baboons, but once the blood-drenched hunting-ground of Tshaka's insatiable hordes. From early dawn we had watched columns of Fingos, Galekas and Pondos tramping townwards across the river or the moors. Many had ridden, or even marched, for several days from their kraals in remote mountain fastnesses to see him whom they termed *Langa Likanya*, Shining Sun. On the height behind the Durbar ground hundreds of their horses and oxen were tethered.

For the first time the Prince appeared before African natives in the red tunic of the Welsh Guards and his naval and military suite were in full-dress uniform. As he climbed the stair of the Royal platform, a *mbongo*, naked save for his sheepskin loincloth and a tall crest of feathers, sang his flatteries and gave the signal to the gathering below. A roar of sound pervaded the valley. It was the Bantus' royal salutation of "*Nkona bayele bayele!*" After the twenty thousand voices had been stilled, the Chief Magistrate of the Transkeian Territories, Mr. W. T. Welsh, presented his officers and introduced the leading native rulers.

The visit to Umtata, to pay which the Prince had made a detour of three hundred miles through the "crumpled green velvet" of the Kei pasture lands, had, of course, as its primary object the obtaining of a first-hand impression of the native inhabitants of the Transkeian Territories, but he had plainly looked forward to meeting the small and scattered white community and to show

recognition of the responsibility of their position in the land. The local officials and traders do, indeed, bear an increasing burden of authority, since their every action is most carefully watched and analysed by the natives and regarded as the white man's method of dealing with subject races, and it is pleasing to record that the prestige of the whites is nowhere higher than in the Transkei. They received the Prince of Wales's recognition of their devotion in upholding the ideals of justice and fair dealing, which mean so much in the administration of native affairs.

From the bench of *indunas* sitting opposite the Royal party a man in the prime of life, black of face, but wearing a frock coat and carrying a cylindrical hat, was deputed to read the native address vowing deepest devotion to the King, the "father of many nations." That man was a Moshesh, a great-grandson of his famous great-grandfather, the founder of the Basuto power and nation.

The Prince's lengthy speech to the chiefs, headmen and councillors was translated and redelivered to the concourse of people by Councillor Mde, the renowned Xosa linguist who had acted as interpreter to Lord Buxton, General Botha, Dr. Jameson and several Governors-General, and Mr. Mde's throat poured out such a remarkable volume of sound as was distinctly heard from the far fringes of the crowd. The speech made known to the natives personally the close interest which the Royal house has taken in the progress of their race. He was aware, the Prince declared, of the courage they had shown in the world war; many of their men had laid down their lives in the catastrophe of the *Mendi* with exemplary devotion—an appreciated reference to the sinking of the transport in which a large body of men of the second contingent, South African Native Labour Corps, had met death. He hoped and believed the natives would show equal courage and goodwill in carrying out the difficult duties of peace.

"You have a spacious and fertile country, the enjoyment of which is assured to you by the provident care of Government. It is your part, under the guidance of your Magistrates and the protection of Government, to develop by your thrift the resources of the territory for the benefit of yourself, your children and the Dominion of which you form part."

Less than fifty years ago the Transkeian peoples were received under the protection of the Crown. They were then, in many senses, a backward people. At the present day they possess an important voice in directing their own future and shaping their own destinies through the instrumentality of the *Bunga*, or council,

system devised on their behalf. In the *Bunga* they have a means of debating matters of prime interest to the natives as a whole through representatives largely of their own choosing; they can thus bring their affairs in definite shape to the consideration of the Government. Local difficulties thus submitted rapidly assume their true proportions, unless, indeed, the mere discussion of them provides the solution.

In his further talk to them the Prince sought to encourage the natives' appreciation of the benefits of education, but reminded them that the more valuable side of it lay, rather, in the development of character than in amassing knowledge. Further, he warned chiefs and subjects against two special dangers which might conceivably affect their affairs, "impatience—which may arise when you find progress seems slower than you may think your capacities justify; despondency—when you discover that many of the necessities of progress are hard and unpalatable." In the long run, he concluded, there would be no doubt that they would overcome their comparatively belated entry into the fold of civilization. As he wound up his speech the *indunas* uttered a deep-throated "Aah!" of approval.

They then prayed acceptance of their gifts. Jongilizwe Dalindyebo, Paramount Chief of the Tembu, who wore European clothes and spats, had brought a large stinkwood case containing an ox-hide shield and assegais. There were the royal spear, the stabbing spear, several casting spears, and finally a fine-pointed stitching spear, reminiscent of the time when the Tembu lived a largely nomadic existence and their main article of food consisted of dried milk, which they carried in bags made with stitching spears. Moshesh offered a shield and an elephant tusk open at both ends, an heirloom of the Moshesh family. Mandlonke Faku, the little boy chief of Eastern Pondoland, and his uncle, the Regent, gave walking sticks. Others brought assegais as a sign of submission and baskets of corn and earthenware vessels symbolical of food. Most of the offerings were intended as a sign that the tribal heads had laid down their arms in the service of the Empire. Dalindyebo was permitted to come forward and make a speech in the name of them all. With frequent and fervent obeisances he addressed the Prince as the Great Chief of Chiefs, praying him to take a gift of "six oxen with broken horns" (a figure of speech only), and in the flowery phrases of his race he referred to him as "Our earthly God." "Our living (he said) will be happy since you, our father, have shown yourself to us. There is not a single one who feels ill in his heart, for our God has

descended from heaven and is among us this day. Your children in Tembuland provide you with oxen as provender, but the cattle have no horns with which to fight. They are a sign of peace. May this peace be everlasting !”

The main chiefs were led one by one into the Prince's presence, where they knelt on one knee to receive his grant of silver-topped malacca sticks. Some were by this time trembling so violently with emotion that they could scarcely trust themselves in mounting the steps. Two of them had to be assisted across the dais and down the stairway at the opposite end, which they descended backwards. The aged Moiketse, a Basuto chieftain from the Mount Fletcher area, caused the Prince a moment of alarm and a minute of great amusement, after he had knelt before him. Gliding closer, he stooped to look at the gold-hilted sword and the Royal hand that held it, then gazed at the ribbon of the Order of the Garter and the medals, and suddenly bent his face quite near to the Prince's to have a good “close-up” look.

Long after the Royal train had left Umtata the Indaba continued on the vast western plain, where the twenty thousand had bivouacked. It went on without the actual presence of the Prince, but it was not the custom of Transkeian natives to hurry away from the Great Chief's meeting-ground, and he still presided over them as they discussed every phase of his visit over and over again as vividly as though he were present in the flesh. The authorities had, on the Prince's behalf, slaughtered a hundred and fifty head of cattle to provide sustenance for them during the afternoon and therewith distributed sufficient quantities of cakes and sweetmeats to keep them going till they dispersed to their tribal homes. And as the chiefs went home to their hut-palaces, cautiously displaying to big-eyed councillors the sticks they had received from a hand more powerful than their own, red ribbons of cloud transformed the sky above the camp fires of Umtata, where the talk was of the Shining Sun.

These Transkeians form part of the eastern group of Bantu peoples, whose beginnings are said to have been in the great lake districts of Africa, but they had wandered far and fought much before they finally wandered down through Natal to the borderlands of the Cape Colony. Their warriors wiped out the Hottentot clans they encountered upon the southward path, but incorporated the Hottentot women into their own tribes. This is by no means remote history. Little more than a century ago Tshaka raised the Zulu tribes to a position of supremacy and some thirty distinct tribes are believed to have been exterminated by his Mantati

legions. Tshaka was not the only life-thirsty fiend of that generation. There was his brother, Dingaan, who murdered him and led the Zulus against the Swazis, and there was Moselekatse, whose evil reputation was second only to that of Tshaka.

It was in the mountains near Umtata that a British military expedition, in 1828, first joined issue with the Transkeians. With the assistance of the Amaxosa and the Abatembu it drove the intruders northwards again and the broken tribes were collected and settled in the districts between King William's Town and Griqualand East, which, until that time, had been called No Man's Land. It is a strange experience to travel in a train of white coaches through this picturesque country and cogitate a little on its horrible story of the cheapness of human life. There are places where human skulls still cumber the ground.

Apart from warfare, cattle breeding has always been the main tribal occupation of the natives and is closely linked with their tribal ritual, as the Prince learned at Umtata. It plays a part in the dowry system, in the "making of magic," and in tribal rules of hospitality and etiquette. The native thinks essentially in terms of clanship—and with the native clan "there is no destitution unless all are destitute." There is no injustice in the distribution of food, for it is more or less common property, shared irrespective of the social scale so long as it lasts.

From Umtata the Royal party retraced its steps and spent a last day in the Cape Province at Queenstown, Molteno and Burgersdorp. Of the ring of fort settlements which denote the ancient frontier of British Kaffraria, Queenstown is the best known and the richest historically. During his drive in the town the Prince was shown the curious interweaving of architecture and strategy which resulted from the Tambookie warfare of last century. The streets radiate from a central "Hexagon" and the construction of the houses was subjected to the idea of allowing enfilade fire in every direction. The place has now, however, exchanged its former rôle as an outpost of civilization for that of a busy agricultural centre controlling the trade between the Katberg and Hangklip Hills. His Royal Highness displayed a lively interest in local sheep-farming conditions and in the prospects for developing the export of lamb and mutton. He was struck, he remarked, by the fact that New Zealand, with a million fewer sheep than the Union, received £8,000,000 a year from her export, and was assured that of the thirty-one million sheep in South Africa six million might be available for oversea consumption. He was certain

the oversea market would gladly take lamb of the quality he had sampled in the country.

Beyond Queenstown there were several places which were "outside the official programme," but the Prince called a halt at them and left his saloon to talk. At a very early hour, for instance, he noted the watchers at Umvani and appeared in dressing-gown and slippers to exchange a hand-wave and pass the time of day. The people went away delighted at having seen him in *deshabille*. At another halt a native tapped at the woodwork of the pilot train and offered his daughter as a little gift to the *Morena*. From Stormberg the party left the railway for an hour to climb the mountain beneath which Gatacre met with his disaster.

Burghersdorp is a quaint old town with many memories. One of its most distinguished citizens in the past was Van der Heever ("Oom Daantje") who started the movement for the use of Afrikaans in the old Cape House of Assembly. Another Burghersdorp was the first to use it in debate. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the Prince should make a little speech in Afrikaans as he stood in front of the *Stadhuis* in the gathering darkness, or that, to the delight of a bigger community than the little town could contain, he should find time to visit the monument built to immortalize the 'Taal movement. His last hour in the Cape Province was whiled away in a setting which would have made a superb Academy picture—over a glowing brazier in the main street of Burghersdorp, with boy scouts around him, young Afrikanders sitting on an abandoned portable engine and peering over the crowd with enchanted eyes, and a huge bon-fire on the mountain beyond Stormberg Spruit. Here, in the cold night air, he sent a farewell message to the Province, expressing his gratitude for its warm-hearted behaviour towards him and saying that he had done his best to devote himself to those who had come long distances and waited at wayside stations for him at all hours of the day and night.

At midnight the white coaches passed over the Orange River at Bethulie Bridge, having journeyed 2,090 miles since leaving Cape Town.

CHAPTER X

IN THE FREE STATE PROVINCE

THE Prince's first day in the Free State Province was a Sunday and it was spent at Jagersfontein, a forlorn little town which has experienced all the thrills and more than the usual disappointments which come to all seekers after diamonds. In the years of its prosperity this district produced some of the finest quality gems in the world, and not a few of outstanding size. With returning life in the diamond market it had been found possible to reopen the Jagersfontein mine, which the Prince visited after the official ceremony at the Stadhuis.

We were in the land of commandos once more. A fine young commandant had posted his eighty horsemen near the siding and brought a fine bay for the Prince. The clamorous mine natives, in their wired fencings outside the station were given an animated picture of the Royal cortège as the horsemen dashed off at the triple over the russet veld and past the green mine dumps. "*Mar hyj kan mooi rij!*" (My, but he can ride!) ejaculated the plump little Afrikaner girls, when the head of the column swung into the town.

We were reminded that Jagersfontein is one of the world's cosmopolitan towns. Its address, indeed, made reference to "the Portuguese, and the Argentines, and the Greeks," as well as to Scotsmen, Danes, Syrians and other fortune-hunters, though it emphasized that they were all South Africans and their children were becoming "*ware Afrikaaners*". We were also reminded that it is the home of the Dopper, a term used to describe the sterner, wee-free, puritanical element in the Dutch Reformed Church. The Doppers encountered the Prince that Sunday evening under circumstances as strange as imagination could have provided. The imperturbable walls of the Dutch Reformed sheltered them all at a divine service conducted irrespective of denomination. His Royal Highness had been assigned a special chair confronting the *preekstoel*, but he preferred to sit in a less conspicuous position with Mr. Havenga, the Union Minister of Finance, who was attached to the party in the Free State Province and proved a great friend of everybody's. Hymns were sung in English and Dutch.

On Monday, during a halt in the veld to give him an undisturbed night's rest, the Prince walked out with a shot-gun under his arm and shot guinea fowl for an hour at the foot of a kopje. The air was, "like champagne"—it ever that simile was justified it was then. His Royal Highness, with his two equerries, Captain Dudley North and Major Piers Legh, bagged several brace and returned with an appetite for breakfast. That stolen hour was remembered later when the Prince faced the citizens of Springfontein and told them they were fortunate to live in such a splendid climate and happy atmosphere. Coming from a country not so favoured, he was content to bathe in their sunshine and crisp clean morning air. Someone once described the Free State as lying in the heart of South Africa like the stone in a peach. It is an unhappy simile and must have been invented by one who had breathed too long the air of South African politics.

Just beyond Springfontein, at a little place called Lofters, a dashing Boer commando of twenty or thirty horsemen was noticed cutting at racing speed across the open country. Orders were given for the train to stop, and up galloped the commando, led by the local Predikant, who had the pleasant surprise of a chat with the Prince. Such small episodes will be counted among the priceless possessions resulting from the South African tour, for the commando rode home rejoicing and full of food for thought.

We were now on the high central plateau, at an average of 5,000 feet above the sea level. The character of the land had changed. Yellow grass, extending to the flat horizon, had replaced the scrub and rock of the karoo. This prairieland extends throughout the province with only an isolated hill or ant heap or willow-lined oasis to vary the colouring of the plain. A few generations ago, when the voortrekkers were heading their ox-wagons across it, ostriches and antelope and zebra roamed it in herds. Now it is nearly empty. The high tablelands of Springfontein merged into the illimitable bronze-green veld around Edenburg. Here and there one might see oases in the waters of which mimosa groves and the speckless winter sky were reflected.

General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, came from Cape Town to be present with the Mayor of Bloemfontein and the Administrator of the Orange Free State Province at the reception of the Prince on the afternoon of May 25th. The visitor was met, after leaving Hamilton Station, by a Boer commando of nearly 2,000 riders, who, under "General" Conroy, Nationalist Member for Hoopstad and formerly a noted rebel under De Wet, were ranged along both sides of Monument Road.



THE COLFSBERG COMMANDO



THE PRINCE RIDING INTO JACERSONFIN

The village of Bloemfontein, founded in the open plain by the voortrekkers on their exodus from the Cape Colony, has developed into a dignified "centre city" of regular tree-lined avenues. It is an exhilarating, wind-swept place, and its citizens claim that it is worth while coming to Bloemfontein just to breathe its air. On that afternoon, however, the whole countryside—in which it is difficult to find a spot where Boer and Briton did not harass and fight one another—found many other reasons for going there.

The commando and all it stood for was, perhaps, the most inspiring sight of an inspiring day. It was certainly the most significant event having a political background that could have happened. As soon as the Prince entered the long lines of burghers and saw the splendid chestnut horse that they had reserved at his disposal, he decided to head the ride to the city; and the fact that his remarks to Mr. Conroy were entirely in Afrikaans and were spoken in excellent style spread like wildfire down the rows of bronzed young Free-Staters, putting them and their fellows immediately at ease.

Down Monument Hill the column came, facing the late afternoon sun, leaders and outriders wearing yellow sashes in place of bandoliers. The men carried their rifle-butts at the hip and took their job far too seriously for smiles. For two miles before the central town was reached dense masses of Afrikaner families, coloured people, white-aproned nurses, school children, scouts and cubs and guides, watched for the most illustrious of the young horsemen. There had been raiding and shooting in the native location during the week preceding the Prince's visit, but the blacks howled hoarsely and forgot their troubles with the police.

In the Market Square, His Royal Highness was given an ovation very like that he had received in Adderley Street three weeks earlier. Every window was full to bursting point and silhouettes gesticulated above the roofs. The shops in Martland Street and the unmatched but captivating public buildings in President Brand Avenue, which contains the Raadzaal, the Supreme Court of South Africa and the Provincial Government Offices, were half-buried behind bunting. Hotels and clubs were packed with people from outlying towns. At the gates of King's Park, opened in Edward VII's coronation year, the Prince reined into the roadside and reviewed the commando as it galloped off in clouds of white dust, while people stumbled and clustered among prickly cactus beds and boulders, wrestling for a sight of him. From King's Park he was taken to see and to declare open

"The Prince's Garden," a brand-new extension planned and planted in his honour. It was for Bloemfontein a unique occasion of which the garden itself was not unworthy. The Prince walked to his rotunda beneath tall deodars and eucalyptus trees. Over the heads and sunshades of the crowd he could see rustic gateways leading beyond sylvan retreats to rustic bridges. Above the Doric columns of the rotunda Union Red Ensigns and Royal Standards fluttered as the Mayor recited his greeting.

That corner of the British Commonwealth—so ran his speech—was proud to receive the Prince as the outward and visible sign of South African nationhood and oneness with Great Britain and the other Dominions under the beneficent wise rule of King George. "Though you have been born of high position, Sir, yet through force of character and exercise of qualities which we South Africans appreciate most, you have achieved high position in the esteem of the citizens of Bloemfontein, as with the rest of the people in South Africa. You have been invited by two different South African Governments—which is a clear indication that your presence in the Union is in fullest accord with the wishes of the whole people. United we offer you our respectful homage."

After responding, His Royal Highness performed a feat of handshaking, not relinquishing the task he had set himself until all the 3,000 townspeople whose names were included in the mayoral list—mainly plump burghers and their *Vroue*—had offered their vigorous individual greetings. The historic nature of these "*Groete*" from the Free Staters and particularly the friendly atmosphere established between the Prince and the hard-bitten burghers comprising his mounted escort hardly needed emphasizing. There had been some slight friction between the Conroy commando and the civic authorities. The men had been drawn from every district of the province—Boshof, Jacobsdal, Bethulie, Thaba'nchu, Wepner and the areas south of Kronstad—and all were very reluctant to be thrust into the background. For them the affair was one of deep meaning. The Free State was nationalist. With the exception of the capital there was not a single member returned from it to parliament who was not nationalist. The commando was composed almost entirely of men who had fought against the British in the Boer War, or their sons, and some, like the leader, had joined forces with De Wet in the revolt of 1914. The Prince took them by storm because he rode with them, addressed them in their own tongue and attended to them individually as far as was humanly possible. Between the beginning and the end of that ride (a Nationalist told the writer)

he had struck into the hearts of every Dutch-speaking family in the province, near or far. The expressions on the faces of the commando rank and file will not easily be forgotten. That night the clatter of their horses' hoofs might be heard in the dusty lanes outside the town as they trekked to their distant farms; the town would know them no more; but they had gone content—"without a grouse."

In the evening the Prince joined the ladies at the civic ball. His route along Maitland Street was an avenue of coloured lights. Triumphal arches which in daytime had been a wall of evergreens were transformed into pillars of electric light, and the Market Square was illuminated by a lion and a springbok guarding the Royal feathers. Even the municipal tram-omnibuses moved through the thoroughfares framed in white lamps, and the railway station was transformed literally beyond recognition. At the dance the Prince was at the top of his form.

Looking back, it is hard to believe that barely thirty hours were spent in the Free State Capital, for they were as full of episode and variety as any part of the tour. The Prince showed himself versatile to a degree. On May 26th, the official day began with the opening by His Royal Highness of the Annual Congress of the British Empire Service League, the South African branch of which was founded by the veteran Sir Henry Lukin and greatly assisted by Earl Haig. B.E.S.L. delegates from every part of the Union were present and a kindred society of veterans of the Boer War who fought on the other side, the "*Bond van Oud Stryders*," had sent some of their number to support the growing feeling of conciliation. The chairman was a farmer-baronet-corporal, Sir William Campbell. The ovation given to the Prince was so intense and feeling so kindled that it was difficult to report the meeting unmoved. The first act of the Congress was to stand and pay silent homage to the memory of those who did not return.

The Prince voiced his genuine and especial pleasure that his visit had coincided with the Congress, rendering it possible for him, not only personally to declare it open, but also to meet and speak with all the delegates. Since its conception in 1921, when Lord Haig had come with members of returned soldiers' associations from all parts of the Empire, and its foundation under General Lukin, the League (he said) had done most valuable work in assisting ex-service men or their dependents to prepare and present their pensions cases. It had also helped to find employment for unemployed. Under this head, £23,000 had been distributed from the Governor-General's Fund and another £5,000

from the United Services Fund was being administered for the benefit of oversea men who had settled in South Africa since the war. Further sums were being utilized to provide permanent quarters for disabled men in the provinces. The League was recognized by the Union Government and subsidized officially for its pensions work. He congratulated them most sincerely on the great work they had accomplished in so short time. He felt sure their membership would increase. He appreciated the feelings of those who, after having given their all in the common cause, found life extremely difficult and that peace had not brought the happier days to which all had looked forward. "To be patron of an organization which seeks to remedy this state of affairs is a position I am proud to occupy and you can rely on me to do whatever lies in my power to assist you in the objects you have in view."

It was evident that the Prince spoke in deep seriousness and the enthusiasm of Congress knew no bounds. He was cheered for a full minute when he said that the ex-service men could be relied upon to play their part in the constructive work that lay before the country. The signature "Edward P." was then attached to a telegram to Sir Henry Lukin, regretting his absence through old age and illness, the Prince remarking that he was glad to have visited that great soldier and friend of soldiers at his home in the Cape Peninsula.

Outside, Maitland Street was a triumphal way, lavishly decorated and fit for a Royal progress. At the farther end of it, under the shadows of President Brand's statue and the trees that enclose the head offices of the Provincial Administration, a new and different episode awaited its central figure. A warning of it came when a row of fantastically garbed fellows appeared in frames which ended in horses' heads in front and tails behind. They were the "Horsey-keep-your-tail-up" youths of Grey University College and their mates had gathered in full strength, gowned girls and boys, in the Avenue, to "rag" the Prince and each other and regale the town with their songs. No jollier use was ever made of mediocre verses. There was one which went to the tune of "Three Blind Mice" and ran :

"Here's our Prince !

See how he smiles !

Did ever you see such a smile in your life !

Lucky the maid that he takes to wife !

Amongst all the girls there's a deadly strife !

For our Prince !"

and the chorus was something like this.

"Oh Eddie ! Oh Eddie ! *gy kry op jou bas, bas, bas !*"

and then there was another in this vein :

"At Cape Town you rode on a wagon,
At Stellenbosch on a landau ;
And what you will ride on at Jo'burg
We're perfectly sure you don't know."

As the students went townwards to parade the Market Square, the Prince, who had laughed uproariously at their gags, drove to the Bloemfontein Club to take lunch with the Administrator, Mr Grobler, the Mayor, Mr. John Reid, and a distinguished gathering of Free Staters which included the veteran Sir John Fraser, Mr. Havenga and the members of the Provincial Council. There followed a monster children's welcome at the Ramblers and, in the gathering dusk, the truly dramatic visit to the grave of President Steyn, which stands out in the lonely plantation some distance from the city. The visit was unannounced and unexpected and only four people were present to see the Prince, with bared head, lay upon the cold stone slab a wreath of red carnations and evergreens. The picture of this simple act of friendship would be incomplete were it not said that Steyn's grave forms part of the plinth of one of the most unjust monuments that masons' hands have ever devised—the obelisk and the group of figures representing women and children dying of sickness and neglect in a British concentration camp during the war of a generation ago. The Prince's floral offering was meant to show that the world has outlived the spirit of bitterness.

With a vivid memory of the hospitable capital we journeyed northward across the province. Through the night the moon shone upon maize lands, well-watered prairie and pastoral areas where Merino sheep thrive and mean profit to the wool producers. The approach to Winburg gave us a glimpse of what must have been a familiar sight during the South African campaigning. On the slope some 400 mounted burghers were wheeling and manœuvring round the walls of the oldest township in the State Province, as many of them had wheeled and manœuvred upon the same ground before going out in search of the Absent Minded Beggar, but now they had come fifty miles to make friends. It was at Winburg that Sir Pierre van Ryneveld, the first airman to fly from Cairo to the Cape, was born, and the Prince wanted to hear from the adventurer all about the adventure which had made him famous. At Winburg, too, the Prince clasped the hand of

Commandant Cronje, just as Roberts had clasped the hand of his better known uncle, General Cronje, after he had "made a gallant defence, sir!" A great impression was made by His Royal Highness's little speech in the town, in which he remarked, "Many of your sons have won distinction in South African affairs, but the greatest of them was President Steyn, whose devotion to his country and whose transparent honesty is known to all."

The first little hitch, so far as railway travelling was concerned, occurred at Theunissen Junction, close to Winburg. It was found that the stay-rods underneath the coach occupied by some of the Press representatives and domestically known as "Fleet Street" had broken and that the whole under-carriage was sagging ominously. The clearance over the permanent way was only four or five inches and the discovery of the defect was very timely. It was decided to return the coach to the Bloemfontein workshops for repair. The correspondents were thus marooned for twenty-four hours and a special coach was placed at their disposal, so that they might rejoin the train before the visit to Maseru. As the Royal train left Theunissen the Prince on his platform waved to the marooned journalists and called out, "Too bad!" The kindness of the railway authorities in getting them back to the fold as promptly as possible was an ample consolation for having missed a section of the provincial tour.

A halt at a cement works provided a profitable interlude and gave the Prince, who looked through coloured glass into the furnaces, his first insight into the processes of manufacturing cement. That was just before Kroonstad, which calls itself the "Highway of Health," and which is, indeed, attractively spread about the River Valsch, where woods and waters meet and mingle. At Gunhill Station the commando numbered over a thousand horsemen and two aeroplanes, which had come to fetch van Ryneveld back to Pretoria, hovered over the broad and brightly arched streets. The Prince rode in on a fresh chestnut horse and dismounted before the massed children of the district on the recreation ground. The singing of "South Africa, Dear Land," one verse in English and the next in Afrikaans, was so well done that it earned the singers an extra holiday—"An extra whole holiday, mind!" repeated the Prince with his eye on the head-master, "and see that it is fixed for Friday, so as to give them a longer week-end!" A second commando, wearing black ostrich plumes, escorted him through lines of hearty natives to the nursing centre and thence to a garden party on the river bank and back to the railway again. Not far from Kroonstad the

party detained for a little while to visit Conroy's farm at Virginia and tramp over a scene where there was heavy fighting during the South African War and again during the 1914 rebellion—a piquant experience since the host had been one of the rebel generals. Among the rugged *krantzies* a halt was made at the lonely graves of men of the Lancaster Regiment who fought the younger De Wet in these hills

Time had to be found for calls, necessarily short and sweet, at Ficksburg and Ladybrand. Ficksburg is a pretty place in the "Conquered Territory," a strip of wheat and mealie country, which Moshesh handed over to Great Britain in 1868, when no longer able to withstand the Boers. The Prince found it an attractive spot because, as he told the Ficksburgers, it reminded him of the foothills of Western Canada, adjoining his ranch. At Ladybrand it was pouring with rain, but the Prince saved the situation. He waved aside his motor-car, sent for a raincoat and ploughed his way across to the commando. His good humour held the burghers of Ladybrand spellbound, especially when, after a long talk with them in the searching rain, he called them "perfectly splendid."

June 1st found the Prince at Bethlehem, where he heard the old Free State hymn sung as a pendant to his own anthem :

*"Heft Burgers 't Lied der Vryheid aan,
Dit is ons ganse Volks Bestaan"*

Bethlehem had suffered heavy loss through a fire which had been extinguished only a few hours before the Prince's arrival and which had destroyed much of the large local flour mills. His first reference in his public address was one of sympathy with the workers and he subsequently went over the gutted part of the mills and elevators. The ruins were still smouldering. The elevator had been destroyed on the eve of a bumper mealie season. "It is very hard on you to have met with this misfortune after all your hard work," he said as he left to attend the native gathering.

At Harrismith, the same evening, the Prince bade farewell to the Free State Province, where he had spent days of unclouded success in many different centres. He had shown himself so devoted to the task in hand that there could have remained very few Free Staters who had not set eyes upon him. The Free State Province would not be itself without politics and parties, but the Nationalists had revealed that they were itching to shake him by the hand and hear him speak a little 'Taal. After leaving

Bloemfontein he had travelled through the Northern and Eastern Divisions in a wide circle which had brought him in touch with the populations of the dozen principal rural centres. The Union Prime Minister in his speech at Cape Town had prophesied that "Through the lonely plains of the Orange Free State Your Royal Highness will experience nothing but the heartiest welcome, with no jarring note anywhere " There certainly was no discord and no sullen holding aloof of any section of this case-hardened unit in the Dominion.

The plains of the central plateau are lonely enough, but their "old Republicans" joined voices with British colonists, and that was what counted. From the town hall at Harrismith, under the magnificent bastion of the Platberg, he thanked them all for their cordial manner and treatment of him. He added, "This welcome has been so spontaneous, so real and unaffected that if it lies with me in the future I shall do my best to come and see you again " They wished him a forceful good-bye and *Tot wiesseens*. It is not easy even guardedly to analyse the mind of such people and it would be futile to suggest that race or party differences could be obliterated in a week. It became amply clear, however, that the Throne was accepted as the one support on which every group might lean with equal respect and trust. In that sense the Prince performed a service which only two living men could have performed. It has been said that South African republicanism has been based more on the memory of the past than on any hopes for the future. With their own leader, General Hertzog, the Free Staters had come to believe that the conversion of South Africa into a republic without the full consent of both white races would be a national disaster. The Prince's demeanour in their towns and dorps, in fair weather and foul, had done much to convince them that such an adventure would be a mistake.

Before leaving Harrismith the Prince laid two wreaths, one at the base of the obelisk raised to honour officers and men of the Scots and Grenadier Guards, who went to rest beneath the majestic Platberg, the other at the foot of the memorial unveiled by Earl Haig in 1923 to the memory of citizens of Harrismith who fell in the Great War. His Royal Highness tarried to read the names inscribed upon each monument. Very early the next morning, as the Royal train crossed the border into Natal, two little girls, an English-speaking child of Natal and a Dutch-speaking child of the Free State, waited with a chain of flowers stretched across the permanent way. A daintier transition from province to province could not have been devised.

CHAPTER XI

THE "PITSO" IN BASUTOLAND

MAY 28th was the first day since the beginning of the tour that the Prince of Wales was not favoured by the clerk of the weather, who had hitherto been the most popular and efficient member of the staff. The train entered the Basuto borderland under driving clouds and in a searching cold rain. Across miles of yellow millet and Kaffir corn plantation we travelled to the prairies of Ladybrand and Modderpoort, above which harsh rock-hills threaten to hurl their unstable boulders down. Under the shaggy eucalyptuses, wherever the granite wastes hid native habitations, the people had left their compounds and grouped themselves in mealie fields and in the sodden grass. They showed their temperament by racing wildly along beside the train until outdistanced or tripped up by holes or boulders. Some of them in a frenzy of affection hurled their hats at the white carriages.

As we passed over the Caledon River into Maseru the weather became so dismal that the *Pitso* arranged for that afternoon had perforce to be postponed. A few chiefs, one of them in the ancient uniform of a British field marshal, had come to the station, which was otherwise filled by excursionists from the Free State. Three miles away there was the great gathering of the clans, but they were ordered into bivouac, and the excursionists, wet and bedraggled as they were, had to "shake down" as best they could in their dimly-lighted specials. Even they were not the bravest of the visitors. From New England, in the far-away district of Barkly East, a large party of residents had motored 170 miles in the face of enormous opposition from the elements. Seventeen times in the course of the journey they had had to go in search of an inspan of oxen to haul their cars out of the mire. They had spent the night in the rain and without food on the open veld. They betrayed a certain amount of *Schadenfreude* on arriving to find the Bloemfontein trippers in as bad a plight as themselves, but the tune of "Oh! Mister Porter, what shall I do?" came as an inspiration to some poker-players in one of the stranded

compartments. It spread to the ladies trying to make coffee in the station yard and hoping for better things and drier feet on the morrow.

Meanwhile, the natives themselves had dispersed. They showed no sign of unrest or pessimism. The downpour had come to feed their crops and the Prince had brought it. It was a gesture of the Gods. They had sat motionless on their ponies during a long wait, like bronze-brown statues in the gathering darkness. A motley crowd they were, as they cantered away to the feast prepared for them. Some were armed with shields and kerries and some carried battle-axes at the thigh. There was a complete lack of uniformity in their attire. There was a head-dress rather like that of a Red Indian. There were sheepskin caps and caps made of the splayed wings of a bird. Those who did not wear the blanket-wrap had encased themselves in jerkins patchworked out of various skins. Night enveloped the cohorts and after that the Basutos were only seen in the light of their spluttering camp fires and only heard when an occasional rifle shot indicated that another cow had been sacrificed to add to the native feast.

The greatest *Pitso* Basutoland has ever known took place on the flats above Maseru on the morning of May 29th, in the presence of the Prince, who drove in state across the plains with a splendidly mounted escort of Basuto Mounted Police. It will be memorable as one of the spectacular occasions of the tour. The population of Basutoland is a little over half a million and practically its entire manhood must, therefore, have ridden in to the *Pitso*, which is the equivalent of the Kaffrarian Indaba, or Durbar. Nearly fifty thousand horsemen attended and there were another forty thousand mounted or on foot on the meeting ground or on the neighbouring rock-hills. Perhaps the strangest of the day's many strange events was the ninety-year-old chief, Jonathan Moshesh, the brother of Lerothodi and grandson of the founder of the nation, uttering the homage of "one about to die" to the Prince in front of a modern loud-speaker.

The clansmen had spent the time since their dispersal overnight in the open, sleeping on the ground among the boulders of the surrounding hills, and it was interesting to wander through the camps and compounds where, inseparable from their gaudily coloured blanket-wraps, they awaited the call to move. They sat around fires chewing mealie meal or the remnants of the cattle which had been hurriedly killed and distributed the evening before. Some galloped hither and thither to round up straying steeds or



MARRIED WOMEN AT THE ZULU INDABA



BASUTO WOMEN'S GREETING TO THEIR HORSMEN

bear messages from group to group. On the plain, women washing at ponds or puddles hailed the passing cavalcades with their peculiar hallo, which they repeat or prolong by hitting the lips with their flat fingers. Well-built coal-black children paused while playing in the scrub and the aloe bushes to scamper after the thudding hoofs. At one corner in the native location, now devoid of men and women, a baby a few weeks old lay contentedly on its back in the mud, indifferent to the passers-by and to the greatest *Pitso* in Basuto history. The cohorts had turned their faces towards the plain, where their "Glorious Shelter" was to appear in his grandest military uniform—in a bright red tunic slashed with the blue sash of the Garter.

When the first visitors, the excursionists from Bloemfontein, eager to see the Prince again as well as the *Pitso*, began to drive their motor-cars across the flats, the native groups began their ride into the central enclosure, which was so arranged that the Prince from his platform could see, over the heads of chieftains and councillors, the whole semi-circle of mounted clansmen, which must have been nearly two miles long. To picture the scene, imagine half the fifty thousand as a black line of featureless men and horses silhouetted against the skyline with the sun behind them and the other half standing out in dense groups against a background of rugged cliffs. Their serried ranks appeared as splotches of vividly coloured blanket, with sienna red, magenta pink and flame-like orange preponderating. Some rocked in their saddles as they kept up a babel of talk; some gloated over rhymesters who danced with all fours in front of them.

As each clan marched in to its position it sang the Sesuto war-song, the *Mokorotlo*. The leader chanted the haunting refrain in a high-pitched voice—"Ka holimo-limo ho lithabake moshoeshoe"—"high above the mountains rests Moshesh!" The clansmen trotted behind him joining in in deeper tones. Above the ground soared three granite peaks known as The World, the Flesh and the Devil, and far beyond the fringe of the flats Berea Table-mountain scraped the clouds. The Berea range is cleft by the famous gully, "Lancers' Gap," where the Lancers under Sir George Cathcart, in December, 1852, allowed Moshesh to draw them into a deadly ambush and inflict awful casualties upon them before they managed to retire to Flatberg Camp. That was at a time when Thaba Bosigo was the impregnable and almost unapproachable stronghold capital and the precipitous outspurs of the Maluti Ranges were a stern warning to all outsiders.

Shortly before the arrival of the Royal cortège there came the Paramount Chief, Griffith Lerothodi, ruler of the Basuto, man and clothes a study in black from top to toe, except for his eyeballs and teeth. As he mounted the chieftains' stand opposite the Royal platform his people bowed submissively. He was followed by the ancient Jonathan, whose weight of years and former political aspirations made him the cynosure of all observers. After Chief Makhaola came fourteen other main chiefs, mostly in European or semi-European attire, but a few in the breastplates and coiffures of their clan. Most striking among them were chiefs who went with shaven scalps, on top of which a tuft of hairs had been left long to support a bushy of black feathers and wool. But there was one in an ultra-fashionable lounge suit with white waistcoat slips, another in a farmer's rig with check coat and breeches over boxcloth leggings and another who had on an ancient "red-herring" tunic and a college cap.

His Royal Highness was introduced by the Resident Commissioner, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Garroway, to the "sons of Moshesh, chiefs and people." As a nice act of diplomacy Jonathan was the first to be permitted to approach and deliver his address through the combined media of the interpreter and the microphone. Pressing hard upon his long stave he said in a faint voice that this was the Sesuto equivalent of a red letter day in Basuto annals. "I rejoice as old Simeon of the Holy Scriptures rejoiced when he was privileged to set eyes upon the Lord Jesus before going to sleep in the grave of his fathers. I am the oldest chief of my house, and as an old man who has not long to live and as one of the fathers of my people I come to express deep gratitude, first, for the protection afforded by the British Crown and, second, to your Royal Highness for having come so far to visit Basutoland."

As he slowly crept backwards towards his stand, with retainers guiding him and his right hand still raised towards the Prince, the chiefs and councillors shouted, "*Pula khotso!* Hail, bringer of rain and peace!" The distant horsemen echoed the shout. It was not without difficulty that Jonathan, who had spoken voluminously, was persuaded not to come forward and make a further speech, but his nephew and superior chief, Griffith Lerothodi, was eager to bless the *Morena* and his Royal House in the name of the nation. With his features grimly set and the sun shining on his bald skull and flat nose, he spoke with the gestures, passionate voice and eloquent periods of a Mussolini. His country was small, he exclaimed, its inhabitants were few, but as a nation

they humbly but emphatically asserted that they would yield to none in their position of being the most devoted subjects in the British Dominions. They were at all times ready and willing to carry out the orders and submit to the directions of His Majesty's Government. The Basuto had come that day from the farthest ends of the territory to beseech His Royal Highness to ensure that the King's protection and guidance should never be taken away from them.

A great shout filled the space where, in November, 1883, the historic *Pitso* was held, at which the Basuto nation met and decided upon allegiance to the British Throne.

The Prince in his red-tunic uniform expressed appreciation to the heads and clansmen for having come long distances in such numbers, because he recognized the difficulties and dangers they had encountered on the way, owing to recent floods. He continued, "The King is well aware that the Basuto can be counted among his most loyal subjects. Your war memorial is a lasting testimony to the devotion of the Basuto who served His Majesty in distant lands and proves that the sentiments contained in your addresses are not mere words but the expression of what is in your hearts. Chief Jonathan and others of you can remember the days when the country was stricken by famine and devastated by strife. To-day you live in peace and prosperity under British rule. The King continues to watch over you with fatherly care. You must show yourselves worthy of his protection by listening to the words of the officers appointed to guide and instruct you. They will educate you to bring up your children, to make best use of your land, to free your cattle from disease and to restrict their number so as not to tire out the land." He concluded by saying that the Basuto were a nation of horsemen, with excellent ponies, and he was looking forward to his first game of polo on South African ground.

The seventeen leading chiefs were then presented with recognition sticks and the *Pitso* broke up in an atmosphere of rejoicing and choral shouts of, "He has brought rain and peace." As the Prince drove away to visit the Basuto leper colony, which stands in rough country several miles from Maseru, the procession was met by large numbers of clansmen who had missed the *Pitso*, because some thousands of their horses had stampeded overnight. They scrambled up the rocks and yelled their blessings. They had missed the pageant, but beheld the Prince, and as he passed they chanted, "We have gladly seen you, *realeboah torama!*" The spectacle during the final dispersal, with horsemen jogging

back to the town, women giving greeting from every boulder and the skyline of every surrounding hill jagged with human pinnacles, was as wonderful as anything that had happened on the flats. Cheering is not a habit among the Basuto, but they had learned how to cheer between the coming and the going of His Royal Highness.

The Royal party spent a sad hour at the Basuto Leper Colony, which houses some 400 unfortunates in hutments a few miles beyond the town. From the gateway it appeared to be a peaceful retreat sheltered in a tended garden, but as the cars entered the inmates came forward to greet the visitor and one became aware of the ravages of disease. The women wore blue dresses and red headwraps, but many of them were swathed in bandages, and the sight of features distorted by the scourge and withered arms waving a weak salute made one want to turn away in distress. The pitiable effect was increased as feeble voices attempted to sing, but the Prince descended and walked across to talk sympathetically to them.

After laying a wreath at the Maseru war memorial the Prince changed and played in a polo match. Mounted on ponies lent to him by the Natal clubs he played seven chukkas and scored three goals. The match was against Westminster, and Maseru, with the Prince in their team, won by eight goals to three, before a large crowd of European ladies and Basuto horsemen.

CHAPTER XII

NATAL AND THE BATTLEFIELDS

EVERYBODY was up early to enjoy the passage over the giant range of the Drakensbergs, which have been termed the Himalayas of South Africa, and particularly the view towards Mont aux Sources and her gleaming sister peaks. The crossing of Van Reenans Pass was a giddy experience. As the train wormed its way tortuously over the divide one felt like Keats's watcher in the skies. The locomotives panted and throbbed on the roof of the continent. They descended 2,300 feet in twenty-five miles and Natal lay at our feet. Basuto tribesmen with their unkempt, but agile, mountain ponies—which climb like goats on the edge of things for preference—halted to watch our passage and presently we saw the first Zulus with their distorted earlobes. There were valleys whose craters towered so high and close that the carriages were darkened; others where the outside world was veiled by rolling forests of silver oak; and others, again, where afforested plots stood out against the ground like an unfinished patchwork quilt. The untouched Drakensbergs have been named the National Park of South Africa. Few ranges attain such majesty. Their tunnels contain the fountain-head of the Tugela. Cathedrals of rock and giants' castles abound in their recesses. In a chaotic jumble of sentinel spires, kloofs and *krantzies*, deadly solitudes and inaccessible caves frescoed by long-dead bushmen, waterfalls in purple solitudes, carpets of moss and wooded passes that slope southwards into Basutoland, they form the backbone of a continent.

The Prince devoted his first day in Natal and his keen interest in military affairs to a strenuous inspection of famous battlefields. Immediately on arrival at Ladysmith he displayed a desire to get to the siege positions without delay, and after the civic reception at the Oval, where for four months of the siege the field hospital collected its toll of diseased and dying, he drove out to view the famous horseshoe of kopjes overlooked by the Boers from Lombards Kop and Umbulwhana Ridge and raked by fire from the outer ring of hills. His first excursion was past Sir George

White's little cottage on the slope of Port Road to St. Augustinian Convent, which was British headquarters during the investment. The convent stands on a central hill facing the British and Boer positions astride the railway to Colenso.

There were accompanying the Prince several men who had taken part in the siege and the subsequent operations, including Brigadier-General J. Tanner, the Mayor of Ladysmith, and notably Sir Lionel Halsey, who proved a most interested pilgrim to the scenes of the exploits of the naval detachment hurried to the spot from the *Powerful* and *Terrible*, and a very efficient guide. The Admiral, to his great joy, recognized so distinctly the spots where as Lieutenant-Commander he had shared the fortunes of war that several detours were made to enable the Prince to see more than was provided for in the official programme.

To younger observers accustomed to the values of more modern warfare the bird's eye prospect of Ladysmith battleground was simply mystifying. It seemed a marvel that the garrison was able to hold out those sixteen weeks of thirst and reverse, or that the Boers, dominating as they did, the whole situation, did not walk through to capture the town at their leisure. From the convent the party crossed to Devon Post—still the same unfriendly looking mound strewn with gigantic red stones as when the missiles from Helpmakaar Hill and Lombards Kop made existence an offence. Above the dip whence the British 47's barked their wrath a monument to the fallen now stands. The Prince was indefatigable and clung to each spot until, with map outspread and an expert's questions on his lips, he had learned the trend and the incidents of each phase of the operations. He lived as keenly in this land of memories as any of those who had played their part upon the green chequer-board. Retracing its steps from Devon Post, the party visited the town cemetery, where they spent half an hour among the graves of well-known heroes of the siege and a further half-hour in the beautiful English church before the long roll of honour upon which a citizen of Ladysmith, as a labour of love, had carved the names of 3,200 men who died in battle or of disease in the defence and relief. One could only pick out an honoured few—Fighting Dick Cunyngham, to whom a stone cairn was erected in the stony bank of the Klip River under Wagon Hill, Egerton of the *Terrible* whose feet were blown off as he stood at Halsey's side on the sandbag parapet ("There's an end to my cricket!"), the younger Brabant; Paley, De Villiers and Digby-Jones; and the unsung Gloucesters, Carbineers, Gordons and Imperial Light Horsemen. In

the cemetery the Prince read an inscription which ran—

“We cheered you forth, brilliant and kind and brave.
Your country's flag triumphant flies. You fell.
It floats, dear hearts, over no dearer grave.
Brilliant and brave and kind—hail and farewell !”

The Prince thereafter climbed the steep ascent of Observation Hill, from the flinty ledges of which the whole battleground unfolded itself before him—to the south the now silent Umbulwhana Mountain, Lombards Kop, and the intervening saddle. It was there that the famous trio of long range guns, Weary Willie, Tired Tim, and Silent Sue, stood to batter the roofs and steeples of the beleaguered junction town. Slightly nearer, at one end of the British horseshoe, the siege positions and sangars held by Sector A were still to be seen, and opposite, the Prince was shown Cæsar's Camp, where the Manchesters and Gordons threw themselves into the struggle in January, 1900, and Wagon Hill, on which, with eighteen heavy guns trained on to the ridge, and the rocks ablaze with the bombardment, the Devon Regiment swept their enemy before them, with the exhausted Rifles and Light Horse joining in the wild charge. The spots were pointed out where Digby-Jones, V.C., and the other boy sappers who showed their “two-in-the-morning” gallantry sacrificed their lives, but won high reward and renown. The glamour of these exploits remains undimmed by time and the Prince's interest and sympathy were entirely in keeping with the rest of his activities in South Africa as a soldiers' friend who was at the same time a peacemaker. On Observation Hill it was fitting one should remember Stevenson's lines —

“We travelled in the print of olden wars,
Yet all the land was green,
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been.”

In the afternoon the party motored to Spion Kop. It was unfortunate that, having made the pilgrimage through historic valleys, along river banks and kopjes where death had cracked and pain had lurked, and under the barren ramparts which Buller had battered upon, the Prince should have found a crowd of sightseers and flag-waggers at the foot of the famous hill. Doing his best to ignore them he began the climb at a pace which left most of his suite lagging and breathless. From the flat hill-top he gazed down along the valley of the Tugela and the positions

whence Thornycroft's Horse and the Natal Carbineers advanced through the deadly fire of the Boers. Colonel Wood, of the Carbineers, who had taken part in the fight, gave him a detailed account of the action in which, on January 24, 1900, fifteen hundred north-country soldiers had lost their lives under a pitiless artillery bombardment. He pointed out the break in the ridge where the fatal pause had been made, the curve from which the Boer cross-fire had come and the slopes round which the Heidelberg and Carolina commandos sent their skirmishers while the pom-poms did their deadly work. Louis Botha's method of pushing the attack was described. The deeds of Woodgate, Scott Moncrieff, and Muriel of the Middlesex, and the much-wounded Murray were recounted. The Prince visited all the many obelisks and memorial stones with which the plateau is dotted and as the evening wore on motored on to Colenso, where he wandered among the trees south of the river, in which the Boers lay in ambush and held their fire until the three young aides-de-camp who had volunteered to save the guns, Congreve, Schofield, and Roberts, rode into the line of fire and sacrificed themselves. At Colenso the Prince returned to the train, with his mind still upon the Lancashire men's advance and reverse on the lonely and barren eminence which became the "grimmiest battleground since Inkerman." The field over which he had climbed and skirmished had become more real with each fresh position studied. The special correspondents attached to him had been converted for the time into war correspondents and returned to their coach weary, but satisfied that they had lived one of the most profitable days of the tour, or, indeed, of their lives.

Through a rolling green maze of hills, which, but for round-topped citrus trees and here and there the aboriginal bushscrub, he might well have mistaken for his own principality of Wales, the Prince descended by the new railway route from Maritzburg to Durban, the busiest seaport in South Africa and the capital city of the East Coast. He jumped from his saloon at Berea Road Station and his cortège swept into a city which had evidently expended the utmost care and industry upon the preparations for his comparatively lengthy stay. Indeed, although comparisons are sometimes odious, one was inclined to give Durban, with its glossy green spaces, its draped thoroughfares packed with people lightly and brightly clad in the almost tropical heat, and its luxurious suburban drives, pride of place among the cities which had so far welcomed the Heir Apparent in the Union. There are skyscrapers in Durban and they, with every other building

along the route by which the escort and outriders of the Natal Mounted Rifles led the Royal cars into the city, merged into a solid embankment of fluttering draperies and waving people.

West Street was lined by the Naval Brigade from the ships of the African station, the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, the Durban Light Infantry, and local police and cadet corps, and the organization was such that every section saw the young colonel of the Welsh Guards in his tropical uniform without inconvenience to themselves or to the forces of law and order. "Edward the Conqueror" was the title they had chosen for him. By a happy coincidence he had arrived in their midst upon the King's birthday and they gave him a rapturous Royal welcome in every sense. The main street is nearly two miles long and it sparkled from end to end. The drive down that broad highway was an experience to remember. As the procession approached the city gardens three aeroplanes in V formation drifted over, reflecting the sun as they curved. The airmen must have looked down on close upon a hundred thousand upturned faces in the central square.

The official ceremony took place in front of the Town Hall, where the Union Constitution was framed. It is one of the really magnificent modern buildings in the Empire. That morning its cupolas and pillars rose up above an exultant populace; its main façade was a monument of terraced floral tributes; its colonnades were entwined with evergreens and crowned with flag-fans. The city square upon which the Prince gazed down from his dais in the *porte cochère* of the Town Hall is a pleasant garden containing a scarcely finished cenotaph, a Boer War memorial, a Queen Victoria jubilee monument and statues of the earlier premiers of the province; but its tropical plants and statuary were eclipsed by the throng, which had occupied every lamp-stand, coping and ledge. Youths whistled shrilly and maidens threw streamers regardless of targets as the Mayor spoke a salutation to the visitor. He hoped that the vocal expression of sentiment which the huge concourse had sent up might give the Prince "at least a glimmering of the love, respect and fidelity we have for you and your illustrious House." He remarked that the address to be presented came from every inhabitant without discrimination, including the Indian and native communities. The Prince had arrived amongst what was spoken of throughout South Africa as the most British municipality in the Union; the bulk of its European members were either born in the country which was the Prince's home and the homeland of their common race, or their immediate forbears were British born. He, therefore, believed

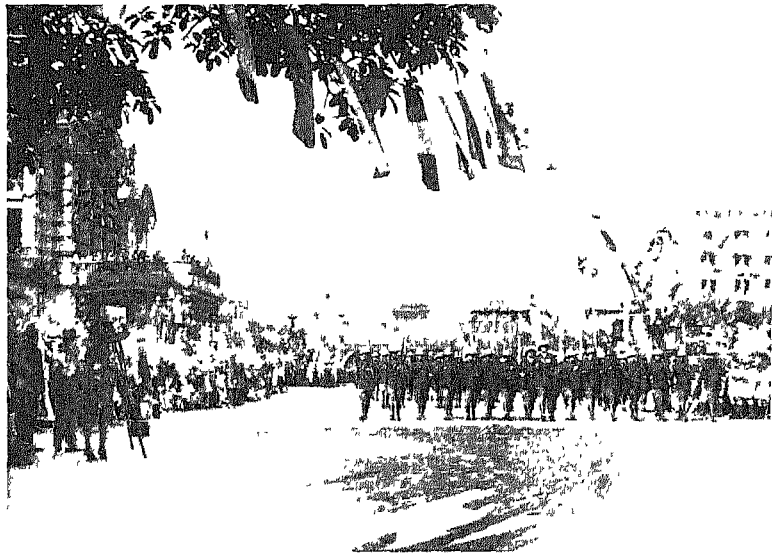
His Royal Highness would regard the town with a certain measure of family pride. Of late years its development had been no less sure on the cultural side than on the material, and it was shortly undertaking the erection of university college buildings. Its inhabitants were also proud of being South Africans. Pride in their British origin demanded that the lessons of their traditions should be exemplified in the country of their adoption. The country was destined to be a united one by the will of the great majority, and the Prince, as the finest ambassador yet sent out from the British Isles, was helping immeasurably towards that end.

The Prince, whose words were heard in Cape Town, paid tribute to the warm-hearted citizens. He said they had waged a seventy years' struggle against the sea and sometimes had almost despaired of victory, but after endless patience success had crowned their effort. He congratulated the town on its reclamation works and industrial enterprises and was glad to learn that it had granted an area of land to the Natal Technical College upon which to build the university college. In conclusion, he mentioned the wonderful winter climate of Durban and the pains that had been taken to improve the attractions of the holiday resort.

Before the ceremonies closed the Prince took the salute from the troops as they marched past. To the tune of "Hearts of Oak" the naval units from the African squadron wheeled into the square with the guns behind them. Detachments of the S.A. Naval Service and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve were succeeded by the 3rd Natal Mounted Rifles and 1st Durban Light Infantry, with the police and cadet corps bringing up the rear. Each unit had its admirers in the throng, but it was the Prince's day in Durban. The execution of the heavy programme and the setting of the stage made it clear that Durban had been watching the performance of other cities and profiting by their experience as hosts to His Royal Highness. An unseen voice acted the part of Prologue with dramatic effect. "The Royal train is passing South Coast Junction!" came from the loud speakers, and a few minutes later, "The Prince is at Berea Road Station!" Then before any sound of cheering had reached the square it was announced, "His Royal Highness is now on his way down West Street!" Not the least conspicuous object in the public gaze during the ceremonies was the throne-like white and gold chair placed for the Prince's accommodation in front of the Town Hall portico. It was used by King George on the occasion of his visit in 1901. The Prince occupied it on his Majesty's 60th birthday,



INSPECTION OF NATAL FICKSBA COOLIES



THE MARCH PAST AT DURBAN

and Durban Town Hall treasures a seat on which two future King-Emperor's have sat in the shadow of its dome. Behind him in the *porte cochère* stood 300 old colonists, who had watched the growth of Durban from a straggling village into an imposing city.

At the Oval a visit was paid to several thousand natives—the first of several Zulu parades witnessed by the party. Three of their number were presented—Pika Zulu, a son of Dingaan's brother, Bhulose and Alfred Assegai Kumalo, and the Royal salutation of "*Bayete!*" was roared by all the brawny brown humanity. The squad of selected jinricksha boys, whose fantastic feathered and horned headgear, gaudy tunics and accoutrements and kilts, and white painted ankles are one of the familiar sights of Durban, were then called up and photographed. From the Oval the way led to King's House, the Governor-General's residence on the Heights of Berea, which overlook the whole seaport and bay and are to Durban what the Peninsula is to Cape Town. King's House was the Prince's home. From its verandahs one may sweep the Indian Ocean from Umgeni River to the bluff and the cactus-clad kopjes that are tinted bluer as the distances lengthen. Beyond its sloping lawns the gardens are ablaze with hibiscus and poinsettias, bougainvillæa and wild honeysuckle, palms, and flowering vines.

After a rest and a change of clothes, considerably delayed because his kit had been temporarily lost in transit from the train, the Prince paid a lengthy call upon 3,000 ex-service men congregated in the grounds of the "D.L.I."—the Durban Light Infantry headquarters. They were from Palestine and Flanders and "German East," and they spoke again the *patois* of the trenches until his arrival was signalled. And then—"From Canada? Which battalion? Were you one of the original lot? Good! Glad to see you here! How long have you been in Natal? Getting along all right? Splendid!" And a word for the next man, who was Black Watch, and another for the next, who was wearing a Naval distinction, and a handshake for each of the three thousand.

In the afternoon, having had luncheon in the Turf Club marquee, the Prince went to a special race meeting at Greyville. His luck was out. Sir Abe Bailey's candidate, Jubilant II, had disappointed the experts on the Rand, but won as exciting a finish as Greyville could have wished to see. Three other horses came into the straight running practically level, but Jubilant II crept up on the outside and won by a head, and "a blanket would have covered the four of them." Those of the Royal party who were

fortunate in their selections were paid in gold at the totalizer. After presenting the cup, the Prince went over to watch the Currie Cup rugger contest between Natal and Transvaal, which was won by Transvaal after a Herculean struggle before 20,000 enthusiasts.

The clamour around the "most welcome guest" reached a remarkable pitch in the evening, when the *bourgeoisie* lined the route from the Berea to the Esplanade, and again when the *élite* of the town honoured his toast after the civic banquet. The Mayor caused amusement by his thrust at other municipalities who had exceeded the bounds of modesty on similar occasions. "Judging from the speeches made to Your Royal Highness elsewhere," he said, "it would appear that it is a mayoral duty to leave no doubt in the mind of the visitor that he is in the finest town in the universe and that he is a lucky individual to be breathing the air of such a wonderful place. Our guest must have been struck with the bashfulness of the mayors of South Africa, who frequently impress upon him that theirs is the most progressive corner in the Empire and the best endowed by men and nature. Your Royal Highness will naturally have made allowance for the poetic licence which is permissible on such occasions. We have resolutely set aside an opportunity to advertise Durban. We are profoundly glad we have had the chance to don our gala attire and show you what we can do in a ceremonial way, but we are also proud that you have honoured us by choosing to spend a period of rest here, when you will sample the quiet pleasure the district has to offer. Just as you have entered into the spirit of our festival, we shall enter into the spirit of your recreations."

The Prince replied that it was a happy coincidence that his visit to the city coincided with the King's birthday and made jocular reference to the fact that the speeches were being broadcast. He did not quite know who would be listening-in—probably England and even the "Amurricans"—but for the time being he was not concerned with them so much as with the people of the Union. Some wonderful things had happened to him in Durban that day. He appreciated especially the reception by those gentlemen ex-service men, comrades of his.

"I must frankly confess," he went on, "that I did not back Jubilant this afternoon, but I was more than compensated——"

At this stage the crowd outside the hall could be heard breaking into hurrahs, and the Prince remarked with a smile :

"I don't know whether they heard that outside; it is not an occasion for rejoicing. Although I did not back the winner I am

certainly compensated by your hospitality and wish all the people of this great city the happiest future."

A few minutes later he was taking the floor at the King's Birthday Ball in the galleried main chamber of the Town Hall.

June 4th was introduced by a rally of scouts and guides on the Old Fort Road grounds, amid "Grand Howls" and "Weird Shrieks." At Kingsmead a delightful muster of 15,000 children was massed in a vast circle round a Royal stand. Their cheering was overwhelming. They had been so marshalled that a blur of red, then white, then blue flags fluttered at fifty different points within the circle and as the Prince sauntered round the circle tiny tots "tossing their heads in sprightly dance" emerged and pranced about him, strewing flower petals at his feet. On his return to the stand he was confronted by a monstrous green crocodile which waddled across the grass with appalling legs and claws and showing a hungry red maw. The guest was not satisfied with watching its movements. To the frantic delight of the boys inside he prodded it and peeped inside its joints and asked awkward questions about its anatomy. Titters within and an accident to one of the component parts revealed its secrets of propulsion. They had, of course, to have an extra holiday from school and as the Prince withdrew, under volleys of daylight fireworks, a wild tumult of high-pitched voices rent the sky.

At noon some 23,000 Indians demonstrated their loyalty to the Throne and their whole-hearted acknowledgment of the Prince of Wales's personal charms. Both on its own account and in consideration of the past and recent history of the Natal Indian community as a political factor in Imperial affairs, the gathering in Albert Park was impressive in the extreme. It was organized and conducted by a Reception Committee which had wisely seen the harm that was being done by the contemptibly small and unrepresentative group styling itself the Natal Indian Congress. The congress men numbered barely a hundred in Durban, or 250 in the whole of Natal, but they had presumed to dictate to the mayor and city council on behalf of the community at large what might or might not be done or voted on account of the Royal visit. Their intervention proved a complete fiasco. Their object was defeated, not by any gesture on the part of city aldermen or Government, but by general consent of the Indian citizens themselves. The Paruks and Motalas and Gopals came forward with an undertaking to organize a reception and bear out of their own pockets, if necessary, the expenditure involved.

Thus, the Natal Indians came into line with the remainder of

the sub-continent and their welcome to the Prince was as rousing in its way as that the British townspeople had given him in the city. Indians from the extreme corners of the province, from Newcastle, Klip River and Port Shepstone as well as from Maritzburg had joined their kinsmen in Durban, and their 8,000 school-children sang their heartiest. There was not the faintest echo of a *hartal*, not a suspicion of the presence of congress men, though the congress men had allowed it to be known that, having already paid their compliments to the Prince, they would refrain from any act of hostility or disrespect to the Throne and send delegates "unofficially" to participate "without loss of honour or prestige to the Congress"—which was recognized as a covert admission of defeat.

The prevailing enthusiasm was shared by a large gathering of Tamils, Hindustani, and Gujurati, by Christian and Mohammedan sections, and by Government-aided scholastic institutions. On his arrival the Prince was honoured according to Indian custom by having a long garland of everlasting flowers placed round his neck. There were no set addresses. They wished him long life and hoped that he would one day be their Emperor. The Prince volunteered to say a few words in Hindustani, but was assured that English was the Natal Indians' language. The scene beneath him as he briefly expressed thanks from a high platform must have been strikingly reminiscent of the happier phases of his Eastern tour. Pundits, Imams, and tight-jacketed Parsees sang the Royal anthems along with bespectacled baboos. Behind the children there were several hundred young Hindu women with sleek black hair and bejewelled noses, graceful and natural in their swathed national clothing. That medley of eastern perfumes which carried one's mind to the Chandni Chauk and the bazaars of Benares pervaded the field. The Indian ex-service men on parade included veterans who had served in the Cetewayo and Boer Wars and also in East and South West Africa.

For South Africans the opening of the Prince of Wales Graving Dock that afternoon was an event of national importance and of interest to Imperial shipping at large. The Prince embarked in H.M.S.A.S. *Protea* at The Point, with a large naval retinue, and as the vessel entered the Maydon Channel and crossed the bay salvoes of cheers from yachts, pinnaces, and steamers added to the din of sirens along the wharfside. Nearing Congella the Prince took the Royal salute of the vessels of the African station—*Birmingham*, *Lowestoft*, *Wallflower*, *Verbena*, *Zonnebloem*, and

Immortelle—which dressed ship and sent up a hearty naval hail. Large crowds lined Victoria Embankment, the esplanade and Cato's Creek to watch the passage across the bay.

The dock which His Royal Highness then opened and named with his own name is the second largest graving dock in the world and unique in the Southern Hemisphere. Completed after over five years' work, it measures 1,150 feet in length, 110 feet at the entrance and 138 feet at the coping. It is divided into two compartments, the outer one being 600 feet long, and the volume of water required to fill it is over 38,000,000 gallons. The docks at Quebec and Victoria are the only two which take equal rank so far as purely commercial shipping is concerned. Graving docks, as the Prince remarked, are expensive items, and are seldom constructed with a view to earning a return on the capital outlay. Indeed, they are, to all intents and purposes, hospitals for the treatment of vessels on the casualty list. The Durban dock is constructed on the most modern lines and there is no mercantile vessel afloat which it cannot comfortably accommodate. Declaring it open, the Prince said it was a great privilege to have been requested by the Union Government to open and name it. It should mean a great deal to South Africa, as well as to the shipping of all nations. It must be a matter of considerable gratification to all concerned that so great an undertaking should have been accomplished within the specified period and the authorized cost. He was pleased such a magnificent work would bear his name.

At Durban, the Prince again indulged his polo playing instinct, winning a game that afternoon against the Karkloof team. On May 5 the party went up to Eshowe to meet the Zulu chiefs and tribal dancers, but thereafter Durban kept its word most admirably and gave the Prince every possible opportunity to enjoy a three-days' stay within its friendly boundaries free from ceremonial and molestation. Only a very exceptional athlete could have taken his rest as did the Prince of Wales. Eating frugal meals when every one around him was feasting in honour of his presence, he would play seven or eight chukkas of polo in the morning, a round of golf in the afternoon and a game of squash rackets in the evening, before attending the dances which had been arranged for him in the town. Before his departure northward he heard that the Mayoress had presented her husband with a daughter. Since it was the first occasion on which such an event had happened during his Imperial tours, the Prince with characteristic attention sought out the happy parents, congratulated them and expressed the wish to stand godfather to the child.

Pietermaritzburg, the provincial capital, was all colour and sunshine when the Royal caravan entered. It had set aside the title of which its inhabitants have often been proud—"Sleepy Hollow"—and gave the visitor one of the busiest yet one of the most pleasantly varied days conceivable. Most of the requisites that make for success in such festive ceremonies as these were provided—a dignified setting for the civic reception and parade, a rich and lurid native show, the presentation of military standards in the midst of a sumptuous review of uniformed men, a polo match and a mayoral garden party, and finally an Administrator's banquet and ball in the Provincial Council Chamber, to which the Prince drove in a little elfland of coloured illuminations and flood lights. The Prince, himself, gave evidence of the zest he had derived from his sheltered sojourn at the seaside. If anything further had been wanting to enhance the day's favours it was furnished by the early morning journey past groves of oranges and graceful foothills up to heights dotted with the differing greens of wattles, aloes and blue gums, and through the serene "Valley of one thousand Hills."

Maritzburg—the Pieter is dropped by common consent—had masked itself behind streamers and flowers. The clock-tower of the Town Hall, which building was opened by King George in 1901, in the presence of Lord Kitchener, then fresh from Pretoria, looked down into streets which must have been unrecognizably gay. The Prince was driven down Church Street, a highway which became a little riot of noise, between squadrons of Natal Carbineers. He wore the uniform of Colonel of Carbineers. His speech from the balcony was broadcast and heard by listeners in all parts of the Union. It expressed thanks to the Administrator, Sir George Plowman, K.C.M.G., to the Pietermaritzburg and Greytown Municipalities and to the people of the province for their loyal addresses and hospitable welcome. "Here in Maritzburg you have behind you, I know, the high traditions of those sturdy voortrekkers in whose tracks I have been travelling since I left the eastern frontier. The perseverance and strength of purpose which your forefathers, the European pioneers, showed in those early days is evidently yours to-day. You have not only by right retained the honour of being the capital city of the province and the headquarters of the Provincial Administration but you have also become the largest educational centre in Natal. He was, he added, pleased to learn that they were not relaxing their efforts in that direction, but extending the scope of their scholastic institutions. He was looking forward to opening the

agricultural show on the morrow. His only regret was that his stay was comparatively short.

The Administrator voiced the hope that His Royal Highness would carry away with him fragrant memories of the garden province of the Union, a land whose inhabitants were deeply devoted to their Royal family. The illuminated address given by Natal exhibited pictures of the Tugela River, Durban Bay, Howick Waterfalls and Drakensberg peaks, in ovals chained together by Natalian flowers and products.

With a salute to the waving crowds and a wave of the hand to the ex-service men, whom he had already inspected, the Prince drove to the racecourse, where he received the salutations and gifts of the native chiefs and witnessed an elaborate native war dance. It was not difficult to perceive the quintessential difference between this gathering of Natalian natives of the Zulu stock and the greater Indaba at Eshowe. The Royal party had, at Eshowe, watched the braves and maidens of the Zulu nation, who are entirely unsophisticated and unused to the presence of Europeans in their kraals; they took part in the ceremonial dances with the utmost earnestness and with perfect discipline. At Maritzburg the performance was quite as exhilarating, but there was just a faint suspicion of make-believe about it, due, no doubt, to the performers' longer contact with white people. There was more indulgence in mimicry and more wild and unrehearsed rushes out of alinement. There was even a pitched battle and a liberal manipulating of staves and knobkerries.

The proceedings opened with some wonderful singing, which embodied cadences and passages learned from missionaries as well as the raw Zulu chants of the hoarse, explosive type. Whilst the braves were stirring the dust with their spasmodic rushes, the women came out in Indian file, spiralling, yodelling and blowing policemen's whistles. They swept and swerved and shuffled in front of the tribesmen as though acting the part of enticers. In the main they wore little but beads, bangles and kilts, but several groups writhed past the dais in a vivid medley of aprons and wraps and a few held up white pennons on long rods. The enticers were still darting to and fro in snake-like chains when the sham fight began and put an end to ordered proceedings. It was a momentary return to the primitive.

The eloquently phrased native address spoke of "the deep devotion of our hearts and the outpouring of our loving loyalty" and the whole concourse gave the Prince a genuine Zulu "*Bayete!*" The three leading chiefs, Bambazi, Kula and Mafehlane, and

eleven other chiefs were handed recognition sticks, while the wizened old *mbongo* trotted up and down in tattered leopard skins, chanting peans. For every chief that wore European clothes there was another who had donned his jumbled headgear of feathers and stalks, his strips of tawny skins and his dangling tails. One among their number had composed the special Song of Salutation, which the tribesmen had sung before abandoning themselves to the dance. An exact interpretation of it would have run :—

“Hail, scion of the mightiest ruler upon earth,
Of royalty which dazzles the eyes of all beholders.
Thou whose loveliness surpasses the loveliness
of butterflies;
Thou whose presence is as imposing as the
darkening shadows upon the mountain;
Abide for ever !
Our eyes behold thee !
Words fail us !
We bow down to our adorned ankles before
thee in homage !
Bayete ! Bayete !! Bayete !!!”

From such a scene of pagan pagentry the Prince drove back through the town to the Oval to take part in the outstanding episode of the day, the consecration and presentation of regimental standards to the splendid old volunteer regiment, the Natal Carbineers, which claims to be the senior volunteer unit in the Empire, having had an unbroken military existence since the opening of the year 1855. A verse of the “Old Hundredth” was played and sung Archdeacon Pennington, Vicar-general of Maritzburg and chaplain to the Natal forces, laid hands upon the new colours and dedicated them to the service of the regiment. When the ritual had ended the Prince, amid intense enthusiasm, addressed the paraded units and assured them that he was very proud as their Colonel-in-Chief to hand the colours to them. He understood that they were in camp at their own personal expense and congratulated them and the many past soldiers of the regiment attending the ceremony. The Carbineers first went into action in the Langabiele campaign of 1873, and six years later fought at Isandhlwana as part of Chelmsford’s force, and in that action one of its squadrons was cut up in company with the South Wales Borderers (“The Glorious Twenty-Fourth”). In 1899 they were at Ladysmith. During the Great War they fought

with dash and distinction in the South West African operations and subsequently sent a large number of men to join the South African Brigade in France.

The following day was farmers' day in Natal. The opening of the Royal Agricultural Show, which celebrated the seventieth birthday of the Natal Agricultural Society, afforded an agreeable change of outlook and allowed a keen Royal farmer to come into close contact with the farming and stock-raising industries in a fresh *milieu*. He returned the compliment by appearing half an hour before his official time and by walking through every part of the show in a considerable crush of citizens and visitors. In spite of an excessively wet season in some parts the display gave every promise of being a marked success. The total exhibits numbered over 7,000 as compared with 5,380 in 1920, and they were included in a main industrial hall, motor bays, a cattle showyard, an agricultural produce shed, thoroughbreds, and a home industries and ladies' section. After walking down the lines of prize-winning stud horses and cattle he became particularly interested in the exceptional display of Shorthorns and made the presentation of the Prince of Wales Cup to a Schoombie farmer for the champion dairy Shorthorn.

In his speech to the farmers at the opening the Prince said that it was generally realized that agriculture was the primary industry of South Africa and that importance attached to anything that might assist the country to improve the status and efficiency of farming. Such shows as this at Maritzburg afforded to farmers the best possible object lessons, especially as the animals exhibited came from all parts of the Union and represented some of the finest herds and flocks in the land. The development of the unpopulated spaces of the vast Dominion demanded up-to-date machinery and methods if they were to compete successfully with foreign farmers. It was a source of satisfaction that the dairy produce section contained an extensive display of things for which a great market was waiting overseas.

Up into the freezingly cold atmosphere of the interior the train ascended and that afternoon we returned into the battlefield areas once again, making hurried halts at Mooi River, the farthest region reached by the Boers in their skelter southwards in 1899, and at Estcourt, near whose sparkling rivulets Hildyard fought the action of Willow Grange and turned the invading commandos. It was a superb winter's evening and the sun was blood-red as it sank into the berg.

Newcastle was the most northerly borough visited in Natal.

It is a stalwart little market town with broad lanes and a winter air of crystal purity. The Drakensberg wall at Kranskop is only a dozen miles away and it looked much less that perfect June morning. One could see the blue-brown ridges and peaks as far south as Van Reenens Divide, but from the outskirts of the town one's eyes were fastened upon Botha's Pass and the gaps through which, in the middle of October, 1899, the Boer Army under Piet Joubert had descended into the valleys of Western Natal. Rugged, hairy and hawk-eyed masters of the arts of guerrilla warfare, they had come down with their Bibles and rifles and an endless procession of bullock wagons, making for the valleys of the Buffalo and Tugela. It was not difficult to reconstruct that first invasion—twelve thousand horsed burghers riding to war, bronzed and confident, with the main Transvaal commandos in the van, the Krupp guns of the State artillery and the heavy Creusots, the German and Hollander auxiliaries and the Irish-American contingent, town Boers and back-veld Boers, hunters and marksmen all. On the fourth day they had reached Newcastle, with six miles of canvas-tilted bullock wagons winding in sinuous lines down from the passes in sight of Majuba Hill. For a time Newcastle was obliterated and the village was renamed Viljoensdorp, but in May, 1900, the British were back, and it became a strongly garrisoned headquarters again.

Newcastle was named after the Duke who was Colonial Secretary in the 'sixties, and it was not until later discoveries of coal, in an area which half a century ago swarmed with wildebeeste, antelopes, quagga and lions, gave the district its main industry that the aptness of it became recognized. The Prince, who entered the borough beneath a triumphal archway built of several tons of fodder and ornamented with local products and hunting trophies, commended its achievement in building up industries allied to coal mining and in establishing the beginnings of a flourishing iron and steel manufacture. He also thanked the municipal council for having created on the outskirts of the town a returned soldiers' settlement, adding, "It is our duty to see that those who fought are not forgotten in days of peace. I have always been a supporter of movements, with that object in view and earnestly trust that your experiment will so succeed that it will encourage other bodies in South Africa to establish similar settlements."

This "best type of war memorial" gives Newcastle the distinction of being the only municipal body in the Union which has translated the ideal into effective action by running a thriving

colony of returned veterans on its town lands. There is another new memorial at the entrance to the local cemetery, a lych-gate and chapel dedicated to those who died —

“They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.”

Since the union of the four colonies in 1910 the population of this northern corner of Natal has undergone a considerable change with the immigration of many families from the Free State and Transvaal Provinces. Within recent months there has been founded a strong non-political association of farmers in which the Boer and the Briton co-operate. This association provided the mixed mounted company which escorted the Prince in and out of Newcastle, and with them around him he exchanged greetings with people who had come in from Utrecht, Charles-town, Wakerstrom and Amersfoort in the Transvaal, and Memel and Vrede in the Free State. A feature of the ceremonies was the link established between His Royal Highness and the children, who, by way of a change, sang to him, “Here’s a health unto His Majesty,” and “Will ye no come back again?”

Dundee, where were fired the initial cannonades in the Anglo-Boer war, graciously curtailed its official observances so as to allow the Royal party to view the resting places of the brave and the battleground of Talana Hill. It was on Talana that the opposing forces got to grips in an extensive action. Its rounded crest is spiked with an obelisk and on the fringe of the larch wood half way up the rise, where the Irish Fusiliers were held up by severe rifle fire from their right flank, the Prince lingered among the graves of officers and men of the King’s Royal Rifles, Dublin Fusiliers and Leicesters who had failed to negotiate the *nullah*. On the same level among some wattle trees he read the inscription, “On this spot Lieut-Gen. Sir W. Penn Symons fell mortally wounded.” Symons was a victim of his own excessive gallantry—he had ridden hither and thither across the withered veld-grass with an orderly carrying his general’s pennon before him—and was the first general to sacrifice himself in the campaign. With Admiral Halsey, the attached Minister, Mr. Boydeell, and the owner of the farm of which Talana forms part, His Royal Highness climbed the boulders until the historic stone wall was reached, in the footsteps of Dublins who had struggled upwards in breathless haste to avoid the enfilade. And on the spot where Captain Connor had scrambled over the wall with his Fusiliers, the party sat amongst the stones and reconstructed the engagement. Men

who had faced both ways were there to help us do so, for the party had been joined by one-time Boer commanders who had directed the enemy artillery from the kopjes opposite.

Vryheid completed, in very happy manner, the province's welcome to the Prince. The excursion to Talana had entailed a longish motor drive across country and darkness was upon the land as the train reached the former capital of Retief's New Republic. The delay had its compensations. Vryheid displayed its illuminations to full advantage and the surrounding hills, invisible, burned red beacons overhead. From Vryheid, where the Prince met and conversed with Colonel Botha, brother of General Louis Botha, a farewell Royal message was sent to the people of the whole province, wording His Royal Highness's gratitude for the warmth of his reception, of which he would always cherish happy memories. His experience in Natal was, indeed, a splendid and most beneficial one.

CHAPTER XIII

AMONG THE ZULUS

ON June 5th the Royal coaches crossed the Tugela into the country of Tshaka and Cetshwayo. The line runs parallel with the sea through the land of the sugar-cane. As extensively cultivated as any region in the sub-continent, these swirling fields are spread over valleys in which three continents seem to have met and merged. There was a homely familiarity about the green plantations, but one quickly realized that the Indians were present in full force in all the villages that lined the route. In the fields white-robed coolies paused in their toil, sickle in hand. On station platforms Indian women and girls straightened out their *saris* and silken scarves. And at intervals Eastern musicians played their pipes. At Verulam and Stanger wealthy Syrian traders had assembled.

Beyond the Tugela, again, we returned to Africa, the Africa of Umslopogaas. But Rider Haggard would have written that strange things had happened in Zululand. The roads converging on Eshowe were peopled with braves who had marched from afar. From their kraals in Nkandla and Umfolosi, from the chilly hills of Nqutu, from the hot coastal valleys and the rugged heights of Nongoma, from the forests of the Qudenis and distant and malarial Ubombo, and even from the Portuguese border, they had borne their meagre rations to the meeting-place above Eshowe. They had trudged in patience and in their war finery to see the face of "Shining Sun"—for they had thus soon adopted the Xosa title for the Prince as their own.

The Royal visit to Zululand was historic in every way. It is highly probable that the Indaba and the subsequent native dance ceremonies, which were admitted by onlookers to be the most gorgeous yet staged by this gifted race, were almost certainly the last function of their kind and magnitude which will ever be organized. The times when the Zulu tribesmen were ready to leave their districts and journey in the wilderness for several days to be present at such mass orgies of shouting and stamping belong to the past. For the King's eldest son they were prepared.

They gave him of their best unstintingly and journeyed back to their kraals weary in limb and sore-footed, but proud of the last ceremony in which they would join. The Prince was very obviously delighted. "Splendid ! I think that's been the best native show we've seen in Africa, don't you ? The dancers kept time so amazingly well," he remarked, after having watched the *kwelo* and the manoeuvres for two hours. One may venture to believe—not forgetting the Maori dancing he witnessed on his tour round the world or the more recent durbars at Kano and in the Gold Coast—that the Eshowe meeting of chiefs and warriors' parade will be remembered as distinctly as anything he has seen anywhere.

The occasion was historic in another significant sense. For years the Zululand people have been divided in two different ways. They have remained tribally distinct ; besides the Abakwa Zulu (the chief group) there are the Nxumelo, the Butelezi, the Zungu, the Kumalo, the Biyela and numerous other clans. But within the tribes there have been for forty years two outstanding political factions, the Usuta, which is devoted to the house of Dinizulu and may be termed the Royalist Party, and the Mandhlakazi, the Party of Great Strength, the intractable enemies of Cetshwayo's descendants. The feud dates back to the vendetta between Cetshwayo and his brother Umbulazi. Until the very eve of the Prince's arrival the rivalry had subsisted as strong as ever, but his approach wrought a greater change than the passage of years and Zululand witnessed the strange spectacle of adherents of Usuta and Mandhlakazi joining hands and forces and riding into Eshowe together to salute the "Lord of the Great Ones."

As evening fell on the day before his coming a thousand camp fires crackled and glowed in the hill crevasses. Along the roads which ran like pale ribbons across the plains, squads of stalwart Zulus still tramped, smothered in dust, but humming as they sought a camping site and added to the number of fires. Solomon ka Dinizulu, descendant of the kings, had pitched his tents near the Umlalazi River and waited there with his legions roundabout him. Not far away the braves of the Mandhlakazi rested. Magic had been at work upon these children of nature. Solomon and Bokwe had sunk their differences in loyalty to a common overlord. Their followers had marched side by side from Nongoma to the capital and had shared the fatigues of the day and the camping places of the night. The improved relations between black and black were regarded as the most important result of the Prince's passage. It had been a common grievance of the tribes and factions that they had never been privileged to



A ZULU IMPI AT ISHWE



CULMINATION OF THE ZULU DANCE

see and hear their supreme chiefs. In their bivouacs they could find only one food for conversation. They had no transport problem—their donkeys or their own legs had brought them and would take them home again. They were indifferent, it seemed, to their own and one another's war finery. They spoke a good deal of the oxen which had been supplied by the Prince, by the merchants of Durban and the farmers of Zululand, and by many of their own chiefs. But once the flesh and cakes had been torn and broken they discussed the morrow—the Indaba, the *kweto* and *I Langa Likanya*, who would preside.

The march out from the camps surrounding the district capital was timed for 10 o'clock, and half an hour later the moorland between Eshowe and the distant sea was invaded by the Impis. They swarmed through the town like bees and swung on to the ground in a wide circle, singing gruffly, breaking into a run and then a wild charge of waving staves as they descended to their positions on either side of the lake. By the time the chief *indunas* had arrived there were arrayed some 40,000 natives—some few with disreputable European coats hanging over their shoulders, but mostly clothed as a good Zulu should be clothed, in war paint and dance plumage. Prominent among them were tall warriors, tested and tried, their heads and faces obscured by the *sakabula*, a mass of shining black plumes of the long-tailed finch. Behind them hundreds of others displayed quaint bunches of red and green feathers above their right ears. Further behind again there was raised a forest of staves, which shot up and down, keeping tact over thousands of curly black craniums as the jostling tribesmen hummed or hissed their syncopated slogans. The headmen wore their ostrich plumes embedded in forehead straps.

For an hour there was a mustering and marshalling. Then one's attention was attracted by the assembly of the chief *indunas*. There were eighty chiefs in all, seated in varying degrees of nakedness opposite the Royal pavilion. Several had tied bleached ox-tail bushes to their arms and calves. One portly ruler had purloined a plume from the blue crane, which is Royal game, and wore it in his head-band. Another had donned a farmer's suit and long hose knitted of pink and green wools. Several had crests of waving feathers and all carried beautiful cow-hide shields. The Basutos are a long-lived people, but the Zulus are a longer. The record of Chief Jonathan Moshesh was eclipsed at Eshowe. Jonathan was only ninety-two years old and his riding days were done. But among the Zulus who had come to see the "Lord of

the Blood" was Nquodi, head of the Mbata Clan, who was over a hundred years old and had known the imperious Tshaka. Nquodi had ridden eighty miles on donkey back to see the pageant and the Prince. He was not the only centenarian on the ground. Even in the ranks of the dancers were many remarkably old fellows, withered and shrunk, who yet voiced the sullen war chant and maintained with a grim determination the motions and mimicry of battle.

Among all the assembled Zulu power, Solomon ka Dinizulu stood out as infinitely the most popular and respected leader. Though officially only an ordinary tribal chief he was everywhere acclaimed as a scion of the house of Cetshwayo and moved about with a galaxy of retainers and the eyes of a multitude upon him. Solomon stands at the top of all Bantu aristocracy, just as the Zulu braves, with their military tradition and temperament to support them, stand unique among the black races of Africa. Proud, but with a pleasant smile on occasion, he stood like a king within his court, wearing his own blue uniform with leopardskin facings and heavy gold badges depicting the Zululand lion and elephant on his collar and epaulettes. His white helmet was surmounted by a black spray of widow-bird tail feathers. His uniformed suite wore leopards' tails around their caps. During preliminaries Solomon was a much harassed and much photographed man and seemed nonplussed by the amount of attention he was receiving, especially from the white excursionists. "I am glad they are not bullets," he said to the writer, referring to the clicking cameras.

A minute later Solomon's sun was eclipsed as a fleet of cars brought the Prince of Wales across the downs to the pavilion. As usual at the native functions, the Prince appeared as a resplendent figure in scarlet and gold and his staffs were in full ceremonial uniforms, the blue and gold of the Navy, the scarlet and gold of the Army, and the blue and black parade dress of the South African staff officers. "*Bayete! Bayete!*" came from forty thousand throats and Solomon ka Dinizulu was the first to raise his arm aloft to stimulate the manhood of his nation in its swelling outcry.

The formal address submitted by the representatives of the Zulu peoples made significant reference to their desire for a mouthpiece in administrative affairs. It was not more illuminating than the simple impulsive avowals of the seniors, who were permitted to make obeisance before the pavilion. First among them came the ninety-three year old Mukulumana, who had been

Prime Minister in Cetshwayo's regime, a man of destiny in the land for three generations. Even in the funereal garb of European civilization Mukulumana was a beautiful and stately presence. As he removed his top hat from his head one noticed the black waxen *isicoco*, the ring which great warriors wear around their scalps; together the ancient head-ring and the modern top hat characterized the two extremes of ancient battle and present day peace in Zululand. He reminded His Royal Highness that it had been his great honour to have stood before his Royal father. On that occasion, he said, with scrupulous choice of language, Zulu hearts had leapt with pleasure—and it was the same to-day. "Our only regret is that, here on earth, we humans are not immortal so that we might live this pleasure over and over again. As I look around me," he continued, making a sly reference to Solomon, "I see few who are my contemporaries; these are all children to me. Meeting so many of the nation here raises in my mind glorious memories of the past, and I hope that before this gathering disperses we may again talk over among ourselves our great traditions and link them, Sir, with our welcome to you." The refrain of the remaining chiefs who spoke was, "We thought, when we were conquered, that we were crushed and finished, but we have lived to learn that is not the British way. Having experienced the mildness of British rule, we rejoice the more because it subdued us."

The Prince rose to make his proclamation and began with a word of greeting, which was immediately responded to by a whoop and a shout of *Bayete!* The Zulu people, he said, could claim high place among the native peoples of South Africa and it was, therefore, with interest and pleasure that he was meeting them. He would not fail to communicate to the King and Queen their expressions of devotion. He was glad they desired to build up what they described as "some settled civilization and industry. In such a fertile region opportunity would not be wanting and with goodwill and perseverance on their part it was not doubted that they would help in the advancement of the country to conditions of prosperity, in the benefits of which they would have a full share.

"You have here (he proceeded) all the necessary materials—a Government in touch with your development, a sympathetic Administration, the brains and the experience of the European, a rich territory, a great demand for your readiest produce and in yourselves a labour force both numerous and capable. History tells us that the Zulu people have shown a great capacity for

organization and discipline in the old unhappy times of confusion and warfare. Do your best to adapt those capacities in the sphere of peace which has been happily secured for you under the laws and protection of the King." He further touched upon their expressed desire to take part in the framing of laws. It appeared a creditable aspiration. They must, of course, bear in mind that an unchallenged competence to discharge the responsibilities was the first essential. He understood that machinery existed whereby a measure of self-government had been granted. They should, however, be assured that Government was vigilant as to the best interests of all classes and races for which it was responsible.

The song which the trained native choir sang was as follows :

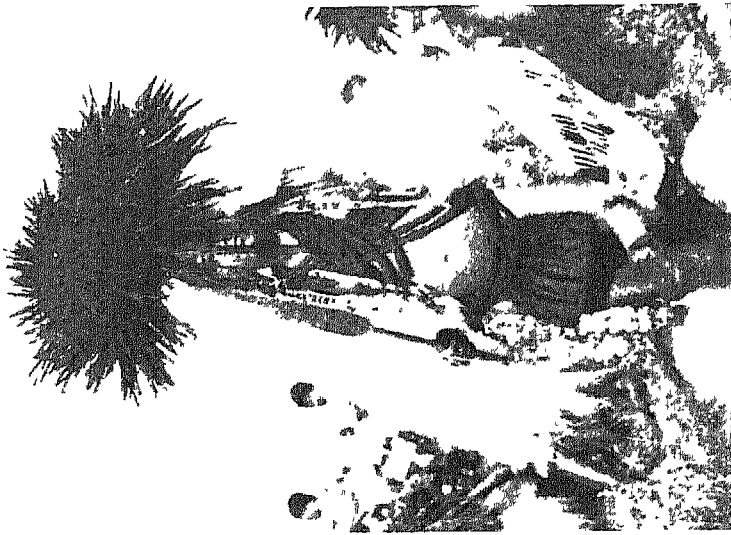
*"Nkosi ! Nkosi ! Bayete !
 Abansundu bayabonga,
 Babongel ukutula.
 Bayakonza abansundu,
 Bakonzela ukuhlalakahle.
 Bayakonza. Bokukonza
 Pansi kombuso wako."*

The translation of this magnificently sung welcome is :—

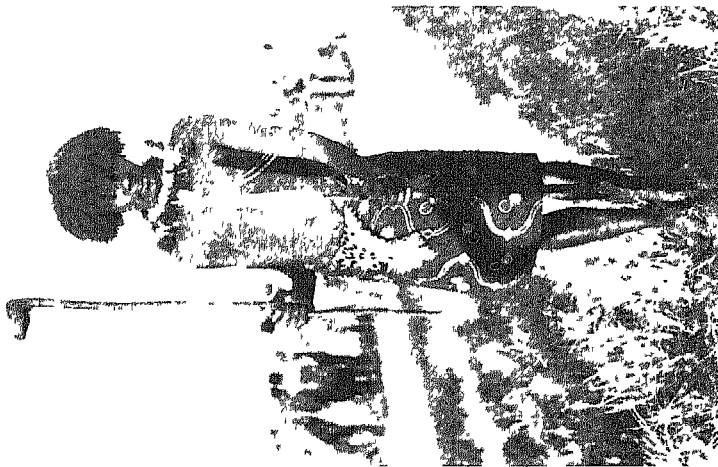
*"Lord ! Lord ! Royal greeting !
 The brown people offer their thanks,
 They are grateful for peace.
 They do homage, the brown ones,
 Doing homage for safe abiding,
 Homage they do. Homage they will do
 When thou shalt rule over them "*

Solomon then advanced and presented His Royal Highness with a pair of mounted elephant tusks weighing one hundred and eight pounds, as a "small keepsake in remembrance of an auspicious occasion." As he raised his stave towards the Prince the people uttered fervently, "*Ozulu !*" whilst the chieftains raised their staves and murmured, "There is only one house, and that is the King's house !" The first part of the ceremonies ended with the presentation of sticks and among the recipients were the burly brother of Dinizulu, Manzolwandhle, ten other chiefs, and the venerable Mukulumana, who despite his top hat squatted on the ground and played with his long finger nails while his neighbours gloated over his stick.

The second part of the ceremonies was devoted to the *kweto*—



A YOUNG ZULU CHILIMAIN



A SWOON III ADLID SWAZI LKHAL

the warriors' review and dance. It absorbed the Prince's attention until late in the afternoon and filled him with enthusiasm. There must have been close on seven thousand performers. When the Prince took his seat upon the grass in front of the pavilion, the moorland was alive with warriors and the young women of the clans. Several *zimbongi* pranced before him gurgling the *Igama Lokubonga*. These flatterers numbered women as well as men, and relieved each other in a constant flow. The Prince was highly amused by the dreadful realism of one woman, who kissed the blades of grass between him and the warriors, snuggled on the ground as though in slumber and went through the motions of dying in a manner which would have enthralled a Sarah Bernhardt or an Asta Nielsen.

A line of black-tufted giants led the dance. They sang and swayed under their *sakabula* and the ground shook under their tread. Jumping, clashing their staves, stamping until the earth trembled, they advanced upon the Royal circle. There were thirty rows of them and they came on five hundred abreast. The chanting contained a note of menace and it grew in volume and intensity as the lines sprang forward at intervals with bounds so perfectly timed that the brown feet struck the earth in a single mighty thud. The effect was magnificent in the extreme. With perfect rhythmic movement the serried line crept closer, powerful brown bodies heaving with the exertion of it. Round their necks they wore large amber-like beads; across their naked chests they carried bandoliers, and for the rest they were a jumble of bracelets and ankle-bands and knobsticks. Their piebald cowhide shields swung to right and left with shutterlike precision.

Suddenly, like a pack of hounds in full cry, they charged. For a second one's heart was in one's mouth as one thought of the awful possibilities. It was a flicker of wild faces, unmanageable brown limbs, and staves, dust and clattering shields, but they retired helter-skelter and made way for a further group even bigger than their own.

Young women dancers, drawn from three different clans, then shuffled forward, murmuring and clapping their hands in unison. The place where the Prince was sitting was indicated to them, but it is doubtful whether, in the ecstasy of the moment, they saw him, so intent they were on the task in hand. Some of the girls carried whips tipped with monkey tails. Statuesque figures they were, once the dance had begun. Their movement was hardly perceptible, but the shuffling feet brought them nearer by degrees. "*Shyah wuh wuh! Shyah sususu!*" they seemed

to sing, as with their narrow kirtles wagging they urged the warriors to greater vigour, and presently they were engulfed in another masculine rush. Silemane, grandson of Mpande, sprang forward with a gleaming stabbing assegai in his raised fist. He was a gorgeous figure in his feathers and bushes, but after a display of physical energy which left him gleaming with perspiration, he knelt like a child at the Prince's feet. Behind him was a fresh Impi, going through the strenuous ritual of assault, to which the oft-repeated death hiss gave sinister punctuation. There was not one among that vast concourse who was not a consummate artist and the natural wrapt poses of magnificently made men and women left an indelible impression upon the mind. When the ultimate Impi had withdrawn, Solomon approached the Prince again and craved his acceptance of a great war shield of the Zulu regiment, the *isongqu*, together with a knobkern and two assegais, which the recipient, to the delight of the watching braves, balanced and tested with the eye of an expert.

The Royal train had successfully climbed the steep ascent to Eshowe, but a slight mishap occurred to it some three miles down the line on the return journey, the front wheels of a bogie in one of the last carriages jumping the lines. A breakdown gang, with jacks and shoes, speedily put things right again and in due course the main line was reached at Gingindhlovu, the scene of the battle between Cetshwayo and his brother and rival, Umbulazi. Two young bulls cannot live together in the same kraal, it had been said of the young chiefs. It was here that the two met in mortal combat. "I have eaten the elephant," boasted Cetshwayo over his camp fire after the victory, and the village took its name from his remark—Gingindhlovu.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE TRANSVAAL

BONFIRES indicated the crossing of the frontier, and we passed several miles of them, some saying hail, as the rest had said farewell. From the platform of his coach the Prince could feel their hot glow. Just beyond the Pongola River six hungry black piccaninnies sitting on their haunches round dying embers shivered in the cold. They were huddling closer together when a young man, who had stepped a few yards from his saloon, appeared and took stock of them. "Poor little beggars!" said the young man, "can't we get them something to eat?" Five minutes later they were munching gustily. They could not have known that their benefactor was the Prince of Wales, or that they were the first folk he had set eyes on in the province.

The Prince had been told that he would have a real warm welcome from the High-veld Boers when he reached the Transvaal, but he could hardly have expected quite so cordial or so jolly a time as Ermelo provided on June 11th. Ermelo sprang out of the bare plain in the 'eighties and was destroyed during the war. Its development has been rapid since then, though it is still an isolated and rural habitation.

The first to greet the Prince was a commando of four hundred horsemen, Afrikanders who had deserted their distant farms and families for a week and ridden in at their own expense to do credit to their district. After the progress through the township they galloped round to join in the march-past. Words of command were given in Dutch—"Eerste troep—oe regs!"—and heads moved together to the salute. Only a few wore uniform, and that without uniformity, but their bearing was as impressive as that of any regiment of guards. The most remarkable part of the function was His Royal Highness's encounter with a large group of veterans, men with white or grizzled hair and flowing beards, who had fought in the republican cause in both first and second Boer campaigns. They were the men who, in their younger days, had taken part in Ingogo and Majuba and had, moreover, returned again in 1899 with the famous Ermelo Commando to support the invasion

over the Berg into the valley of the Buffalo and Western Natal. And here they were this morning fidgeting and craning their necks until the great moment should come when they would file past "*ons Prins*." Some of them stood staring at the ground framing in advance the sentences they would repeat to him. With trembling hands they stepped into the Royal circle, scanning each strange face until they recognized his. Even then they were not taking things for granted or expending their handshakes upon the wrong individual.

"Are you the Prince?" several insisted on asking him. "That's right, I'm your man!" he laughed and gave them all an opportunity to say their say. The excitement of those ancient landed warriors would have been droll had it not been so intensely moving. They had lived to learn that there could be more in the *pax Britannica* than their poet had prophesied when he wrote :—

"The great world does not want us—we must go,

And veld and spruit and kopje to the stranger must belong.
No more to trek before him shall we load.

Too well, too well I know it, for I hear it in the song
Of the *Rooibaatje* [Redcoats] singing on the road."

The Prince, too, had learned again how hospitable a Boer welcome could be. The Mayor was geniality itself, even if His Royal Highness had to instruct him in the holding of the new-fangled microphone which had been placed on the platform table. He made quite a considerable, though extremely nice, speech in trying to avoid making a speech. He said the High-veld wanted the Prince to feel at home while he was there and to do just as he liked. They hoped he would have the wisdom of a great ruler and that he would sometimes think of his stay in that part of the Transvaal. The High-veld would prove to be the source of strength to other parts of the country. They wished him the best that the Almighty could give him. God bless him!

"I feel," replied the Prince, as he took up the instrument, "rather as if I were talking over the telephone. I have seen some good old burghers and some good young ones too, and I thank you all. I sincerely wish you every prosperity and am going thoroughly to enjoy myself among you. You are chiefly interested in farming. You have in this important district of Ermelo the advantage of nearly all kinds of agriculture. I am sure you are leaving no stone unturned to secure better methods of farming and the latest machinery, and I trust that more stable conditions will soon prevail in connection with the disposal of your produce.

I notice from your newspapers that a number of South African farmers have gone to England to study conditions there. Such tours are an excellent thing for all concerned."

On June 14th the party motored ninety-six miles across the stony border country of Swaziland to Embabaa. The wilderness of boulders was found beyond bracing flats, through which the infant River Vaal cuts its first drifts and courses, and a pleasant group of large blue lakes. Beyond all these again we enjoyed the rugged magnificence of the Tomati Valley and the opalescent summits of the Nkomati Range, to which blue smoke columns rising above high kraal fires had given a volcanic aspect. Well-mounted Swazis, most of them in remnants of khaki uniforms, met us in the khaki-coloured veld and raised their right hands in salutation, as is their invariable custom when they encounter white men. Their plump young women glided past in ones and twos, rigid under a load of pans and baskets and bundles and still further encumbered with sleeping brown babes pocketed against their backs. Within the confines of Swaziland they seemed afraid of motor-cars, near or distant, but otherwise they were free and easy, more confiding than other Bantu tribes and more inclined to flippancy than the stalwart Zulus.

From the frontier, officers of the mounted Swaziland police escorted the Prince across the Usutu Valley. On the golf course, in superb surroundings, four big Impis in battle array gave him their distinctive royal salute—a shrill, long-drawn whistling which resounded along the regiments with magical effect. In front of the little court-house the Europeans of the Protectorate gathered to present messages of loyalty and to thank His Royal Highness that in the midst of continuous heavy labours he had not forgotten their distant and scattered community. The little girl guides requested him to convey a special message of love to their president, Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles. Members of Swaziland Advisory Council and of Hlatikulu Rifle Club were presented and His Royal Highness handed the C.B.E. to Colonel Nicholson, D.S.O., M.C., Government Secretary. In his little address, the Prince took pleasure in the fact that he had been able, notwithstanding the distance from the railway, to include Embabaa in his programme. If time had allowed he would have seen more of the territory and its inhabitants. He was pleased to hear that several rifle clubs and youthful training organisations were flourishing, making for efficiency and the spirit of comradeship.

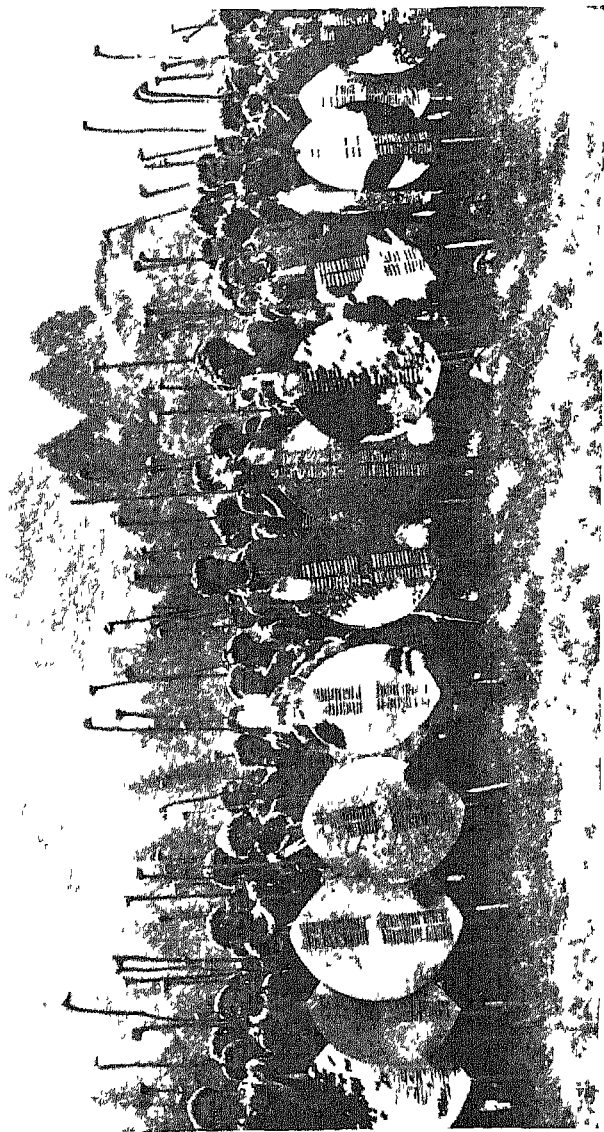
In the pretty hollow beneath Embabaa Mountain the next

day Paramount Chief Sobhusa Nkosi Dhlamini, son of the celebrated Umlandeni, and the chiefs and people of the Swazi nation gathered to acclaim and entertain the Prince. Sobhusa read the natives' address in the fluent English of a former student of Lovedale College. He was attired in frock-coat and spats, whilst behind him his wives squatted on the ground, the favourite distinguished by her looks as well as her more elaborate toilet. For this occasion they wore rich mantles under black-and-orange shawls, with tooth-shaped beads glinting against their brown necks and their hair built up around mounds of brown clay. In front of them sat the most powerful dowager in the land, the "Cow Elephant," Lomowa, who besides being Sobhusa's mother was also the rain-maker and mistress of the totems, carrying in her hair the red feather that denoted the rain medicine authority. Lomowa's influence can be immense and her talents as a diviner have baffled the white man. A little farther away were headmen and councillors and over their heads someone had raised a banner displaying a reproduction of Raphael's Pitti Madonna—an odd emblem in a pagan setting. At the edge of the enclosure a line of native police stood to attention like statues. And in a wide crescent in the distance the Impis were collected.

Sobhusa expressed regret that the ex-Queen Regent, Labotsibeni, was unable to leave her kraal at Szombodi on account of sickness. He begged the Prince's favourable reception of some Swazi presents—a large decorated native shield, a set of assegais, a leopard-skin kilt and a battle-axe of an antiquated type. In return he received from the Royal hand a rifle which seemed to please him immensely, a mantle-shawl for his mother Lomawa and an eiderdown for the sick and aged grandmother Labotsibeni.

The Prince remembered that the young Paramount Chief and his elders had taken an interest in the education of the people, especially in an industrial direction; he urged them not to devote their sole attention to book learning. Education was a good thing for everybody, but it should be varied according to circumstances. Wisdom lay in wishing to give a rural people agricultural and industrial training, and in that connection a good deal could be learnt from the European farmers in the way of good ploughing, the selection of seed and the manuring of crops. He was obliged to Swaziland for its salutation and its gifts. He regretted the absence of the former Chief Regent and thanked the Impis for having come a long distance—as he himself had done—to the dance.

Then on with the dance, which was accompanied by a constant



THE VILLAGE OF SWAZIS AT GUMBI VAN

raising and swaying of staves and a shrill whistling like the howling wind. The whistling was most weird; it broke into a frenzy as the Royal party descended from the platform and advanced across the ground. The Swazi performance was characterized more by the precision with which kerries and feet beat time to the chanting than by movement. In the main the Impis stood their ground as though accustomed by history to an attitude of aggressive defence. Such sorties as were made were the work of individual braves, who, having found their inspiration after a spell of concentrated musical effort, leapt into the arena like a steer at the rodeo, and it was amply evident that none would move out of line until the inspiration had seized him. The last weird whistle died down and the proceedings finished with a spirited "march past" of all the Impis, who bolted madly from the ground as fast as their legs could carry them. The last one saw of the dancers was a flash of shields and thousands of knobkerries raised aloft with a lump of fat tied to each. The object of the fat was to soothe the stiffening limbs and it would most likely prove useful after such a stampede.

The stay in Embabaan ended in gloom. That Sunday was the saddest day of the tour, for it was marred by a horrible accident to one of the Royal cars, in which the driver, Sergeant Van der Westhuizen, of the Union Air Force, met his death. The Prince and his suite were staying at the Residency, but had undertaken to pay an after-dinner call upon the town. The cars were on their way to the Residency to pick up the party when Van der Westhuizen's car ran off the road at a nasty spot where the track became indistinct. He tried to rectify his mistake, but it was too late. The wheels returned into a stretch of sand in which the car skidded and floundered and finally overturned completely. The driver was extricated by his companions, but his neck had been broken. There were no other occupants in the car at the time. The Prince was immediately informed and a message of sympathy was sent to the man's relatives. Van der Westhuizen's body was taken to Pretoria, where he was given a military funeral and buried under a mass of wreaths from the Royal train.

Another ninety-mile motor journey brought the Prince back to the railway at Carolina and thence his programme took him in a wide curve through the abundant but lonely spaces of the Transvaal. Behind all the local formalities inseparable from such a tour there was evidence in full measure of the hospitable heart to which the South African in general can lay claim. There was a pioneer bluntness and straightforwardness about the dorp

welcomes. The success of those rural meetings depended on the Prince and the people. There was no medium to smooth out the almost monotonous simplicity of the set schedule. It was left entirely to the Prince's own tact and aptitude to establish personal contact with the burghers of the north-east; and from the Afrikander element which constitutes the main white population astride the railway he was received with a cordiality unspoilt by any discord whatsoever. His conversations with them all along the line were mainly about rural conditions and the still undeveloped exploitation of the land.

At Carolina, though covered with white dust after the trying drive from Swaziland, he tarried to hear about the possibilities of developing the highly mineralized surrounding district and utilizing the trade which the Swazi hinterland could furnish. With a visiting deputation from Bethel he talked of the marketing and exporting of maize. At Barberton, on a graceful shelf of the Eastern Drakensbergs, he found himself for the first time on a South African gold-field. In the days of the great gold rush, when men had fondly thought that every local pursuit would be abandoned in the search for nuggets, Barberton had sheltered a largish population drawn from everywhere on earth, had built up an Eldorado of shacks and huts for them overnight, and had planned for the future by laying out broad streets and cross-streets. The mad scramble belongs to the past and although some still grow comfortably rich upon their mine earnings the town has found a new prosperity on a more settled and lasting basis, as the Prince remarked, by making sure of a profitable citrus fruit export and a cotton industry. It is only in recent years that the export of citrus from South Africa has attained such large proportions; from sixty thousand pounds in 1911, it has gone up to a million pounds in yearly value. Cotton, too, is spreading over the area, and having seen the natives trailing their baskets in the fields and the planters waving from their lonely hillside *rondavels* and bungalows the Prince made a detailed inspection of the Barberton cotton ginnery, where he learned how the cotton industry throughout the region is run on co-operative lines with swiftly growing success.

Through the Low-veld we passed in semi-tropical heat, among plantations of paw-paws and pineapples; and at Komatipoort, on the border adjacent to Portuguese territory, we found the station platform held in force by a party of men in pith helmets and duck suits, who with their ladies had crossed into the Transvaal from Delagoa Bay. Together with sixty ex-service men now

resident at Lourenço Marques they were presented to His Royal Highness by the British Consul. There was no official Portuguese delegation, but the High Commissioner of Mozambique had sent Colonel Ferrez and Dr. Malheiros to Pretoria to represent the colony during the Royal visit.

Komatipoort, a mere 500 feet above sea level, was the lowest point of all the long northward journey, and from it we climbed gradually back to the heights again. Before leaving we were reminded that the train was moving forward into the realm of wild beasts. There were crocodiles in the river in large numbers and the herd of hippopotami, twenty-six of the brutes, which had been carried away from their permanent pool by heavy floods, had returned to their old haunts the day before our visit. As it happened, the Prince's first entry into the wilderness just north of Komatipoort was on his own legs. His Royal Highness is not a hunter by instinct and showed little inclination, especially in view of the relentless nature of the whole railway journey, to make the excursion into the Sabie Game Reserve originally planned. But he is one of the world's most remarkable all-round athletes, and the propinquity of game along all this sector of the route did not deter him from taking his customary exercise. As soon as the formalities at Komatipoort were over and while the inhabitants were still thronging the station area, he changed into suitable clothes, dropped off quietly at the other side of the train and set out unnoticed on a run of several miles along the railway track with two or three companions. "I hear we may be eaten by lions!" he exclaimed jestingly as he started off. He was overtaken and picked up four miles farther on. He saw no lions, but just beyond the Crocodile River bridge the train passed close to a few wildebeeste nosing among the trees and a little later we caught a glimpse of groups of sable antelope and long-horned impala before night shut out the mysterious bush. The engine driver claimed to have chased a lion along the track for a couple of hundred yards, but his story must remain among the very unofficial records of the tour.

Beyond the game reserve and the Zoutpansberg gold-fields our path was through a smiling land where oranges and tomatoes flourish. It scaled a labyrinth of kloofs, rich in waterfalls, before it achieved the Pietersburg plateau and carried us into the most northerly town of importance in the Transvaal. Pietersburg, named after Piet Joubert of Majuba Hill fame, has long held watch over the natives of the Zoutpansberg Ranges, who until a generation ago hugged their arms and a spirit of indepen-

dence ; and one's interest centred in the meeting with the black peoples who had come in from Louis Trichardt, Tzaneen, Potgietersrust, the Groot Spelonken and the Magato Mountain border on foot and by cart to buzz with excitement at sight of the Prince. They included Shangaans who call themselves Magwamba ; and it was the Magwamba tribesmen who were responsible for the total annihilation of the first voortrekkers, after their own parents had fled to escape the wrath of Tshaka. Matabele and Basuto, too, were represented ; but above all, one's attention was instinctively drawn to the Bawenda people, for their forebears had established the most extensive kingdom ever known in the Northern Transvaal, and their once handsome, light-skinned queen, Modjedji, was the prototype of Ayesha—"She who must be obeyed."

It is significant of the swinging of the pendulum that the tribesmen of the Zoutpansberg, who remained the longest truculent in their attitude to the whites before and after the Malaboch campaign of 1894, presented to the Royal visitor a strikingly Europeanized appearance as compared with the Protectorate natives. There was scarcely one in the delegations who wore the habits of his fathers, and the leading chiefs, Mpahlele, Khotama and Sesoai Kekaner, and their eleven subordinate chiefs, as they approached to take the Prince's gifts, looked like simple farmhands, black of face, but otherwise dressed for stable and field. They had been anxious to carry out the Indaba with picturesque tribal rites, including the offering of a pure white ox, but had been persuaded to bring simpler and more practical things instead. Thus was presented the magnificent skin of a lion recently killed by Mehlale and his men and a blue silk-lined leopard skin. A curious symbolic doll, cleverly carved in teakwood and clothed in beads, was brought by Chief Mpafuri, who explained that "in giving to the Prince his own sister" he was giving his most precious relative. The fourteen chieftains included one woman, who still remained faithful to the ancient practices of her stock and retained female slaves, euphemistically called her wives.

The senior *indunas* on behalf of their clans said they had wished to salute the Prince in accordance with their own ceremonies in "the great places of our ancestors," but had come in all simplicity and humbleness to submit that they had proved their fealty to the King during the war, and should occasion arise their manhood and resources would be freely given. The Prince, in noting those changes which a period of peace had wrought and the general respect for law and order among the tribes, stated that

he felt assured that their esteem for constituted authority would continue as they increased in knowledge and understanding with the passage of time. He reminded them that the road of true achievement, with nation and individual alike, was slow and difficult, calling for sustained effort and patient restraint. "Do not be consumed by the desire to run before you can walk, and remember that the true greatness of a people lies not in its material possessions, but rather in qualities of character, such as honesty, obedience to those in authority, sympathy for the weak and needy, and observance of law and order in all circumstances. Develop along these lines and you need not fear for the future."

Pietersburg originally bore the name of Opzadel, because it was in front of the District Commandant's house in the market-place that commandos "upsaddled" in the olden days. It is sometimes referred to by those fond of drawing such parallels as the "California of Northern Transvaal," but the deepest impression made upon the stranger by the district, where "everything grows," is one of emptiness and lack of exploitation. There are only seven Europeans to every ten square miles of land and His Royal Highness listened attentively to instances of settlers being attracted in increasing quantities to the cotton and citrus farming. It is astonishing to realize that this dorp with a population of only 2,500 whites is the northern capital of the province and is—always excluding the fairly dense native communities—the only place of its importance within an area of two hundred miles. During his stay, the Prince received an album containing a newly compiled history of the region from its mysterious beginnings to its present search for an increased European settlement. By a curious trick of circumstance he was also handed a key to his own home in St. James's palace, the gift of a lady now resident in that district, who had retained various ancestral treasures from the time of George III. The souvenir was the "Groom of the Stole's" official key to the palace. The recipient could never have dreamed that he would receive in distant Pietersburg a means of ingress into his own house, but so it was.

The last engagement at Pietersburg was at the showground, where the Prince made an exhaustive inspection of the agricultural show and witnessed a horse parade. A special pavilion housed the mineral and pastoral resources of the North. At the entrance there stood a quaint Shangaan dwarf, a man who responds to the name of July and is a notoriety thereabouts. He assured the visitor that he was the father of twenty-three children, and passed the remark, "Well, well, this place gets more

like London every day." Behind him two statuesque Shangaan giants stood on guard upon tall pedestals. They were mistaken for models until they suddenly sprang to life and gave the Prince a loud *Bayete!* with a flourish of limbs and battle-axes.

On that particular day the Prince lost a five-pound bet. It happened that a travelling circus was visiting Pietersburg and that its menagerie was housed in trucks standing near the railway station. By a coincidence, also, the lord of the menagerie was a sixteen-months-old lion, which as a cub had been petted by Mr. Boydell, the Minister accompanying the Royal party at the time. The Prince had wagered that Mr. Boydell would not dare to caress the full-grown animal, but the Minister was a man of courage and resolution and showed himself perfectly willing to act the part of Androcles for the consideration named, which should be devoted to St. Dunstons. With the official photographer of the tour he hurried off to the menagerie. The lion was brought from his truck and tethered near the line. The Minister stepped boldly forward, allowed the lion to buffet him playfully for a moment and ultimately posed to the camera man with his arm round the animal's neck.

On June 19th all routes in the Transvaal, and not only that from Pietersburg, pointed to the administrative capital of the Union. The Prince of Wales and the people of Pretoria stood face to face in the amphitheatre of the great Union Government Building, while the Senior Predikant offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the future king's simplicity and greatness of heart. Pretty Pretoria is usually a place of placid social dignity, but it was clear that while the visitor had been approaching across the rural regions it had been preparing for his coming with tireless devotion. The spirit of keen but friendly rivalry among the cities of the Union was one of the captivating features of the tour. The mayors of Cape Town, Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, without their red robes, but with eyes more intently alert than ever, had come long distances to watch the Pretoria ceremonies, in a well-disposed comparative frame of mind. They saw an exhilarating and artistic ritual, such as the town had never performed before in the seventy years of its history.

Two flights of aeroplanes zoomed over the sumptuous railway station as the train entered. The first boom of the artillery salute sounded on Signal Hill and there was a flickering of bayonets in the station square, under green-swathed pillars. Orderly crowds showed the way. The balconies and sidewalks of Church Street were full of them. Church Square, which in the early

republican days used to be an ungainly expanse of red soil and a primitive caravanserai of Dutch trekkers, had become a garden protected by granite balustrades and pylons and was hemmed in by triumphal gateways and evergreen festooning. In the centre of its lawns a white obelisk had been reared, like a Cleopatra's needle, but gleaming bright, with a phrase of welcome upon it and a thousand electric light bulbs. The familiar old Raadzaal building had clothed its columns in Royal red; so, too, had the Courts of Justice opposite. There is no civic space in Africa better fitted for spectacular hours, nor one which can blend more smoothly the national and the municipal, than that central square at Pretoria.

Apart from the people congregated on the route, several thousands waited in the forum of the Union Government Building, the crescent colonnade of great nobility which links the main wings of the administrative offices and their twin clock belfries. This is the granite marvel of which Lord Selborne said that people would come from the ends of the earth to wonder at the beauty of the site and admire the courage and forethought of the men who had selected it. It stretches like an Alhambra along a shelf of Meintjes Kop, with woods lifting behind its loggias and steeples and gardens dropping in green terraces to the valley. Within the mass of freestone which throws its columned pavilions across the hillside is accommodated more than half the personnel of the centralized administrative services of the country. The Governor-General, the Cabinet and about 1,600 public "servants" have their rooms beneath its red roofs. Its architect, Mr. Herbert Baker, is said to have exercised a greater influence upon the architecture of South Africa than anyone since Simon Van der Stel.

His Royal Highness was saluted with a fanfare and the massed choir of the Pretoria Koorvereining sang Elgar's setting of the National Anthem. A solemnly religious tone was given to the proceedings by the prayer of the Senior Predikant and by the singing of the "Old Hundredth" in Afrikaans. The Prince, who was in the blue frockcoat uniform of the Guards, was welcomed in English and in Dutch by the Administrator of the Province, Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, who was a brilliant young Rhodes scholar at Oxford only a few years ago. The Royal reply was exceptionally long and dwelt upon several problems which vitally affect the Transvaal. It tendered thanks to the many Municipalities which had sent their mayors with loyal addresses and particularly noted the address from the Province as a whole. The Transvaalers had received him in a warm-hearted manner

since he had crossed its border and had carried on what he had experienced throughout the Union—the manifestation of a friendly spirit which would never be forgotten and which had been great encouragement in the course of somewhat strenuous travels. He understood that the dwellers in the administrative capital prided themselves on the beauty of their city and rightly regarded it as an object lesson in the art of town-planning and the development of local amenities. He had learnt with pleasure that their council had devoted much time and thought to the provision of playing-grounds. Coming from a more congested country than theirs, it was, perhaps, easier for him to see what an important part these played in the life of large cities. He trusted also that their hopes of industrial expansion would materialize.

At the close of his remarks, with startling effect, there was a yell from on high. A group of former soldiers had managed to find a ledge on the top of the roof, with only fluttering doves and the blue sky above them, and had waited for this chance to howl the Springbok war-cry. From the Province the Prince then received a hardwood cigarette casket framed in gold strips with engraved gold shields at either end, the whole prepared by the Royal Mint of Pretoria. The Chamber of Mines address was encased in a gold miniature battery tube bearing engravings illustrating the mining industry; from the Empire Forestry Association came a tobacco jar embossed and inscribed; and from the Messina Health Committee an ingot of copper from the local copper mine.

Early in the afternoon the Prince appeared at an Old Folks' Luncheon, at the Town Hall, where he met 300 of the oldest and happiest inhabitants of the district. There were rich and poor seated together and the link between them was the fact that no one was under sixty-five. The octogenarians teased the youngsters of seventy, and were, in turn, put in their place by the seniors of ninety. There were many bemedalled veterans closely identified with the history of the Transvaal in the past half-century or more. They forgot their soup and chicken to cheer their young visitor. They had no time, either, for the nice young women who had volunteered to wait upon them, or for the orchestra that played them the lightest American tunes. It was a festive board all the same. Finding it impossible to persuade the old people to "get on with the food, *please*," the Prince mounted the orchestral platform and said a little in the two languages of the gathering.

After a round of golf, His Royal Highness went to the recreation grounds to watch the close of a Rugby match between Pretoria and



THE PRINCE AT PRETIA PRETORIA
ADDRESS IN THE FOUNT OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING

the Harlequins. A little later a visit was paid to Roberts Heights, the Aldershot of the South African Defence Force, and there the system of the forts and the events that happened between May and June, 1901, were explained by men who had fought on both sides—Roberts' approach from the Klip River and over the Rand; French's cavalry manoeuvres across the rolling downs, his troopers standing in their stirrups to pluck oranges as they rode through the golden groves; Pole-Carew's dash over the southern ridge; Botha's rearguard action, and finally, the release of the long-pent-up prisoners and the march-past of the victorious English county regiments in the square as their flag went up over the Raadzaal. Fireworks and a very official State Ball in the beautiful white halls of Government House ended the day.

They were busy days! Government House, Pretoria, is one of the most delightful official residences in the world, but its august guest spent little time within its walls. Pre-eminent among his preoccupations on June 20th was the parade of 13,000 school-children at the eastern sports ground. They were arranged in lanes, about five hundred to each letter of the alphabet, and the Prince, after his long walk up and down the noisy lanes, told them they were the biggest gathering of its kind he had seen in South Africa and he would never forget it. Mr. Scott, the Director of Education and the organizer of the parade, and Professor Connell, who had come over from Johannesburg to train the two thousand choristers, were singled out for congratulation. The choir, banked up behind the Royal stand, seemed capable of singing anything and everything, and difficulties of language did not concern them. They sang the loyal anthems, the "Men of Harlech," "Mary, Mary, I love you," and "Marching on Pretoria," as easily as they gave "*Maar een Zuid Africa!*" The Royal listener turned reluctantly away. As the children had given him their Saturday very special arrangements had to be made to ensure for them a long week-end the following week. To hear the 13,000 of them singing Dutch and English songs with equal heartiness and equal facility compelled one to think that the South African bilingualism controversy will be settled by the growing generation much more smoothly than if left to the heated exchanges of the House of Assembly.

The second ceremony was a meeting with 20,000 natives representative of a large area in Southern and Central Transvaal. The Bapadi of the Rustenberg district were the most numerous among them, and their chief, Secocoeni, grandson of the celebrated Regent Secocoeni, and himself one of the important black rulers

in Africa to-day, was first and politest among the chieftains to exchange presents with the Prince. A man in middle age and very proper in his advance and retreat, he read his address of welcome out of a brown S.A. railway time-table. His voice was completely swamped by that of his uniformed interpreter, for whom no loud-speaking device was necessary. He was followed by the venerable Bafeteng leader, Mohkate, one who has had many trials in controlling his people, and by Moshete, chief of the Baralong, who carried a sceptre. They and others came and laid karosses at the Prince's feet, while their excited adherents shouted, "*Ishe Morema !*" To them all the Prince described the calamitous effects of the Great War, in which their men-folk had taken part, and of the waste still felt by every nation. They could not expect entirely to escape the harder conditions of the times. There was need of discipline and courage. The discipline to which they were accustomed commenced in the family and extended upwards through headmen and chiefs to the Government. Perhaps from the near approach of European customs there might be some who desired to leave their ancient practices, but he counselled them to use great prudence in attempting any new or untried course. He trusted their crops would continue to be good and wished them peace.

A band of Shangaans, dressed in extraordinary varieties of vests, kirtles and headgear did a most frenzied dance, and as the Royal party drove away the whole gathering ran over the turf in two enormous masses of shrieking humanity to keep it company as far as the boundaries of the race-course.

A similar experience awaited the Prince in the afternoon, with the difference that the people who nearly mobbed him at the civic garden party were more unruly than the native people. The chief guest did not allow the tactics of the less tactful element to interfere with his duties, which were to meet as many citizens as possible. Indeed, after a cup of tea and a rest, he asked to do it all over again. The reception was held in the grounds beneath the charming terraces of the Union Buildings at a time of day when the hillside and the great structure upon it looked their best in the rosy glow.

The Administrator's banquet that evening brought together delegates from fifty towns in the province, from the chief South African cities outside the province, and from Portuguese East Africa. They were men from lonely farmsteads as well as from the railway line and they toasted the Prince in hearty style in the Pretoria Club. The Administrator—a young man as clever

in speech as in the affairs of State—asked his guest to take their presence as evidence that no less hearty a welcome would have been his could he have visited all their homes. They would have liked to take him for a hospitable farmer's day in the heart of the bush-veld. "You have shown," he said, "that you understand us, you have spoken to our people in their own tongue, thus giving recognition to their language. In doing so you have touched a chord in our hearts which will continue to vibrate. We recognize in you, Sir, if I may say so, a certain kinship of character with our own people. Ours is a simple people, big-hearted and frank. They are always eager to express their goodwill; they are never hesitant about indicating their disapprobation (Laughter and cheers) If they do not like an Administrator, they say so (Cheers and laughter.) If they do like a Prince—(loud and prolonged cheers)—they say so with equal frankness, with equal simplicity, and with equal straightforwardness. In you, Sir, we recognize that the key-note of character is sincerity. You look beyond the mere formalities and get to the real heart of things. We are a people of the open air, of the sun, of the wide spaces. We are keenly addicted to outdoor sports. Our old voortrekkers taught their boys to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth. We inherited from them the capacity to ride and shoot and, I hope, also, to speak truth. There came those pioneers from the British Isles who brought with them the organized sport of Great Britain; and now, sometimes, we in the Transvaal have shown them that Jack can be as good as his master. In you we have found one who is also fond of the open air, who embodies the highest qualities of sportsmanship, and that has made a great impression upon us."

The Administrator said he happened to belong to the University of Oxford, to which the Prince so properly gave his preference. He remembered well the impression made upon the undergraduates by the Prince's enthusiasm in participating in all forms of sport on equal terms with the rest. They had recognized the same characteristics during his tour in South Africa. He had left a mark upon their country which would not soon be effaced. And no doubt he would remember the tonic of the High-veld air, the crackling of the low-veld grass under his feet, the bustle of the Rand and the quiet dignity of the capital city, but above all the infection and affection of a united people.

It was no easy task to respond to the deftly delivered toast of the Administrator, but the Prince rose to the occasion in a manner which brought him a very wonderful ovation. Bronzed faces

glowed as he referred to the representative gathering of Transvaalers which had received him in the amphitheatre of the splendid Union Buildings, "underneath those twin towers which symbolize the unity of the two great European sections of the population of the Union." He thanked the citizens and those who had come from the smaller towns of the veld, the guests from Lourenço Marques, and the school-children, who were "the people we have got to look to in the future." From the Transvaalers he had learnt much more from informal conversations than from the more formal addresses of welcome. He had done what he could within the limits of his programme—(loud cheers)—and some of his happiest experiences had been at small wayside stations not on the programme, where he mixed with people at unexpected and unadvertised times and at all hours of the day and night. Those meetings encouraged him in the hope of returning to South Africa.

"Next time it will be without a programme," he remarked amid loud appreciation. He was an out-of-doors man, and the country where out-of-door life predominated appealed to him. It was no polite platitude when he said he would do his best to return.

"I am glad," continued His Royal Highness, "that the Administrator reminded me that we were contemporaries at Oxford.—(A voice: "What about Cambridge?")—I am not forgetting Cambridge. You know what college preferences are. I don't think that either Mr. Hofmeyr or I got our blues; but had I known in the old days at Oxford that I should be his guest at Pretoria on such a notable occasion I should certainly have forced my way into Balliol—as a Magdalen man I should not have been invited—and should have begged him to give me a course of lessons in Afrikaans.—(Loud laughter and much cheering.)—As it is, gentlemen, with what many of you may regard as a neglected education—(laughter)—I can only say: *Ek hartelik bedank u vir die vriendelik manier waarin je heb mijn gesonheit gedronk, alles vanaand gaat baie mooi!*"

With the delighted shouts of those typical Transvaalers resounding in his ears he passed in a blaze of illuminations into the square. The façades of the Old Government Building, once the seat of the republican parliament, and of the Palace of Justice, the last edifice built by "Oom Paul," were outlined in coloured lighting. Lamps burned upon every balcony and a patient multitude still waited to watch him drive away through a veritable tunnel of electric bulbs.

On Sunday morning His Royal Highness attended a parade of ex-

soldiers under the poplar trees behind Government House, a simple service at which the red-robed Bishop of Pretoria stood between two guardsmen in bushies to preach to 4,000 former service men and women. His text was, "Be of good cheer," but his sermon was a decidedly gloomy one. Some minutes after the parade had dispersed the Prince left with Admiral Halsey for the old cemetery in which stands the statue of President Kruger. He took with him a wreath of white carnations and laurel leaves and laid it on the grass at the foot of the grave as a tribute to the old hero of a vanished State and a peace offering to his kinsmen. For a few moments the young Prince studied the white marble bust, the stern lines of the old Republican's face and the inscription surmounting the grave. The little ceremony was witnessed by only half a dozen passers-by, but it was one of the truly historic incidents of the tour.

On Monday, June 22nd, at the end of a bleak wintry afternoon, Johannesburg, once called "a tin town with a gold cellar," but now by far the most populous place in the Union and a city with a metropolitan air and boundless ambition gave the Prince an extraordinary welcome as the greatest guest in its history. The uncommon chilliness of the day was counter-balanced by the extreme heat of the reception, which gave the police anxious and in places strenuous moments. The Royal route from the Park Station along Eloff, Pritchard, and Rissik Streets was piled high with the faces of boisterous people; figures waved from queer crannies in the complex skyscrapers; and the spaces sloping from the Town Hall were covered with the densest carpet of human beings ever collected in South Africa. The thoroughfares flanking the dull grey building of the Town Hall were the most congested centres of a turbulent city. For hours the Reef trains had added to the congestion from the towns between Heidelberg and Krugersdorp. From attic to ground floor hotels were full to bursting point. Children survived miraculously at the kerbs. Such tree branches as were visible groaned under a grappling load of youths and maidens. Statues and monuments had become grand-stands.

We had been taught to expect much of Johannesburg, but the first few hours of it were perturbing in their intensity after several weeks mainly of empty brown veld and rural experiences. As the world has good reason to know, it is a young town of giant growth, having thrown up its big store houses, its monumental public buildings, its teeming industrial headquarters and spreading educational establishments upon ground which fifty

years ago was barren plain. That outside world of void landscapes, modest homesteads and bucolic communities had diverted our minds. From the peace of Potchefstroom we passed through half-deserted suburbs along the Reef and found ourselves without warning in the tumult of a crowd some hundred thousand strong, whose shouting almost overwhelmed the booming of the gun which gave the salute in front of the Town Hall.

The streets of the processional way were lined by 10,000 men of the defence force and by more than 3,000 police. Guards of honour awaited the Prince at various places along the route and opposite the halting-place in Harrison Street 3,000 ex-service men and a large parade of disabled soldiers and nurses had to be inspected. Here the Guard of the Transvaal Scottish stood, with their bandsmen in red tartans at one end of the line, and a company of white-clad "V.A.D.'s" at the other. While the presentation of leading citizens was being made inside the mayoral apartments of the Town Hall, several determined attempts by wildly elated crowds to break through the cordon of troops and cadets at neighbouring corners were checked and order was good-humouredly re-established. A few people fainted in the crush and kept the motor ambulances occupied.

Emerging from the opposite exit of the building after a long walk through its corridors, the Prince found another throng of waving citizens packed and pent up in the area between the Town Hall and the Post Office. Their clamour drowned the Mayor's remarks, but stilled soon after the khaki-uniformed visitor began his speech. Acknowledging the civic welcome, he congratulated the city upon the enterprise which had made it the largest municipality in that part of Africa, but also made a frank appeal for the discussion of differences within the mining communities. It was in accordance with the history of all gold-mining towns that Johannesburg had had an eventful past, but he was confident that if the various interests approached each other with goodwill and in an honest endeavour to remove the causes of trouble their problems would eventually be solved to the benefit of all sections and of the whole city. It was agreeable to learn that their business men were establishing industries to supplement the great gold-mining enterprise, and take its place when the mines had been exhausted. Turning to the Mayor, he added that he had been told Johannesburg possessed 700 miles of road. He was sure from what he had seen that a great deal of work in the direction of constructing good roads lay ahead. It was one of the country's vital problems. With such vast distances a

great effort was required, but the reward would be tangible.

Many addresses were thereupon presented and among the gifts the Prince received were a silver model of a Rand miner's helmet and from the Indian delegation a beautiful representation of the Taj Mahal wrought in gold from the Reef. He devoted the remainder of the evening to war sufferers who had been summoned to meet him in the central hall. After dining privately at the Carlton Hotel he was taken to the roof of the Rand Club, which was his home for the duration of the visit, to witness a display of rockets and fireworks along thirty miles of reef.

Festivities increased as the evening wore on and proved a supreme test of the nerve and stamina of the local police. The guardians of law and order in Johannesburg are not entirely unaccustomed to excitement, but it was quite clear that night that they would be very tired men before Thursday came. Round the entrance of the Rand Club, in the streets adjoining the Carlton, and wherever it was rumoured the Prince might put in an appearance people swarmed and surged until a late hour.

The chief social function was the ball of the British Empire Service League at Eton House. His Royal Highness was in the middle of the dance when the electric lighting, which had been most lavishly expended on external illuminations, failed, and he and his partner finished the item in the ghostly light of candles and matches, which a group of merrymakers held out in front of them. At midnight he was made to realise that the following day (June 23rd) was the thirty-first anniversary of his birthday. On behalf of the B.E.S.L. the Dominion Vice-President made him the gift of a jewelled gold copy of the League badge. He confessed that he was personally rather apt to forget birthdays, but made a charming little speech before going off to another dance at the Carlton.

"Many happy returns of the day!" was the cry wherever he went the following morning. The thirty-first milestone proved to be his busiest birthday; from an early hour cablegrams and messages of congratulation were carried in hundreds into his secretariat in the club, and while he was at breakfast a delegation from the Chamber of Mines and the Municipality came to present him with a golden casket, to which every mine along the Rand had contributed one ounce of pure gold. The casket was the model of a temple, based upon polished quartz and bearing in relief a representation of the Johannesburg City Hall, flanked by enamel coats of arms and on the reverse a gold mine in relief. There were messages awaiting him from the King and Queen and various

members of the Royal family, from all parts of the Empire and particularly from scores of South Africans whom he had met on his travels.

The day's programme was calculated to give the largest possible number of well-wishers the opportunity to see the Prince. A strangely festive East Rand revealed itself and its mine properties and mining dependents to him. The party travelled out to Springs by special train in sight of the battery-houses, shaft-heads, smoke-stacks and white cyanide dumps, which are so familiar a sight to the inhabitants of the Witwatersrand, but a novel feature to the stranger with eyes long accustomed to leagues of field and bush land. From Springs, which is the farthest eastern limit of the mining region, the return was made past the blue lakes which form the mine dams and through unnumbered lanes of school-children and native mine boys, with calls at Brakpan, Benoni, Boksburg, Germiston and other important centres of mushroom growth. The Prince gained an insight into the social side of the mine properties and saw a good deal of the black civilization which is growing up side by side with the white and which in its detribalized state constitutes one of the formidable problems the country has still to face.

It was a morning of noise, triumphal arches, and cold sunshine. The Rand is a platform close on 6,000 feet above sea level, an altitude which makes the heart pulsate with alarming vigour and gives to its people a tempestuous temperament. It bears the stamp of the world's great centres of restless and ruthless industrial energy. It is a region of complex mechanism and research, of culture combined with crudeness, with the touchstone of precious gold traceable everywhere among its quarries and outcrops. The treasure which only forty years ago brought adventurers as searchers into the rocky waste is now reserved for experts, analysts, engineers, and capitalists who work with intricate machinery, and not for stray fortune-hunters. The Uitlander is no more. This most extensive gold deposit, which gives to the world the half of its gold supply, stretches in an almost unbroken seam for sixty miles beneath the sunken shafts of the reef. But it is not an Eldorado in which the new-comer roams and picks up nuggets of bright metal. Three tons of rock must be blasted in the bowels of the earth, carried to the surface, ground to powder and chemically treated before one single ounce of gold is won; and the Witwatersrand industry has become a very exact science, through whose processes over two million tons of rock are passed month by month before the maximum amount of gold is extracted.

from the minimum quantity of rock and slime. The industry has become stabilized. The scientist and the investor have largely replaced the gambler among all this paraphernalia of digging, washing and dumping. The hills of white refuse which about on Johannesburg and its sister townships, the residue of crushed quartz which has so completely changed the face of the land, represents perhaps 500,000,000 tons of matter mined from the depths. It is interesting to think that most of our gold sovereigns were once embedded in those glistening white mounds.

The archway at Benoni greeted the Prince as "The Greatest Lad we've ever had." Costumed children met him in the streets of Brakpan and Boksburg and wished him the best of birthdays. Baskets of flowers, a bar of gold, silver cigarette cases, and a silver fox travelling rug were given him; and later he was asked to accept a lion's skin of unusual size, hunting crops and walking sticks, an Alsatian wolf-hound, and many bunches of flowers and fruit. He returned to town laden with tokens of esteem, but with heavy duties ahead of him.

At the Rand Club he met a group of military officers who laid before him the essential facts regarding the Delville Wood National Memorial, in the foundation of which he had taken active interest. On the Village Deep ground in the early afternoon an enormous assembly of mine natives drawn from all parts of South Africa acclaimed him. At the edge of the meeting there rose one of the loftiest refuse dumps in the district and up its white slopes the black boys had congregated in their hundreds to look down upon the Royal procession as it arrived. "The huge mine dumps," their spokesman said, "which Your Royal Highness has seen along the Rand are a monument to the co-operative achievement of both races, for where the white man supplied the brains we gave the sinews and muscles of our race. May Briton, Boer, and Bantu work together for the peace and progress of this great Dominion."

The Prince drove that afternoon to Milner Park to open the new building of that important seat of learning, the foundation stone of which was laid by Prince Arthur of Connaught in 1922, the University of the Witwatersrand, and to receive an honorary degree. Descending from his quarters he found the students awaiting him with a queer convoy of motor-lorries drawn by an antiquated model locomotive and tilted with white canvas in imitation of the white coaches of the Royal train. A mild hoax was played upon the public lining the streets through the inner town. After a moment's anxiety because the locomotive could not be persuaded to get up steam in spite of some frantic winding

and pushing, the "train" rattled off in the direction of Milner Park. There followed a car in which sat a youth whose features more or less resembled those of His Royal Highness. He was accepted without suspicion by ingenuous ones in the crowd and even hoaxed the cadets and students at the University, where for awhile, at any rate, he received the honours.

The actual ceremony of capping the Prince took place under the grey Grecian columns of the university façade, he stood in his scarlet gown in presence of a large congregation of boy and girl students. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Robert Kotze, and the address of welcome was delivered by the Principal, Sir William Thompson, who had named King George Chancellor of the Cape University twenty-four years before. Sir William said they had followed with pride the manner of the Prince's journey and his sacrifice of personal comfort to meet his future subjects in their home districts, to become acquainted with their aspirations and needs and to do his share in consolidating the bonds of fellowship within the British Commonwealth. They desired to join in the universal felicitations of the Prince's birthday. He recalled that a conspicuous feature of the Prince's travels had been the enthusiasm of his French-speaking fellow-subjects in the great democratic Dominion of Canada as well as by the Dutch-speaking South Africans; and the manifestations of loyalty of the Red Indian races, no less sincere than those he was receiving from the African Bantu peoples—conclusive evidences of a mission nobly accomplished. It was, then, in view of his services to all the States of the Empire that on his birthday, a day of happy omen, they expressed a wish that he might long continue in the path of public duty which he had marked out for himself.

His Royal Highness was then invited to open the buildings by Sir William Dalrymple, chairman of the University Council, who touched on the history of the establishment, which he described as the nerve centre of the Union's economic system. The buildings marked the final emergence of Johannesburg from a purely mining town, with its restless, feverish activities, into the steady, organized life of a modern industrial city.

With a golden key the main door was unlocked. The Witwatersrand University is, with the exception of Delhi, the youngest in any British Dependency. It numbers 1,200 students and has a staff of nearly 100 professors, and the Prince saw on every hand signs of new construction and expansion. He also visited the structure in which is housed the great 28-inch telescope which

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THE PRINCE AMONG THE KAND MINI NATIVES
ENCLOSURE AT VILLAG DEEP

Yale University had sent to the Witwatersrand for research work in the Southern Hemisphere. After setting in motion the clock which was to control the movement of the telescope he performed quite a feat of endurance in inspecting a great muster of Transvaal boy scouts and girl guides and, still insistent upon fulfilling the day's obligations, in walking a very considerable distance over difficult ground to review Indian and coloured gatherings. He finished the course with a garland of carnations round his neck and Jamadar Khan, an aged Sikh, who had seen thirty-five years military service and been a member of Lord Roberts' bodyguard, walking at his side, a worthy escort with sabre drawn. A way had to be made for him through miles of excited folk who raised the general cry of "Many happy returns!" It was an anniversary which the Prince himself is not likely to forget. It left him tired and his suite more tired still. It was marked by a spirit of kindly tolerance in tight situations which was not least among the qualities he displayed in the jostling crowds of Johannesburg, which for four days, day and night, in crisp and often bitterly cold weather, stood firm to see him pass. The atmosphere created among them by his presence could only be described as being charged with the electricity of violent and clamorous enthusiasm. Everywhere barriers were taxed to bursting point. Everywhere the police had to link hands to stem the human tide.

Among the gifts which reached headquarters was one which had to be refused. It was a cheque for £2,000, and the donor suggested that it should be spent upon a horse worthy of the Royal rider, it came from the aged lady of Uitenhage, who, during the Prince's stay in the Cape Province, had contributed £5,000 through him to the After-Aid Department of St Dunstons at George. His Royal Highness was deeply touched by the lady's generosity, but was constrained to decline the gift in accordance with his invariable rule not to accept presents from private individuals. At his suggestion, and with the donor's approval, the cheque was forwarded to the British Empire Service League for the benefit of disabled and unemployed ex-soldiers in the Union.

On Wednesday, from a platform in front of the Town Hall façade, the Prince watched the "Rand Pageant of Industrial Progress," a little Wembley on wheels and a striking series of pictures of old and new Johannesburg. The long line of symbolical cars was intended to be a reflex of Rand history and romance and was, of course, supplemented by splashes of colour and touches of feminine attraction such as invariably go to the making of a

successful carnival procession. Citizens of the Reef are warrantably proud of its meteoric career, the revolutionary character of its growth, the rapidity with which it has made history. The pageant was a window display of its commercial activities. Captain Délingette, the French officer who with his wife had reached South Africa from the extreme north of the continent in a 10 h.p. Renault car, was invited to join in the show; he was introduced to the Prince and was given a special medal to commemorate the occasion. A hundred other cars saluted the visitor. Included in the historical section we saw native aborigines in a portable kraal; a typical voortrekker wagon drawn by oxen with a voorlooper ahead and a guard of armed Boers; and a group of old Afrikaners tramping along with all the contraptions that had once been required for a long trek across the karoo. A characteristic mule-drawn Cape cart followed, and after an interval an ancient Zeederberg post-chaise such as had driven to and fro between the Rand and the Kimberley mines in early mining days before the advent of railways. The coach was occupied by a number of passengers dressed in Victorian styles; as they leaned out of the windows to salute the Prince a cheer went up from the street. After an allegorical group representing the Dawn of Union came a hunting scene, a field hospital car and naval guns. The Chamber of Mines had sent a stupendous gold brick shaped like the gold bar that is dispatched to the bank for shipment, it was hauled by dozens of black mine-workers and its measurements showed the exact output of Rand gold during 1924. Behind it a car bore a gigantic block of coal with Transvaal colliers at work upon it. There was also an interesting working model of a section of mine-stope at which miners laboured with rock-drills.

Meanwhile a dense line of school-children well over a mile in length awaited the Prince in Milner Park and on his arrival he elected to walk the whole length of the parade. There must have been nearly 40,000 youngsters waving flags at him and stunning him with their deafening noise. Little folk in gold and red and green danced before him, leading him into an arena where for three-quarters of an hour a tremendous volume of cheering at close quarters was all that happened—except the granting of an extra holiday. Later in the day, in the presence of the Prince, the Governor-General and Princess Alice, and a throng of idolators, Sir Abe Bailey's Jubilant II followed up his Durban success by winning the chief event at Turffontein races by a nose.

Replying to the toast of his health at the Civic Banquet that evening His Royal Highness thanked the city for showing him so

much in so short a space of time and those working behind the scenes in planning the arrangements for his visit, which, he was bold enough to feel, with the kind co-operation of the public, had gone off without a hitch. He was glad they had shown him the children, there and in the other reef towns. He regretted his inability to see all their industries properly. He felt there was only one thing to do, and that was to try and return another time. He continued.—

“As the Mayor and I were walking through this building this morning the Mayor said, ‘This hall has very bad acoustic properties,’ so I said, ‘Well, in that case, why have any speeches?’—(Loud laughter)—I am not going to stand here and offer you any advice, but I cannot help feeling that the differences and problems confronting you could sometimes be avoided—in any case, they could be toned down a good deal—if the various parties concerned would try to put themselves into each other’s positions and see each other’s point of view. Now, it is very easy for someone to stand up and say that. I know it is much harder actually to put into practice, but I suggest it is worth thinking of when we get rattled, as we sometimes do.”

There were 700 people in the hall and they rose to wish their guest so long a life that he might spend many birthdays in Johannesburg.

Bright and early in the morning, while the majority of those with whom he had danced the night before were still sleeping, His Royal Highness joined the Master of the Rand Hunt Club and with a small party of friends rode out over the jumping country near Booysens. The drag hounds led through Nelsonia, down a watercourse, over walls and rails, and water-jumps towards the Klp River

Thursday was the date of the Prince’s tour of the West Rand. From Krugersdorp he worked his way from town to town back to Johannesburg along the Main Reef Road, with the wind driving the dust from the gaunt white dumps. With that suave and ardent Republican, Mr Tielman Roos, Minister of Justice in the Hertzog Government, sitting in the car at his side, he went from Roodepoort to Florida, and on to Maraisburg and Langlaagte. In Krugersdorp Coronation Park, among a group of very aged burghers of the district, there was a centenarian named Strydom, 103 years old. He had brought his son, aged 85, but apologized to the Prince because his grandson was absent through the infirmities of old age. There was also a veteran of Inkerman, a tall old fellow with his cheek still scarred and blackened by

Crimean powder He was ninety and quite deaf, but stood erect with eyes looking straight ahead. The Prince scanned his features for some seconds. "Great!" he murmured. The Royal party were here shown the obelisk of the Paardekraal Monument, which marks the exact spot whence the Boer commandos marched to avenge the massacre of Piet Retief by Dingaan in 1838. The Prince was deeply interested in that great act of treachery and accepted from the Municipality a beautiful little replica of the obelisk in gold

With a keen wind cutting across the road he reached the western suburbs. His visit to the West Rand culminated in a fascinating hour spent within the Crown Mines, where he learned a lot about the winning of gold from the ground and inspected minutely the whole process whereby the gold-impregnated rock is blasted, milled and chemically treated. If there was one particular event in the Johannesburg programme which excited his interest above all others it was his first-hand acquaintance with the conditions of the main industry gained in this model property. He donned a mine helmet and overalls as protection against water and dirt and descended to a depth of 3,200 feet. He manifested a keen desire to study the conditions under which the miners work and conversed at length with the numerous operatives. And the nature of his questions as the romance of gold production was explained to him from start to finish, coupled with his speech at the civic banquet, appealing to the divergent interests of the Witwatersrand to tone down their differences, attracted considerable local attention and favourable comment. The Crown is the world's largest gold mine as well as an exemplary establishment. It was obvious that the visitor was seeing something which had aroused his liveliest interest. He showered questions on the general manager, Mr. Walton, from the moment he stepped into the four-decker cage in which he descended to the nineteenth level until he reached the final stages of the industry in the smelting house. In the white-washed chamber which formed the bottom of the shaft a banner bore the words "Welcome Underground!" A "Royal train" of two coaches awaited the party, which, on its mile journey, had an opportunity of noticing various junctions from whence lines radiated to all sections of the mine in a manner suggestive of the London underground system. A short walk led to the stope-face, where jack-hammers were ready for action. There His Royal Highness studied how the reef dips and how the presence of precious particles is indicated. He watched the great dynamos and the compression plant which



A BECHUANA BABY

feed the jack-hammer drills. He went to the pump-house; to the skips in which the rock is hoisted to the surface; and thence to the smelting-house, where he watched molten gold trickling out and being cast into bars. Time did not permit him closely to examine the various cyanide and slime processes, but they were explained to him in their embryonic state and a miniature brick was presented to him before departure.

The white coaches moved out from Park Station again late that evening, bound for Mafeking, Bechuanaland and Rhodesia. Practically the whole of the Witwatersrand waved good-bye. They had known the Prince only four days, but he was pledged to return to Johannesburg for an unofficial stay devoid of ceremonial on his way back to the Cape, and, in any case, such impressions and friendships as had been created counted for much more than calendar leaves. They had clustered round him and clamoured for him incessantly, but had done their best to spare him stiffnesses and formalities. They had given him hardly a wink of sleep, but he went with their promise (very faithfully fulfilled) to leave him entirely alone and free for rest or sport on his return from the North.

To his knowledge of the Natal battlefields the Prince had opportunity, on June 26th, to add some insight into the siege positions which made the name of Mafeking famous. The little town which during those seven months of siege beginning in October, 1900, was converted into a fort held by 900 irregulars, has now become a pleasant agricultural centre quite willing to forget its earlier fame. It is no longer a place of "small assets and immense aspirations," and among its flat tin-roofed buildings have grown up a group of attractive official buildings, partly municipal, partly belonging to the headquarters of the Bechuanaland Protectorate Administration.

The Prince visited the siege memorial erected to the Protectorate Troops, Town Guard, Cape Police and Rhodesian Regiment who fell during the investment and also went to the Town Hall, where he saw the Union Jack which flew above Dixon's Hotel, Baden-Powell's headquarters. On arrival he drove to the native burg, where, in a picturesque setting of kraals and compounds, he met Bechuana chiefs of the Baralong tribe, with whom he exchanged gifts. As he passed through the native quarter crowds of Bechuanas called out their shrill greetings. At the civic welcome the mayor expressed the hope that the Prince would remember South Africa as something more than a place where all the children sang the Royal Anthem and all the mayors made long speeches.

CHAPTER XV

SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS—NEW STYLE

THE latest proposals for augmenting the South African transport system show that for the time being those responsible for railway construction in the Union are not thinking in continents. The mileage is increasing, but the work is such that it will hardly bear indicating on a small-scale map. The Minister of Railways in the Hertzog Government, Mr. C. W. Malan, recently introduced a Railway Construction Bill, which has passed its second reading, for 962 miles of new line at a cost of £4,541,225. These new lines, recommended by the Railways and Harbours Board, are designed to give improved services to agricultural and pastoral areas. They are simply extensions or branch lines of existing systems and none of them exceeds 100 miles in length. The average is under forty.

A few years ago Cecil Rhodes sat at Bulawayo and dreamed his dream of a Cape-to-Cairo railway—an all-red route across Africa. He saw in advance the narrow track pushing northwards across the leagues, over the very "Boiling Pot" of the Victoria Falls, through the dark jungles of the central continent and on till it came to rest among the white mosques of Egypt. His successors to-day concentrate upon, say, a little seventeen-mile run from Ficksburg to Groenfontein. To casual people it might seem that there is a certain incongruity in this narrowing down of constructive activity. Yet Rhodes recognized that the particular lay beyond the general and himself expended infinite trouble upon local affairs when necessity arose, and it may be doubted whether fresh lines on an extensive scale would perform an adequate service in the still thinly peopled South Africa of to-day.

The fact is that the territories within the Union have seen an amazing growth of railways, in proportion to the size of their white population, since the first sod of the two-mile line between Durban and the Point was turned in 1860. At that time the country was very raw. Savage tribesmen swarmed everywhere and the white man had to do battle in every new area he entered. State ownership was a matter of necessity from the start. Until Union the

separate Governments continued to operate without co-ordination and for long the railways were confined to the British Colonies, terminating just short of the boundaries of the Dutch Republics, whose remote citizens wished to remain remote and threw up impassable barriers to any further advance. With the great mineral discoveries along the Reef and in West Griqualand the progressive epoch began and to-day the Union owns the second largest mileage in the world under single management, with nearly 12,000 miles in use. The Minister's own figures, recently given to the House of Assembly, are 2·24 miles of line to every 100 square miles of territory, as compared with the Argentine, where the proportion is 1·08, and New South Wales, where it is 1·72.

In its report to the Ministry the Railways and Harbours Board stated that the suggested branches and extensions would serve and drain regions capable of considerable agricultural development, would help fruit production and would ease transport difficulties among certain close settlements. A few instances may here be given. It is significant that the present Bill favours especially the Transvaal, which in old republican days seemed to abhor railways.

With the completion of the great Hartebeestepoort Dam, west of Pretoria, a considerable region will be irrigated from the Crocodile River, and railway facilities will have to be provided as part of the development scheme. To meet the first requirements of the new settlements a branch line is to be built from Brits to Beestekraal, a distance of twenty-nine miles, at an estimated cost of £132,800. This should directly serve 15,000 morgen of irrigable land, one-third of which is owned by the Government. The Government plot is being divided into small holdings on which up to 180 families are being settled during the present year. Lucerne, citrus fruits, cotton and maize will form the principal crops and dairying will be encouraged. Intensive cultivation is already going on for fifty miles beyond the proposed Beestekraal terminus. The new line can be extended to Buffelshoek if the iron ore deposits in that neighbourhood are actively developed.

Another plan which has been approved provides for a line of fifty-two miles continuing on from Boschoek to Witfontein. This will entail an expenditure of more than a quarter of a million, but an extension of the railway into the district north of Rustenburg has long been under consideration, and the proposed extension will have to serve an area of no less than 3,600 square miles. This represents 1,150,000 morgen of land, most of it arable. Cotton, kaffir-corn and tobacco are cultivated and

additional tracts of ground are being cleared for cotton.

The maize district which constitutes the extreme south-western wedge of the Transvaal Province has two main lines running through it, but they are now to be joined up by 110 miles of new railway, which will cut across the veld from Maquassi to Klerksdorp with an additional link between Ottosdal and Vermaas. This project will mean an outlay of £535,000. The maize yield during the present season approximates 30,000 tons, but the Board drew attention to the long and indifferent feeder-roads, and the Agricultural Department calculated that the potential annual maize output of the whole area should approach 100,000 tons and that the present rate of production could be doubled if rail facilities existed. The Klerksdorp-Ottosdal tract will traverse a promising gold-mining region at Rietkuil, which absorbs 12,000 tons of coal per year, at present conveyed to the mines by road.

Some months ago a novel road-rail omnibus was run experimentally between Naboomspruit and the Springbok Flats, but it has not come up to expectations and is to be replaced by a railway extension running fifty-two miles into the Zebediela country and costing about £155,000. There has been a fresh influx of farmers, and maize, citrus and ground-nut yields are progressively increasing. In this case the Zebediela Estates are furnishing guarantees against loss during five years from the opening on the line. A further tract to be undertaken in the Transvaal is from Potchefstroom to Losberg in connection with the Klip Drift Settlement.

In the Orange Free State Province several minor lines are to be built—one linking Petrus Steyn with Lindley, for instance. The only lengthy extension will carry the railway down from Bothaville as far as Bultfontein, in the heart of the ill-served western divisions. There has lately been in the Northern Provinces a good deal of agitation against the railway administration for what is considered a breach of Section 127 of the Constitution. That section is there regarded as one of the corner stones of the South Africa Act and a special charter for the interior, since it stipulates that the railways shall be administered on business principles so as to promote, by means of cheap transport, the settlement of an agricultural and industrial population in the inland portions of provinces. Complaint is made that the system of tariffs is illogical and unfavourable to centres away from the seaboard, which are made to pay high rates in order that the railways may compete with the steamship companies. To them,

inequalities which affect their output of such things as condensed milk and pineapple-syrup are a matter of deep concern and their Chambers of Commerce are pressing mildly for reform.

Transportation in the Cape Province has long since gone beyond the elementary stage and an enlargement of the existing railway system is less necessary than in the growing areas beyond the Orange River. There has, in recent years, been a good deal of new construction work in the western divisions. To it will now be added half a dozen small but interesting extensions. From Addo a line is to run the twenty-one miles to Kirkwood, the township of the Strathsomers Estate, part of the great irrigation enterprise on the Sundays River, which has done much to convert the mass of wild bush below the Zuurberg range into a superbly beautiful cultivated area. In the eastern divisions the Lady Grey line is to be continued to Barkly East, where the "blue" wool pasturages are valuable, and Jamestown farmers are to have a line which will get their stock and grain to Molteno, forty-four miles away on the main railway, to East London. The Somerset East fruit and farming centre is included in the Bill; its railway will penetrate a further twenty-two miles westward.

The most important change in the Cape districts will affect the extreme western coastal region. There, the system running parallel with the coast through Malmesbury to the Olifants River will be prolonged by another ninety odd miles. This will bring it into the great grazing valleys of Van Rhynsdorp and the Government irrigation works on the Olifants, with Bitterfontein as its terminus.

There remains Natal. Natal is preoccupied with the ups and downs of electrification. Three years ago, as a first step in the conversion of the main line system linking the coalfields with the port of Durban, the electrification of the 174 miles of line between Maritzburg and Glencoe was begun. Winding tortuously through some of the most rugged mountainous country in the continent, it was a particularly difficult stretch of way, with trying gradients everywhere along its length, and it was the most important main line electrification scheme hitherto undertaken anywhere in the British Empire. It was designed to carry coastwards a daily tonnage of 30,000, in addition to passenger accommodation.

The work of electrifying a total of 287 miles has been carried out without any disorganisation of the ordinary functions of the line, and the magnitude of the task may be appreciated when it is considered that the tonnage of traffic handled in Natal during the period has exceeded all previous records. There have been

financial heart-burnings. The original sum authorized by Parliament was £3,318,000, excluding the cost of electric locomotives. The traffic position was deemed so serious that word went forth that no time was to be lost. A very close estimate of cost was not possible. The result is that a serious under-estimate of £535,000 will now have to be faced and covered. The appalling curves and gradients are chiefly to blame for the discrepancy. The train which carried the Prince of Wales over this section was an exceptionally long one, and for the locomotive to swerve round at an angle which seemed to threaten the rear coaches was more the rule than the exception. An unexpected number of sidings and loops have had to be electrified; a special marshalling yard has been found necessary; the amount set aside for the foundations of the overhead line equipment was found inadequate. Delays, too, were caused by the heavy increase in traffic; much of the work had to be done on Sundays and between trains.

The Daimana-Mooi River section is, however, being fully worked by electric locomotives, and the Board is advised that the full service between Glencoe Junction and Maritzburg will be in operation early in 1926.

CHAPTER XVI

IN THE LAND OF RHODES

ON the last day of June the Prince of Wales arrived in the land of Cecil John Rhodes. As a young man and Heir to the Throne his welcome by the youngest colony was assured in advance, but the extremely efficient arrangements made by the Governor, Sir John Chancellor, G.C.M.G., D.S.O., and his staff, to make the Royal party thoroughly at home and comfortable came as a pleasant relief after the somewhat primitive conditions ruling at Serowe.

Romance may not be shut out of Rhodesia and the Prince's visit was a carrying on of the tradition. It is a land for the visionary, its founders thought in continents. Its visibility is perfect; over the pale flats your unaided eye may see the details of distant forests, rockeries and mountain shadows. It boasts divine beauties and haunting secrets; the grandest of waterfalls entices you from the parallel passages, dank and decadent, of forts and temple ruins that scorn the archæologist as he has never been scorned elsewhere. Its history is fresh and full of contrasts; you will not tire of studying the tangled skein which began when Moselekatze, son of a mercenary under Tshaka the Zulu, became the most famous of Tshaka's captains, and took on its strangest shape when the shadow of Rhodes crossed the region that was known as Zambezia.

There had come a time when Moselekatze had stolen too much of Tshaka's thunder. From the king's favour to the king's disgrace was but a step. Moselekatze became a fugitive, but took with him an army of Matabele which he led into the far north. Cattle and wives and slaves were his, and his braves swept across the Vaal and Limpopo territories with plumes tossing and spearheads gleaming, drenching the soil with the blood of the tribesmen whom they encountered on the way. Where they traversed, human life became extinct. Excepting lads who would make strong carriers and girls who might bear and rear more strong carriers, the kraals were turned into ghastly heaps of unburied bones. After this manner Matabeleland was first

loosely founded. Even after Moselekatze's military kraals had been established in the new domain, at safe distance from the main and most formidable Bantu tribe, the regime of terror went on and thousands of Bechuana were slaughtered in bloody wantonness between the Magaliesbergs and the borders of the Kalahari desert. The son of the mercenary set up his Royal kraal at "the Place of the Killing," Gebuluwayo, thirty miles north of the Matopo Hills, for many leagues south of which reigned the silence of death. The pastoral tribes north of the Limpopo, the Mashona, were unaccustomed to war and were devastated or enslaved; their golden mealie lands and their millions of acres of rich rolling pastures were held by the "Omandabili" chiefs, whose prosperity was unchecked by black rivals or white.

But there soon followed a fresh rivalry for the possession of this vast northland. President Kruger had sent envoys to the Royal kraal at Gebuluwayo, but they, and the European powers anxious to establish themselves in the sub-continent, were anticipated by the genius of Mr. Rhodes and the foundation of the British South Africa Chartered Company. The Moffat Treaty, which gave Britain the pre-emptive right to protect the realm of Lobengula should he ever desire a protectorate, was signed in February, 1888, but it left the impatient Empire-builder dissatisfied. He wanted effective occupation in the Imperial sense of the word and trusted neither Lobengula and his advisers nor the Cape and London Governments. He determined to rely upon private enterprise and pledged his own fortune and those of his fellow pioneers in support of the adventure. It was ten months before Lobengula was finally persuaded to exchange the mineral rights of his country for a permanent income of £1,200 per annum and 1,200 Martini-Henry rifles with a million rounds of ammunition, and a year after he granted the concession the Royal Charter was obtained from Her Majesty's Government (October 29th, 1889). Rhodes became managing director; judges and magistrates were appointed; and Dr. Jameson was directed to explore the land and take possession of its commanding positions. The pioneer party went up from the Cape to Salisbury, having moved in a circle to avoid truculent young regiments within the Matabele army, and Forts Salisbury, Charter, Victoria and Tuli were built and occupied. Selous, the hunter, led the way into Mashonaland over "Providence Pass." The pioneers struggled on with a sea base nearly two thousand miles away and Jameson stimulating them to fresh energy, which gradually made its impression on the country.

In 1893, Lobengula showed battle. Mashona fugitives ran wild-eyed into Victoria with news that the Matabele were murdering their kinsmen—Lobengula was showing his strength. It was Jameson's report of this new danger which drew from his chief the famous telegram, "Read Luke fourteen thirty-one." Jameson counted the cost and took action. Of the engagements which ensued that of Shangani River has attained immortality. It has been described as a bitterly tragic epilogue to Jameson's victory. Major Alan Wilson was cut off after crossing the Shangani and found himself with thirty-five others in a ring of death, with assegais flashing in the trees all round. The Matabele leader, Umjaan, told the tale of that last brave defence and added, "I would have spared them, for they were gallants." The Impis swarmed about the little garrison with howls of "*Bulala Umtagati! Bulala Umlumgu!*"—Kill the wizards!—Kill the white man! But there was some deadly shooting and the bush was strewn with dead. From dawn until sunset it went on. As darkness came there was a brief attack and none of the three dozen British soldiers were spared. Assegais dripped with their blood. Their remains were found by comrades three weeks afterwards, unburied. On that same day Rhodes, his face deep-lined and thoughtful, entered Bulawayo with an escort of twenty Cape Mounted Rifles, their equipment rusty and dusty, and peace was established.

Both Matabeleland and Mashonaland were to see another rebellion. In 1896, partly as a natural sequence to the imperfect subjugation of so warlike a race, partly because of the evil influence of the tribal priesthood and the tactics of the native police, Bulawayo was suddenly invaded by the Impis under the same old *indunas*, and all over the countryside there were foul attacks on farmhouses and trading posts and large numbers of men, women and children were done to death in a manner reminiscent of the Indian Mutiny. Colonel (afterwards Lord) Plumer was sent to raise the Matabeleland Relief Force and his operations went forward quickly so long as the rebels were found in open country. But many of the tribes retired to their impenetrable caves among the granite marvels of the Matopos and breathed defiance and massacre; and then Rhodes did his bravest deed. Rhodes's close friends have told the writer how impatient a man he was, but how patient he could in his greatest moments force himself to be. Better deal with an opponent than fight him, came to be his creed. It was that eagerness to negotiate which turned Zambezia into British Rhodesia, which wrested from Lobengula the blanket concession for mineral and trading rights and which converted a mere

adventure into a colonizing achievement, adding three-quarters of a million square miles to the Empire. The expedition into the Matopos, begun on August 21st, 1896, was an act of gallantry as well as statesmanship. With three others, one of whom has given the story to posterity, Rhodes rode the thirty miles into the hills to meet a grand council of *indunas*. Their lives were in their hands; it was as likely that they would be murdered out of hand as was Piet Retief's murder at Dingaan's kraal.

Rhodes heard their grievances from the Chief Somabulane and he heard the great sigh of approval—"Yavuma!"—that followed them. "There is my rifle, and there my assegai," said Somabulane, having placed his two sticks at Rhodes's feet. "You may exterminate the Amandabili, the Children of the Stars, but you can never make dogs of them." At the end of prolonged parleying Rhodes asked, "How do I know there will be no more fighting?" and received the dignified answer, "Somabulane has spoken." He was allowed to ride away after both sides had plighted their goodwill and for two months he remained unarmed in a camp near theirs to confer with and reassure them. He was Premier of the Cape Colony at the time, but had forgotten the fact. His patience was rewarded on October 13th, when the simple unwritten declarations of Somabulane was confirmed and superseded by the "Treaty of Peace and Amity." Rhodesia was saved and a lasting peace secured.

The Imperial Government assumed supervision of the native tribes and soon after the war of force had ended in Rhodesia a war of words began between the European elements. It was the fight for "self-government." With the lesson of Natal, where the premature establishment of responsible government was followed by Zulu wars which drained heavily the resources and energies of the province, the Imperial authorities were not anxious to move too hurriedly, but it became inevitable that the settlers should chafe under Chartered Company control as their numbers increased, and in 1899 they were given a Legislative Council. In the election of 1920, after the great war, the Chartered Company relinquished control and the situation resolved itself into a contest between the two wings of the opposition, the one in favour of Responsible Government and the other seeking admission into the Union of South Africa. The Responsibles disliked the trend of policy in the Union in regard to the Imperial connection and the fact that Union would involve Rhodesia in a racial and bilingual argument with which she was not concerned. The remainder wished to eliminate the complicated customs procedure

and to incorporate the Rhodesian railways into the South African system, an ideal which, they claimed, was the Rhodes conception of their future status. The victory went to the Responsible Government school and Sir Charles Coghlan was made first Prime Minister.

The Prince of Wales was met at Bulawayo by the Governor and Lady Chancellor, who had been his hosts in Trinidad during his longest Imperial tour. At the gay little railway station there were also a group of officials, including Sir Charles Coghlan, and a company of seventy-two bronzed and wrinkled veterans drawn up as a guard of honour and impatient to be inspected. These were the survivors of the 1890 pioneer column, who had taken part in the historic march through, and occupation of, Mashonaland. Captain Hoste, known as the "Skipper," was in command and stood erect as His Royal Highness shook each veteran by the hand and engaged most of them in conversation. Some anecdotes were picked out of the romance which gave the modern history of the country its start. At Mafeking, then a village of thirty cottages, they had overtaken a couple of magnificent white bulls—Queen Victoria's present to Lobengula. As the Cape carts had rumbled northwards the men had been served with rifles and been drilled in skirmishing; and at the Macloutsie Camp they had established "a permanent camp *pro tem*." The building of the forts, the first encounter with the Matabele, Selous's reconnaissances, fun in the laagers and treks through big game country, added diversions to the story, even if they wandered sometimes from the essentials.

The Royal procession drove into the town with thousands of blacks skipping gleefully along at the side of the cars. In Thirteenth Avenue a halt was made to hear the singing of the Bantu Choir, and in Main Street, beneath Rhodes's statue, "Looking Ever Northward"—to-day looking northward over a sea of Union Jacks—there was a civic ceremony at which the mayor expressed the loyal feeling of the "Gateway of Rhodesia," which, he said, claimed the distinction of being the only part of South Africa founded entirely by British enterprise. Its people had grown from infancy with the Prince himself. They in this hinterland could not hope or wish to outshine the series of triumphal welcomes the Prince had enjoyed, but they could bespeak for him the love and attachment of a people whose ties twined closely round the mother country.

The Prince's tribute embraced the fine buildings he saw around him, ample evidence of the energy and progress of that young

community. Thirty years ago, he remarked, the spot was untouched by civilization. To stand beneath that statue was to think how the spirit of the great founder would have kindled with enthusiasm had he lived to see Bulawayo as it was that day. Their pioneers had suffered from war and rebellion, from diseases of men and of cattle, and he was glad of an opportunity to pay tribute to their tenacity. As the railway and commercial centre of Rhodesia, Bulawayo would enjoy a full share in the prosperity which was in store.

During the civic formalities one had opportunity to realize *how well laid and well kept are the intersecting avenues which go to the making of this favoured place of Bulawayo.* Most of the world's holiday resorts would be glad of its wide, wind-cheered, garden-hemmed roads and of its blocks of business houses. The air brings distant objects strangely near and displays flowers and shrubs in astonishing focus. Down by the Matjesumhlope River botanical parks and zoological gardens attract the stranger. In Selbourne Avenue an obsolete little cannon stands to the memory of 260 pioneers who fell in the '96 revolt. But it is the sombre-coloured Rhodes that commands the thoroughfares; one can well believe that when the bronze, bare-headed figure was first unveiled the Matabele were frightened because it never moved. The town was one year old when the Prince of Wales was born. When Lo Ben and his braves had fled before the Chartered troops, it had begun as a block of makeshift huts and shacks, built where the flames had enveloped the main kraal. Van Ryneveld, flying his aeroplane, the Silver Queen, from Cairo, declared that the width and tidiness of the streets had been the most surprising thing he had seen from the air. And, indeed, they are the widest streets in all Africa.

Through Connaught Avenue and along the splendid two-mile drive the party reached Government House, the beautiful mansion which Rhodes built on the Place of Executions, and where the visitor might diligently imbibe the spirit of the land. The spot at which Mosilikatze and later Lobengula sat to dispense judgment and gave vent to their horrible temperament in sight of the bloodthirsty hill of Thabas Induna is now a garden ablaze with flowers and poinsettia leaves, and the round thatched hut in which the "one who separated the fighting bulls" lived and read and parleyed with the *indunas* stands nearby, carefully preserved. The ancient Indaba-tree, which formed the centre of the chieftain's audience enclosure, is standing still.

Here, on the "King's Ground," the Prince held his meeting

with the native chiefs, men shorn of their power over human life, but maintaining the phraseology of their fathers with a simple dignity. Many of them had taken part in the war of '93 and the revolt of three years later, and over their heads the Prince looked out upon the crags where suicides and murders had taken place. There were two grandsons of Moselekatze present and a son of Lobengula. There was also the feeble old *induna* Moselezelwa, who, in the Shangani fight, had "braved the dying lion." There were several who had talked with "*mlankulankunzi*"—the Rhodes who stood between the battling bulls. Few of the natives behind them looked like warriors and few wore their natural garb, for the Matabele of to-day live in scattered agricultural reserves and think less of the tyrants of yesterday than does your historian.

Prominent among the natives, however, was a black line of warriors who in former times had been the ruler's bodyguard; they had been the men who had stood by with their knobkerries ready when the suicides had hesitated, and they still wore the great black headgear which was worn on the days of executions. The chief, Ntola, the mouthpiece of the nation, and old Moselezelwa did homage on behalf of the tribesmen and asked the Prince, whom they called their "Star from the North," to take care of them. The *indunas* wore a brazen ornament at their throats as the sign of their chieftainship. Before the Prince's arrival they joined in the singing of "Royal Bird, come out and let us see thee," and as the Prince's party, a resplendently coloured group, came across the green lawn, they rose with their following and gave a gruff salute. They lavished presents upon the "Star from the North" until a heap of karosses, shields, headgear, skins and egg-cups lay upon the ground at his feet. The Prince, whose address was interpreted by Sir Herbert Taylor, Chief Native Commissioner, referred to a Matabele saying that the loyalty of the mouth was not equal to the loyalty of the spear. It was known to the King that their young men had served Britain with the spear during the war and that they now served by obedience to the laws. It was the King's wish that they should grow in knowledge and live in peace.

In the public park that afternoon the Prince met 3,000 Bulawayans over the tea-cups and in the evening attended an official dinner at Government House.

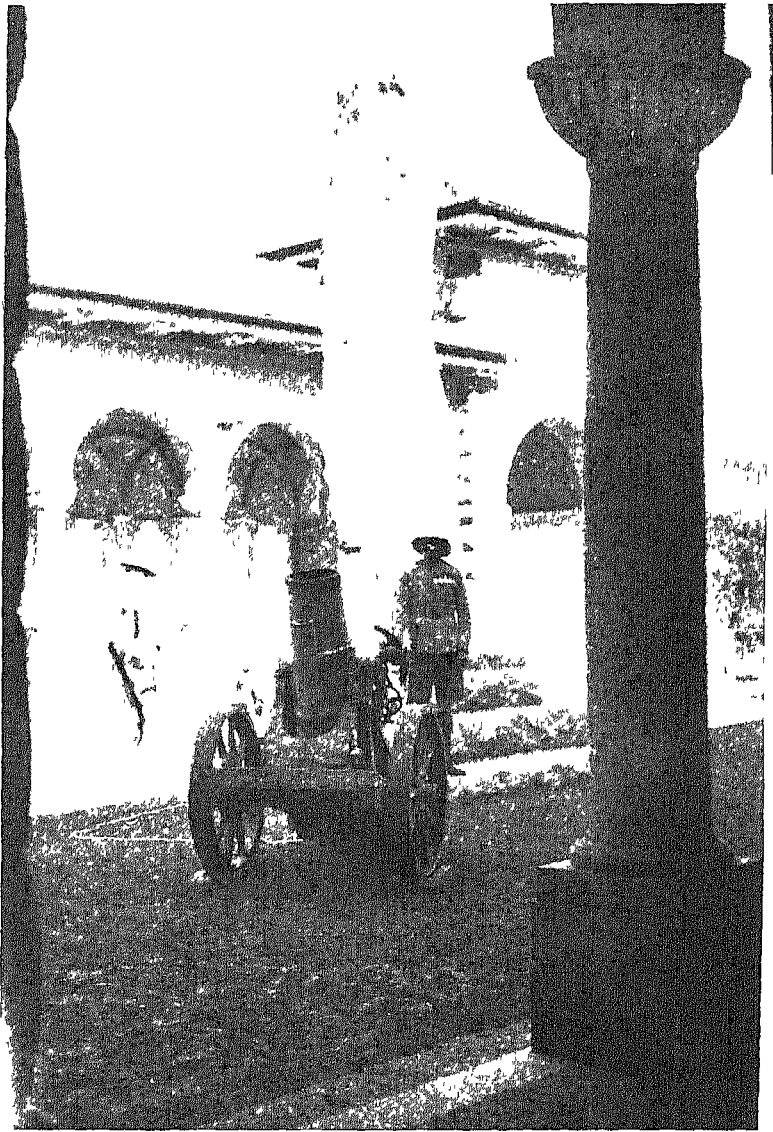
On the Tuesday, His Royal Highness unveiled the Bulawayo War Memorial. The ceremony was performed in the presence of 800 service and ex-service men. Overnight a large number of excursionists had come into town from the western parts of the Colony, but orderly conduct was the hall-mark of all proceedings

and the parade in Main Street was most impressive, though it was the biggest marshalling of troops in Matabeleland since the war. The Prime Minister stood in the ranks of No. 1 Platoon. Immediately on arrival the Prince walked to the steps of the monument and said, "It is a great privilege to have been asked to unveil this memorial. Here future generations will read the names of the gallant men of this district who gave their lives in the struggle when all parts of the Empire were making common cause for the ideals of liberty and justice. Their devotion and their high endeavour will be for ever hallowed in the land in which they lived. They have left us the memory of a stronghold in days of trouble."

Unlocking the entrance gate he entered a garden framed in a cloister of red sandstone, under the colonnade of which the names are engraved of those who fell in various theatres of war. In the middle of this peaceful little garden, between sentries with reversed arms and captured German guns, the Venerable Archdeacon Harker dedicated the memorial and the buglers sounded the long *réveillé*. The Prince removed the flag, revealing a singularly touching monument, an uneven obelisk of granite, an untouched monolith just as it was found in the Matopo Hills, and a thing as eloquent as anything that ever came from sculptor's hands. To the mass of floral tributes which already hid the plinth the Prince added his wreath and again stood at the salute before walking round the cloister. In Main Street again he shook hands with five hundred former soldiers and nurses before taking the salute of the units which marched past.

Yet another agricultural show was opened that afternoon. It had apparently been a prevalent idea that Matabeleland could hardly become a big crop-producing country, but the show which the Prince attended and opened tended to prove that the dairy cow and the mixed farmer were at last coming into their own. Maize exhibits, oil crops, such as monkey nuts and sunflower, and tobacco were the outstanding exhibits, but cotton took up a great deal of the visitors' attention before they went out to watch the jumping, especially the jumping motor-car, which excited the Prince's curiosity. One would like to have seen more of the forestry exhibit.

The next morning there was a drive into the Matopo Hills, where the Prince stood before the tomb of Rhodes at "World's View." It was an historic hour in his life and one of his most inspiring experiences in Africa. "World's View" lies beyond Rhodes's Park, a natural garden of serene loveliness, where the Immortal Architect has set up hundreds of rock cathedrals to



THE BULAWAYO WAR MEMORIAL

enhance luxuriant nature. Red-spiked cactus and fluttering green jays provided vivid splashes of colour. It is an area where human beings are rare, the whole region is consecrated ground. The Prince made the ascent of the hill in company with the Governor and his family and a small group which included Mr. J. G. Macdonald, President of the S. Rhodesian Chamber of Mines, one of the men who had been present while Rhodes, with infinite patience, had sought to hearten and reassure the tribesmen of the Matopos. The natives had named the eminence Malindid Zimu (the Home of the Spirits) long before Rhodes had expressed a wish to be buried upon it, but the smooth slopes, the rounded, ruddy-brown stones, most of them bigger than an elephant, and particularly the outlook upon distant wildernesses and the nobility of their blue solitudes, are a perfect symbol of his vision and the isolation of his greatness. The road that winds to Bulawayo is the highway upon which his body was carried; the hut in the hollow his resting-place before the final trek to the hilltop. Inside the granite sentinels of his grave, as one read the commonplace epitaph which he chose for himself, Kipling's burial poem ran through the mind.—

"It is his will that he look forth
Across the world he won.
The granite of the ancient North—
Great spaces washed with sun."

One recalled, too, the words which were read over the open grave, in the presence of some hundreds of shirt-sleeved pioneers and the giant Matabele who stood on guard, just before the granite slab was swung into position—"Living, he was the land; and dead, his soul shall be her soul!" The Prince took Mr Macdonald aside and heard from him the account of the conflict which first made the neighbourhood famous. He then descended the further slope, where Leander Starr Jameson is buried and where a great Grecian structure in white granite envelopes the tomb of the Shangani heroes. Bronze panels contain the figures of the ill-starred thirty-six in high relief and beneath them is carved the single line, "There was no Survivor."

There can hardly be a more awe-inspiring panorama than the outlook from this lofty Druidic circle of boulders, sun-washed and memory-haunted. From its little God's-acre the Prince gazed earnestly and in silence across forests of mopani trees, and layers of tumbled iron hills to the horizon of purple and emerald green, then back to the near outspan which serves as

an entrance gate to the "Home of the Spirits," then back to the confusion of crags in which the last light of Matabele insurrection had spluttered and died out. He had seldom been so stirred.

He returned to a hard day's activity at Bulawayo. To the Rhodesian Museum he went to receive a silver and gold casket, with lid and panels shaped of granite from the Matopos, the gift of the Chambers of Mines. He enjoyed his tour of the building, in which he found the death-mask of Rhodes taken at the cottage at Muizenburg in which he died, and a number of Rhodes's manuscripts and papers. There were, too, flintlock rifles and elephant guns surrendered after the '96 rebellion and an extensive collection illustrating phases of native life before the European occupation, including weird specimens of implements formerly employed by witch-doctors in their black arts. There was a cast of the Broken Hill skull and relics of such ancient civilizations as have bequeathed the country one of the mysteries of history. He was taken to the bottled snakes, but he didn't like snakes and said so.

At North Park he made friends with the growing generation and went thence to Milton High School to unveil a war memorial plaque, while muffled drums and the Last Post sounded through the hall. A reunion of former soldiers awaited him at the Drill Hall, which Rhodes caused to be erected as one of the two largest drill halls in the Empire. Later in the evening, after spending a diverting hour at a travelling circus which happened to be in the town, he left Bulawayo, remarking to the mayor, "Everything has been splendid, I've enjoyed every minute of my stay!"

The next morning found the party at Fort Victoria the first township established by the Europeans in their advance in 1890. The number of African settlements which began in the hope of achieving the affluence of an Eldorado and a metropolitan expansion overnight is legion. That way began Victoria, with a feverish auctioning of stands, and with the building of turf club, billiard saloon, aerated-water factory, and all the other media of civilization with which your European signalizes his arrival in any region which does not already possess the amenities he is accustomed to. But the tragedy of Victoria has not been such of thing of gloom as the tragedies of Golconda, or Klondyke, or Barberton. Although destiny and the railway have robbed it of its ambition to be "the northern capital of a united South Africa," yet its inhabitants thrive happily in an invigorating ranching country and lived to hear the Prince express a wish that

their cattle industry might further prosper and their overseas markets be still more firmly established.

From this first modern settlement the Royal party motored eighteen miles through gloriously clear air to the monuments of an early civilization, the Great Zimbabwe. There the Prince, under the guidance of the Curator, Mr Sinclair Wallace, inspected the Elliptical Temple, the Acropolis and the Valley Ruins which form one of the most amazing enigmas of the universe.

Zimbabwe is a dead city, a haunt of ghosts, theories, riddles, a spot in which imagination revels and runs riot. It is the shell of a colony which was once populous and very wealthy, but over its "stark walls and crumbling crucibles" there hangs a pall of intensest mystery. More, perhaps, than any other place of its kind, it is an historic monument without a history. No stones that the mason ever fashioned into walls and gateways, strongholds and strong-rooms, have been more debated. It is not the beauty of Zimbabwe, but the hidden meaning of it, that casts a spell over those who climb about its pierced ramparts and explore its dank and sphinx-like corridors.

The Elliptical Temple was discovered less than sixty years ago in the broad valley south of Victoria, within sight of the rugged Cotapaxi and the blue Beroma Range. The walls stand half obscured by bush and tall mopani trees. At first sight they might be the remnants of an English abbey, but as one approaches they prove to have been raised on a plan unknown in any other architectural sphere. Everything is built on a curve. There are monoliths and cones and phallic emblems, courtyards and sacred enclosures, narrow doorways and stone stairs, the whole bounded by enormous parallel passages in which one wanders in curves as in a labyrinthine pit. One cannot guess what it all means. No mortar has been used in the construction of this granite puzzle; every block was made to fit its neighbours. The work of skilled hammers and chisels can still be easily traced, an admirable drainage system was laid into the foundations; and some of the walls were adorned with sun-disc and chevron patterns. The entire oval structure, which is roofless, might cover the same area as a minor cathedral.

The Prince shook off as many members of the party as he could and plunged with his guide into every enclosure he could find, mounting platforms and exploring corridors as the building and the legends and conjectures built up about it were explained to him. Through a gap in the passage he was led into the Valley of Ruins a jumble of stones which are supposed to mark the

ancient city where merchants lived and bartered. If conjecture prove correct, it was here that a foreign civilization flourished upon the gold extracted from Rhodesian mines in prehistoric times; this was their great clearing house; and from the houses in the valley they sent their carriers coastwards with their riches. It is believed that in that forgotten era a hundred million pounds worth of gold was mined from a hundred different workings by hordes of vanished miners. Sir Rider Haggard used the enigma of Zimbabwe to the full when he made it the scene of "King Solomon's Mines," and sent Allan Quatermain to this obscure valley in search of treasure and rich romance.

Rhodesia is one of the cradles of Africa and throughout it, over an area 700 miles across, may be found the evidences of a race which mined the soil centuries before the advent of the white settler. There are said to be 500 ruins in the country and countless workings from which precious metal has been extracted. The ruins generally show the work of several different epochs, the one imitating the other until decadence set in. The ruins at Khami, Dhlodhlo, Inyanga, Mombo and Tati are all Zimbabwe on a smaller or more scattered scale and all seem to have centred in temples devoted to phallic worship and in strongholds thrown in a chain from the advanced posts which supervised the mine workings to the coast at Sofala, once famed for the gold and ivory it shipped to the whole continent of Asia. Many have spoken of Rhodesia as the lost land of Ophir and a forest of romance has been allowed to grow round about Zimbabwe of Aryan people who came in thousands to sap the place of its natural wealth. The orientation of the structure, the religious emblems found within it, the statuettes of Venus in the hawk form, the bowls and trinkets and crucibles which have been transferred to the museums leave little doubt that it was erected in the first instance by men of Semitic stock many hundred years ago—probably Phœnicians or Sabæans who roamed the shores of the Indian Ocean. When those maritime invaders finally disappeared from the wild heart of Mashonaland—theorists talk of some great catastrophe having overwhelmed them and put an abrupt end to their occupation—the Bantu natives evidently carried on their work, and it is believed that the imitative construction which is revealed in the more loosely built walls was the work of tribes who formed part of the Monomotapa dominions—otherwise the Barotse nation—of the late Middle Ages.

At Zimbabwe, the main walls of the Elliptical Temple are over 30 feet in height and vary in thickness from ten feet at the base



IN THE ZIMBABWE RUINS

to six feet at the top. The area so far explored—and it is surprising how little has been explored—covers two miles by one and a quarter miles. The measurements of the various buildings usually bear a mathematical relationship one to another. All the buildings were roofless when discovered. Modern metallurgists admit that the vanished occupants, whoever they were, knew a great deal about mining and must have handled hundreds of thousands of tons of ore and extracted many millions of pounds worth of gold from the country before calamity overtook them. It is interesting to think that Zimbabwe was probably built by the engineers rather than the architects of the race. The crudely carved soapstone bird with which they adorned their metropolis has been embodied in the crest of the new Southern Rhodesia coat-of-arms. These are simple facts which you may pick up in a day's visit to the sombre and lonely city, but the great facts about Great Zimbabwe and its neighbour ruins have still to be discovered, and there could be no greater service to anthropology and to romance than to solve the enigma of the melancholy corridors and name their nameless builders.

“Straight gates and graves, and ruined well,
Abide dumb monuments of old
We know but that men fought and fell
Like us, like us, for love of Gold.”

Leaving the railway at Umvuma on July 2nd, the Prince and his party went into the heart of the “Central Estates,” an enormous range of ranches which constitute a game reserve of 400 square miles. It was a distinctively African experience and a fascinating break in the long journey and the shooting camp planned for the occasion was certainly one of the most elaborate ever pitched in the continent. Twenty miles from the white train and human habitations, over the beautiful Sebakwe River, we came upon a grass stockade enclosing this wonderful encampment beyond which the sun had set in all its Rhodesian glory. A great camp fire burned in the central field, under tall thorn trees, and very soon a ring of cheerful faces had gathered in the glow. In the background two large dining huts and an open-air tea pavilion had been built and on the flanks groups of grass shacks which looked like a trim little native kraal stood out in the light of the moon. The Royal Standard and the Prince's feathers indicated His Royal Highness's pleasant quarters. But His Royal Highness rarely missed the opportunity for a singsong and as a couple of burly black boys came and hurled more logs

into the sparking mass he joined the noise-makers under the thorn trees. The songs were simple stuff—"Annie Laurie," and "The Old Folks at Home," and "John Brown's Baby"—but they were the songs the Prince loves best and he strummed away as heartily as anybody. Lady Chancellor and her daughter were of the party and there were several old hunters who told tales of Selous and Pretorius, the thrills of the chase and snake encounters that made us all squirm as we retired to our grass huts.

Game in the Central Estates proved to be plentiful, but shy. On the Friday the Prince went out as a stalker, following up sable antelope and wildebeeste without a gun, and returned after a great day in the broad tree-clad prairie lands. The second morning he disappeared with Mr. Van Heusden, the General Manager of the Estates and a crack shot, and achieved his aim in a very successful exploit. "I've brought one back for you!" he said as he strode back into camp. It was a bag of only one, but it was, in the words of the attached taxidermist, one of the biggest and finest blue wildebeeste shot in Rhodesia in recent years. The huntsman had stalked the animal for more than an hour and when he fired it was to bring it down at once with a shot through the heart. Meanwhile, other guns had been busy. Admiral Halsey brought down two wildebeeste and a waterbuck and had a remarkable experience with a splendid pair of sable antelope, which he killed with a single bullet, the shot passing clean through the shoulder of the first bull and into the brain of the second. Captain Dudley North in another party returned with two sable antelopes, a wildebeeste, a tsessebe and an eland. At the Prince's request the venison was dispatched to the Gwelo hospitals and to other similar institutions in the neighbourhood.

Time spent out with the gun was a novel experience, but it was the splendidly organized camp itself in which we took most delight. There was always plenty to do—the cutting up of the days' trophies and the preparation of heads and skins under the taxidermist's eye, the tennis court which was one of the real luxuries within the stockade, the ponies sent up from Colesberg, and banjo and dulcitone kept every man busy as well as cheerful until civilization called once more. It called from Enkeldoorn and again on the drive there through thirty miles of prairie and forest the Prince caught sight of zebra and antelope under the msuko trees, as well as of herds of fatstock which thrive upon the pastures astride the Sebakwe and its quiet tributaries.

On the rise opposite Enkeldoorn His Royal Highness was met

by a khaki-uniformed Rhodesian commando, for this is the part of the colony which the Dutch have made particularly their own. Side by side with General Sarel du Toit, who was a subordinate of Prinsloo in the South African campaign, but served on the British side in the later and greater war, the Prince trotted across the valley and up to the triumphal arch. He was there received by the Reverend Liebenberg, the "father" of the community and the founder of the township. It was Liebenberg who, thirty years ago, was sent by Rhodes to convert what was then a laager composed of Free State and Transvaal Boers into a township; and it was fitting that he should greet the visitor in the name of his stalwart fellow Dutch Rhodesians. They, incidentally, seemed to be on the best of good terms with their British-born neighbour settlers of the commonage, who are in a minority. Among the old people present at the meeting was Mrs. van Niekerk, who with all her 77 years and her grand-children and great-grand-children had trekked fifty miles to see the ceremony. The Prince expressed sympathy with the pioneer farmers, who had suffered from unfavourable seasons and East Coast fever. He admired the tenacity with which they, as the oldest settlers in the country, had confronted their constant hardships, especially the difficulty of getting their produce to market.

A further nine miles of narrow, bumpy and extremely dusty forest track brought him to Range, the headquarters of the Charter District Native Affairs Commissioner and the centre of a group of large native reserves, including the Sabi, Gutu, Chilimanzi and Umgezi allotments, through which ran the old coach road to Salisbury. There the Royal Indaba with Matabele and Shangaan chiefs and some nine thousand of their tribesmen was enacted. Numbers of Mashona and Barotse had come in to swell the array and, many as were the native "shows" which the party had by this time witnessed, the manner of the Prince's reception and the variety of the dances were calculated to surprise even the most casual onlooker. The Prince's interest showed no sign of flagging. He sat on a lofty rustic dais decked with lion and leopard skins, ostrich plumes and war shields. Opposite him squatted row after row of black folk with woolly black craniums, high over which, with a background of very tall gum-trees, swayed a number of kite-shaped red banners. On the rim of the semi-circle a line of massive Matabele warriors stood to form a Royal bodyguard, dressed as were the Zulu braves at Eshowe, and the women, who had their very definite and conspicuous part in the display, stood silhouetted against the green foliage.

The chiefs squatted in the foreground, as they had squatted the whole afternoon watching the winding track which their "Morning Star" was to traverse.

The two main tribes inhabiting this Charter District are the Bahera and the Banjanja, but small sections of the Barotse are settled in different parts of the area. The Barotse were once the paramount race of what is now Rhodesia and it is generally agreed that their king, whose hereditary title was Mambo, was the great Monomotapa referred to in the writings of the early Portuguese immigrants. The Mambo's residence and burial place was invariably called "Zimbabwe," which is interpreted as Store House, and the name was particularly applied to the ruins near Victoria, which they once inhabited and hallowed as the abode of their great spirits. The last Mambo was killed in battle by Swazi invaders a hundred years ago and the Barotse power was finally overthrown a little later by the Amandabele under Moselekatse. One may find in the district many stories about the might and vanity of the Mambo, as, for instance, the removal of solid mountain tops to provide a throne for him. A peculiarity of his office was that, on religious grounds, apparently, he was generally killed when he became old or physically unfitted to rule.

Of a different type, the Shangaans whom the Prince saw at the various Rhodesian Indabas had their origin in the south-east of the continent; with the Amandabele they had fled before the devastation wrought by Tshaka the Zulu and had trekked under Sotshangana into Portuguese territory, ultimately growing in strength and extending their sway by means of raids into the Melsetter and Ndanga districts and as far as the Sabi River. Like the Amandabele, too, they were a martial people and the regal authority was supported by a numerous and dashing army, which made serfs of the tribes it subjugated. These natives have a vague belief in "Mwari" as the creator of the world; and the "Mwari" manifests himself in shrines presided over by hereditary priests, who flourish exceedingly in times of distress or epidemic.

It is said that the "Mwari" priesthood practises sleight-of-hand and ventriloquism, gulling the multitude by making weird sounds emanate from caves and rocks. The everyday life of the native is beset with superstitious fears and, though he is of a cheery disposition, enjoying the good of to-day without worrying what to-morrow may bring, with laughter easily provoked and grief soon effaced, his mind is much preoccupied with

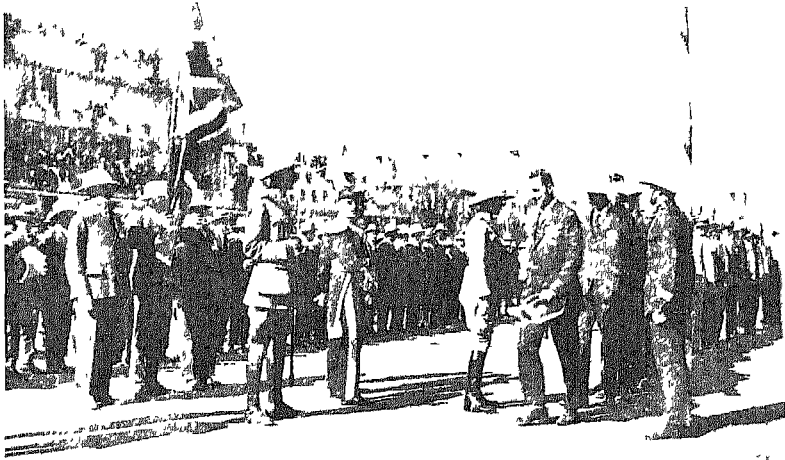
the devils who bring disease or entice the unwary from their huts and deal out death at night-time. The diviner claims the dead man's bones. Religion and witchcraft are closely interwoven. Attention to the shades and sorrows of existence is predominant. Trial by ordeal has been the tradition of the tribes, and owls, wild cats, hyenas and baboons are the favourite *media* for conveying witchcraft medicine to the intended victim. For all that, you may hear laughter in the kraals all the day long. The natives have a charming folk-lore, full of wit and philosophy. Their stories are told over the evening fire—they may not be related by day lest the hearers become drowsy and leave the baboons to steal their grain. They tell of false and true brides, of friendships which are formed between man and the higher animals, of cunning in battle and the race that is not always unto the swift.

The Range Indaba was a startling spectacle. When the Prince, with whom was the Governor and his Chief Native Commissioner, Sir Herbert Taylor, faced the dusky throng, the Royal salute was given—a *Bayete!* barked out gruffly like the bayning of some great hound. As the chief's drum was tapped the Mashona added a further salutation by clapping their hands slowly and in tact and then their women set up their shrill cry, which sounded like the subdued neighing of horses. It soon became clear that the gathering was to be one of contrasts. There was intense rivalry between the Matabele and the Mashona; the differences between the two factions were typified by the proud salute of the warriors and the humble greeting of a people of the soil.

From out the mass two wizened old Indunas crawled upon their knees. They rapped out the word "*Bayete!*" with each step as they approached the Prince's pavilion, the rustic frame of which was draped in magnificent skins. They prostrated themselves in complete submission at the foot of the stair and as "the least of the King's subjects" rejoiced with much rhetoric and gesture at the sight of the "Morning Star." They begged him not to forget their loyalty and obedience. Amid tumultuous shouting they crept backwards to their places, their black plumes nodding as they went. One of them appeared again, crawling on his knees as before, but carrying a shield, an assegai and a leopard skin. Suddenly he flung himself with gleaming eyes upon the skin, stabbing and slashing at it as though it were alive. It was a realistic mimic fight. After the final stab he advanced once more on his knees and begged the Prince to accept the leopard he had killed. Other magnificent gifts were presented—a set of

steel knives made by tribesmen, battle-axes, drums which had been used to summon the braves to war and to beat messages from kraal to kraal, and several fine karosses.

After the Prince's address the headmen shrieked for another and yet another *Bayete!* A way was then made for the dancers. They ranged themselves in two rival camps. Some wore costumes which were a blend of barbarism and civilization. Many wore vast feathered headdresses and had strapped to their foreheads the biggest tinted motor-goggles they could find. Some wore blankets and some wore leopard-skin trappings and kilts. The Matabele had fitted themselves with white cotton singlets, but had otherwise retained the plumed garb and the armament of their Southern ancestors. The Shangaans danced like a whirlwind. In some stages of their dance they could be seen only in the middle of a dust cloud. Their achievement was almost wholly dependent upon symbolism and charade, and although there was a good deal in it that savoured of European influence it was one of the most remarkable native ballets ever witnessed. First came a dream dance, the *Mpupo*, in which the men lay flat on the ground, swaying and singing while the women stood over them chanting loudly at intervals. Their chant was of the fathers at home in Rhodesia shedding tears and bemoaning the absence of their sons, who were working far away in the Rand mines. There followed the *Uzuze*, the chant of an ancient king recruiting the tribal youths into his regiments. There was a scornful dirge about the German Kaiser and the native African soldiers he had killed; and another about the Flying Machine which was the Breath of Satan and scattered the rebels of Johannesburg. The words of their songs were but an annotation to the dance movements, yet they were most impressively rendered. For long the Shangaan braves stamped with tremendous impact upon the soil, their bodies gleaming like bronze, their tailpieces and feathered ankle bands lashing out with perfect precision. As they retired, Chippingaa dancers squatted before the Prince and went through the motions of a canoe race; and they in turn were succeeded by the tall Matabele warriors, splendid figures in the whole panoply of war. Here we saw again the chanters of flatteries and the individual dancers who rushed out from the ranks as the spirit moved them and did their wild *pas seul* with assegais brandished, while the rest, some 500 strong, advanced and retired in Zulu fashion. "War! war! war! war!" they shouted as they stepped slowly forward and with raised shields they droned this anthem, not very clear, but an ancient composi-



THE IN SERVICE MAN'S SMIT, BUTAWAYO



THE TINY TOIS, UMWUMA

tion handed down by the warriors of Matshobana, father of Moselekatse :—

“They that offer fealty, let them be loyal.
We shall fight for him !
Where will they find refuge?
You hear the traitors, earth-pervading spirit?
All the nations cry . Matshobana !
You hear the traitors, earth-pervading spirit?
Who was enthroned by the spears?
The nation is a fierce lion !”

The stamping of the ballet chorus and the frenzied whistling had faded into the sombre national challenge, but the note of battle brought savage confusion, which separated ultimately into the wailing cry of the vanquished and the exultant shout of the victors. Strangest of all was the effect when the final *Bayele!* was followed by the singing of an evening hymn by native Christians

From these exciting scenes the Prince turned to a corner of the field where Bahera tribesmen were at work as iron-founders. The Bahera and their neighbours have long been noted iron-workers Their tribute is paid with such articles as axes, knives and hoes. A leading anthropologist has stated that the iron industry had its beginning in Africa and is the one great contribution the continent has made to the advancement of men. In Rhodesia the craft is hereditary. The Prince saw a group of craftsmen operating their curious goatskin bellows and plying their crude hammers and anvils over scorching cone-shaped furnaces. Before smelting began the master craftsman placed roots with the ore as a “medicine” necessary to secure good results.

As the sun was setting we motored back along tortuous and unpleasantly dusty woodland tracks and over broad river fords to the train at Umvuma. There the Prince regretfully heard that the Falcon Mine, on which the livelihood of most of the Umvumans depended, was in danger of closing down. When addressing the magistrate and the residents he expressed the hope that should the development work being undertaken with financial assistance from the Government not lead to the discovery of a fresh body of ore a new mine might be found elsewhere in the Colony to provide employment for the Falcon staff.

Northward we went through country which someone called the edge o’ beyond, though, except for the presence of wild animals

and an occasional nigger and the absence of roads and cultivation, it was not unlike bits of the home country. Our only halt was at Gwelo, which looked far too prim and pleasant to be taken for a "typical Rhodesian mining town." Gwelo has relied in past years upon cattle and gold mining, but there are now 75,000 acres of cotton under cultivation and on the morning of the Prince's arrival (July 6th) an important cotton ginnery was put into operation. Cotton and tobacco was upon everybody's lips during our visit to Southern Rhodesia and there was every hope and expectation that the two new industries had been firmly established. During his stay at Gwelo the Prince met several hundred Rhodesians of the best rural type and learned that though whites are few in the land as yet the nucleus is of an admirable and optimistic type. There are not more Europeans in the entire Colony than in an average provincial town in England, but that is because it is a land of the future, which is being based upon a sturdy and strong-limbed stock. The Mayor of Gwelo is Major Hurrell, a senior pioneer and partner and comrade-in-arms of Wilson, who died at Shangani. On his initiative the local war memorial has taken the form of a public swimming bath, and the Prince went to see it after unveiling the war tablet inside the tiny Anglican church.

The Royal train arrived at the wind-swept station of the capital early on July 7th. His Royal Highness was received by the Premier, who stood waiting to present his Ministers, the Speaker and Members of the Legislative Assembly, and the municipal leaders, a stately group for so small a community. The Speaker, Mr. Lionel Crips, had come in his wig and black gown and was supported by clerk and macebearer. The Mayor and the Senior Judge had donned their robes, and behind them, as the guns at the distant police camp gave the salute, the guard of honour of B.S.A. police came magnificently to the present. Responding to addresses from the Assembly and the municipality the Prince said that he deeply appreciated the welcome extended to him on his arrival in the capital of the youngest colony of His Majesty's Dominions.

"Nearly thirty-five years have elapsed," he added, "since the Pioneer Column hoisted the British flag over Salisbury. Until two years ago the government of the territory was carried on by the B.S.A. Company, who followed the best traditions of British Colonial administration. Now you are governing yourselves—a fact that would have gladdened the great founder of the country had he lived to realize his dream of Rhodesia as a British Colony.

You, Mr. Speaker, have spoken of the people's gratitude to the King for the valuable gift of self-government. I am happy to learn how wisely and how successfully the ministers are discharging the heavy responsibilities they assumed. They have already shown to doubters their ability to discharge the duties devolving upon them under the new Constitution." In the week he had spent in the country (he further said) he had been much impressed by the vast possibilities of agricultural and pastoral development and hoped that, in co-operation with the Imperial Government, all encouragement would be given to men and women from an overcrowded island to come and make their homes in that young, healthy country, with all that it offered of health and wealth to those prepared to work.

A travelling escort of mounted B S A. police trotted behind the Royal car into the city. Despite the vagaries of the weather—rain-clouds sulked overhead—the greater part of Mashonaland had travelled in and the place had never been so full. A new flag flapped over the famous kopje taken by the pioneers in honour of the most notable occasion since the day when Mashonaland had been brought within the Empire. Out of all knowledge of themselves Manica and Second Streets were roofed with flags and decked with palms, and as the Prince passed Meikle's Corner a shower of violets descended upon him from the belles on the balconies. Like her neighbour in the south, Salisbury is a settlement of broad roads and immense distances, planned in parallelograms with streets running east and west and avenues extending north and south, and it could have been no easy matter to decorate them.

Passing slowly through happy crowds in the business thoroughfares the procession emerged into the suburban area containing the Governor's Office and Treasury, the Agricultural Department, and the new concrete Roman Catholic Cathedral in Fourth Street, to Government House, which is hidden in a profuse garden. The Prince's first public engagement was at the Agricultural Show, which was attended by a "record" gathering. As President of the Show, the Minister for Agriculture welcomed him as the future occupant of the Throne, but also as a farmer and rancher, having followed with interest his attention to agricultural affairs throughout the world. He drew the Prince's notice to two exhibits in particular—cotton and tobacco—the success of which was largely due to the interest which the Prince had taken in the Exhibition at Wembley. As a result of Wembley, Rhodesian tobacco-growers had been enabled to

establish communications and business relations with manufacturers in the United Kingdom. That association had led to a big expansion of trade and promised almost unlimited scope. The excellence of the cotton exhibit at Wembley and the impression it had made on Manchester and London had caused large acreages to be planted all over the country.

In opening the show, His Royal Highness mentioned farming as a hard life and often a disappointing one, but assured every farmer in Rhodesia of his best wishes for success. He then plunged into the booths and buildings for a thorough inspection of the maize, cotton, veld-grass and tobacco exhibits, the experimental station pavilion and the cattle parade in the ring. He had no sooner thrown the blue ribbon over the horns of the champion Hereford than the animal lay down with a thud and began vigorously to lick the earth at his feet. "Splendid! must be the weight of the rosette," he remarked.

A most agreeable surprise awaited the Governor and his guests at Government House that night, when, after the official dinner to the Prince, there was an investiture of a number of Rhodesians to whom orders had been granted at New Year and the King's birthday. Several hundred ladies and gentlemen stood in the long cream-panelled hall, and as Sir John Chancellor entered he was told that His Majesty had conferred the G.C.V.O. upon him; his was, therefore, the first name called out by the aide-de-camp. He knelt while the Prince took the Grand Cross from a blue silk cushion held by Admiral Halsey and afterwards confessed that he had had no previous idea that such an honour was to come to him. It was an immensely popular tribute and the Governor, who was an old friend of the Prince and displayed admirable qualities both as organizer and as host, received innumerable congratulations from the Colony and from overseas. Next to Lady Chancellor, the proudest woman present at the investiture was Lady Coghlan, whose husband, the first Prime Minister of the Colony, received the K.C.M.G. from the Prince.

The next morning, in chilly weather and with a *guti*, a kind of Scotch mist, searching the open countryside, the Prince was present at an attractive parade of the services and ex-service men. Confronting the dais as he arrived were 500 of the latter and they included two holders of the Victoria Cross. Next were drawn up two squadrons of B.S.A. police, the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers, and the *askaris* of the native force, locally known as the "Black Watch." They all went through their evolutions with the workmanlike smartness of men utterly proud of their part in the

military machine, particularly, perhaps, the ex-service men, who had served in the war as part of a contingent which had won for the Colony the renown of having sent a bigger percentage to the front than any other African dependency. The bagpipes of the Caledonian Society headed the march-past. After the parade had doffed helmets and given the visitor three and three more cheers, the children came into their own, mustering into a semi-circle with the Prince as pivot, after quite a masterly drill movement. Lady Chancellor, in the uniform of Commander of the Girl Guides, took part in the display. From right and left of the Royal base there was a sudden silent advance of cubs and brownies, who trotted in from opposite directions until the saluting point was surrounded. Meanwhile, another swift and silent change on a larger scale had brought the massed school-children into position in their different sections of the fan, breathlessly proud at having executed the plan without a hitch. The Minister of Education was called upon to grant them all an extra holiday in token of His Royal Highness's appreciation.

The morning ended with an Indaba of Mashona chiefs and natives in the paddock of Government House. The gathering included no less than eight hundred chiefs and headmen. They had trekked in with large numbers of Angoni, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesian tribesmen as well as Mashona. The chiefs kneeling in the front rows stared intently at the brilliantly uniformed Royal party. They possessed an extraordinary variety of physiognomy—some Semitic and some with the features of Japanese generals, some like prize-fighters and others benign and priestly. Most of them wore the crescent-shaped brass badge of the British South Africa Company. They crouched under their skins and shawls, clapping hands as the Prince took his seat. Greeting was given by Masesa as head chief of the Umtali, and by Zimbwa on behalf of the "People from the Setting Sun Side." "England has taught us a lot," murmured Zimbwa, "and our hearts are glad and these are the presents we bring." As he spoke a gigantic Union Jack spread upon the ground under the Royal platform was deftly removed, disclosing leopard-skins, trays made of Rhodesian woods, native-made baskets, a large pair of elephant tusks welded together by a massive gold band and finished with gold knobs, and three blaauwbok karosses.

The Prince then descended and strode over to meet the tribesmen at closer quarters, taking with him the Governor, in his plumed hat and uniform, and Sir Charles Coghlan, in his capacity as Minister for Native Affairs. He studied the lion on

the chiefs' badge, which is the official recognition of their status, if not of their tribal authority. He passed down a line of 170 Mashona youths from the Native Industrial School. He heard again the hand-clapping salute, which the tribesmen call the *tsangamira*, and listened as his own message was translated into Chinyanga and Seshuna. Many of them, he said, must be content to see their children leaving them behind in the knowledge they gained. They must help the young men forward gladly, for that was the way a nation prospered. He greeted the many who had come from across the Zambezi and those who had fought in the late war.

The remaining functions at Salisbury gave the Royal party time for leisure and exercise. There was a race meeting at which the Prince moved to and fro with the utmost freedom. The "big race" was the Mashonaland Handicap. There was an enjoyable garden party in the Municipal Park, and time for golf and squash rackets, the re-naming of the High School in North Avenue, and further meetings with war comrades of the B.E.S.L. To some of the Royal party opportunity was given to view the great Mazoe Dam and the citrus estate beyond the Gwepi flats. Mazoe is like a tranquil mountain lake; its dam impounds some six thousand million gallons of water, and in the fertile valley beyond stretches the colossal citrus orchard of 70,000 trees, which yield over a quarter million boxes of oranges.

In his journey southward from hospitable Salisbury the Prince took in Gatooma, once "Golden Gatooma" and still the home of small gold-mine workers, and Que-Que, where he visited the oldest and richest gold-mine in the Colony, the Globe and Phoenix. Rhodesia seemed to be almost as rich in stories of treasure hunts and treasure troves as the Rand itself. In clubs and private houses tales of fortunes won and lost alternate with the history of the pioneers. Even the losers tell you of their bad luck in a jovial and anecdotal way. In the main you hear of the lonely prospector—not necessarily the square-jawed fellow who roams about among boulders for years in a camp shirt and a broad-brimmed hat. The "railway strip" of Southern Rhodesia is dotted over with small workings and each working has a romance—the romance of its first discovery. In one case it is a small railway official who potters about in his back garden; in another a schoolboy who points out something peculiar to his school-master; in yet another it is a townsman who leads a kind of Jekyll and Hyde existence. To the stranger it all seems astonishingly accidental, but the prevalent good humour is infectious, and

one can only admire the robust Rhodesian spirit which makes light of trouble and leaps lightly over adversity. The Prince assured the Gatoomans that the many vicissitudes with which the small miner worked, the first run of luck, hope deferred and incessant toil and vigilance, were realized by the outside world.

At Gatooma he appeared for the first and only occasion during the African tour in his masonic rôle as Grand Warden. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the local Lodge Temple drew Freemasons from all parts to greet their "well-beloved and Right Worshipful brother," and thank him for conferring on them an honour unique in the history of South African Freemasonry. Not far from the town the Prince paid a private visit to Bosbury farm, where he renewed acquaintance with a former Naval officer who had made the Royal voyage round the world on the *Renown*. At Que-Que many natives from the small workings in the neighbourhood had assembled and they skipped and danced on the small dumps and along the compounds as the Royal train steamed in; and again among the surface works of the Globe and Phoenix excited black boys tried hard to drown the cheering of the Europeans. Over the Que-Que Recreation Hall, where the pioneers and ex-service men had congregated, the Prince stood beneath an historical relic—the mere shreds of a Union Jack hoisted over the town at the outbreak of the Great War and kept flying till Armistice Day, a banner beneath it bore the legend, "Unfurled, tattered, undaunted, triumphant still."

The ceremony at little Que-Que was the Prince's last public engagement in Southern Rhodesia. In his parting message he promised to tell the King of his happy Rhodesian memories and gave the assurance that from now on he would take a deep personal interest in the future development of that part of the Empire. He paid a tribute to the exhibits at the Salisbury Show, which he had opened. As President of Wembley he had been glad to learn that Rhodesian tobacco had extensively attracted British buyers and was convinced that the home country would furnish a ready market.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VICTORIA FALLS AND BEYOND

DURING the ensuing week-end the Prince made acquaintance with the capital of Northern Rhodesia and saw the Victoria Falls. There are just a few wonders in the world the first approach to which is made in a spirit of awed excitement. The Taj Mahal is one, Saint Peter's another. The same may be said of the view from Tiger Hill, Darjeeling, towards the majestic peak where Mallory and Irvine recently lost themselves in the eternal snows. Rhodes's grave, which so impressed the Prince, is yet another instance; and that lonely God's acre in the Matopo Hills is one of the serene gifts which Nature has bestowed upon Africa, of which the Victoria Falls are infinitely the grandest.

Beyond Matetsi the nearness of the Zambezi makes itself felt; low bush yields to tall-treed forest. Through the vista of branches the Prince obtained his first glimpses of *mosi oa tunya*—the Smoke which Sounds—rising in huge white feathery columns of spray hundreds of feet into the blue. The train was stopped at the edge of the bridge spanning the canyon to enable him to watch the miracle of the falls, then pouring a greater volume of water into the "Boiling Pot" than ever before.

From the bleakness of Bulawayo, where watchers had stood for several hours along the railway line in rigorously cold weather, we had passed in a night into sub-tropical heat. The journey had taken us some 280 miles through the north-westerly edge of the Kalahari desert, a dusty and monotonous run which contains one of the longest straight stretches of line in the world, from Gwaar River to Dett. It leads through the wild land which Livingstone named the Valley of Death after fighting his way through it, with many casualties from fever among his party of native porters. There was no pause until the spray from over the Rain Forest damped our faces and drifted pleasantly in at our carriage windows. Seven miles beyond the Falls station and hotel the Royal "caravan" traversed the outskirts of Livingstone, the capital and administrative headquarters of "Northern." From a self-governing country we had crossed into a Crown Colony, which was only just beginning to maintain a Legislative Council with

elected members as well as nominated officials. Seen through European spectacles Livingstone is only a scattered village, with a white population of less than eight hundred people. Few visitors pass its way; the Zambezi and its treasure house of scenic beauties is usually the *ultima thule* of the tourist. Beyond, there is the untamed bush and the unpeopled divides. "Northern" is several times the size of England, yet its population of white people must increase considerably before it reaches four thousand.

On his arrival at Sackville Street crossing His Royal Highness was welcomed by the Governor, Sir Herbert Stanley, K.C.M.G., and Lady Stanley and the chief administrative officers. Immediately facing his carriage—his eye observed them immediately—a company of fezzed, bare-legged Northern Rhodesia native police, none under six feet in height, formed a magnificent guard of honour, moving with a precision which won his admiration. They consisted for the most part of Angoni and Awemba. From there the Prince went on to the park at Barotse Centre to make his first speech to the Colony. He assured the gathering that he had long looked forward to his incursion into Northern Rhodesia, partly because of the attraction of the Falls, but chiefly for the opportunity it afforded him of seeing something of the vast territory and its people. He added:—

"There is much to appeal to the imagination in a country called after Cecil Rhodes and in a capital bearing the name of Livingstone. These two men, different from each other though they were in many respects, had this in common, that they both were heroes of romance as well as makers of history. Both were pioneers. Both carried the torch of British traditions and British ideals into dark places, the one as a missionary of Empire, the other as a missionary of the Gospel. To the former this territory owes the foundation of its political and economic structure, to the latter the introduction of the spiritual attributes of our civilization. It seems to me, therefore, appropriate that on my arrival here one of the addresses of welcome should be from men and women engaged in the practical work of colonization and the other from a great missionary society."

He said that Northern Rhodesia was still on the threshold of her history—a difficult position, no doubt, yet a fascinating one in that it afforded wide scope to both Government and people for the best constructive work. Much had been done by a mere handful of officials and settlers, who, with fine enterprise and perseverance had faced the hardships of European settlement in tropical Africa. To them and the B.S.A. Company gratitude

was due. Much had been achieved, but there was still a great deal more to do, and he was confident that the Colony would rise to the full height of her opportunities.

The official ball at Livingstone that evening was a novel and invigorating affair; it took place in the open air on a floor laid over the tennis courts at Government House and walled about with stockades of reeds, palms and grasses. During the interval, when the dancers had gone to supper under the lanterned trees, a squad of natives invaded the enclosure, carrying mealie sacks and ropes. They had been sent to polish the floor and their method of doing it soon attracted the Prince's notice. The mealie sacks were spread and upon each sack a black boy squatted to be dragged round and round and in and out with terrific energy. The boys began instinctively to sing a chanty as they worked, and the guest was so amused at their antics that he *organized a sprint race among them, to the intense joy of all concerned.* The Prince acted as starter, the Governor as judge. "*Jildi, jildi!*" shouted the Prince as they dashed away on the most exciting race Rhodesia has ever seen. The screen at the end of the ballroom shook with the violence of the turn, struck by a whirlwind of legs and arms. Half the squatters were pitched off their matting. The remainder struggled back, their teeth glancing beneath the arc lamps. The Governor stood with his finger pointing to the leading pair, when suddenly the squatter lost his grip and turned a double somersault. The others were unable to stop themselves and the Governor, a portly figure, came down with a crash, but emerged from the heap smiling, as the Prince handed the winners their prizes.

After midnight the party left the dance on a moonlight excursion to the Zambezi, driving to the Eastern Cataract to see the beautiful lunar rainbow traced across the vapour which rises above the "Knife Edge" and mingles with the clouds. We reached the brink along a narrow lane that skirts the ultimate rapids and by a path that plunges into a thicket of baobabs and mopani trees. There was a droning sound somewhere ahead that varied as the sound of many voices might vary with the wind. Otherwise, we might have been stumbling down an ordinary forest track. But at a little rustic belvedere our guide motioned with his hand and through a framework of branches we saw, across the black gap, a halo of gossamer white, which moved beneath us as we moved, and in and beyond the halo a series of seething cataracts like torrents of milk. At that hour of the morning nothing was distinct, nothing clear-focussed or imitably

coloured. The Falls were seen as through a diffusing glass of delicate blue, mysterious, magical and rather terrifying. Their beauty seemed like the beauty of a battle-field. Only the topmost waters taking their first measured plunge into the seething cauldron were traceable as they suddenly met the rocks which overhang the gorge, turning from silken stream into angry foam and heeling over to break into spray. The rest of the marvellous picture was hardly discernible. It was a sight the grandeur of which could never be effaced by any later experience. The sound, the vision of that broad river turned on end and smashed into a million million particles, and the dangers lurking along the edges of the forest out of which we peered, made it difficult to move from the spot. We stood entranced.

On the morrow the Prince spent the whole day at the Falls and on the river of infinite charm. Only an energetic climber can take the Palm Grove in his stride and only adventurous spirits balance themselves upon the "Knife Edge" to study the rainbows playing in the depths below. He did both, plunging down the ravine and into the riot of tropical vegetation until he reached the rim of the swirling pool in which no man could live. There, and at Danger Point, and on the bridge which Rhodes caused to be flung over the canyon—the highest bridge in the world—he paused for several minutes, taking in the awful majesty of chaotic waters splashed with colours which no one who has not stood upon the same spots can imagine. Then donning a mackintosh he walked into the Rain Forest, where every twig and stone dripped moisture. The paths had turned to pools and rain beneath a perfect sky fell in drenching torrents. The Rain Forest leaves upon the mind an impression as indelible as the Falls themselves. In its rich foliage you may stand with the spray pouring upon you in a deluge while your neighbour a few feet away stands dry in the sunshine. You may stand in a perfect rainbow which surrounds you in a circle of bright tints and pursues you if you attempt to evade it. You may see the dew-drops which form it hovering just in front of your face. There are rainbows completely ringed of every size—tiny rainbows into which you can plunge your hand, rainbows the size of a quoit-ring or of a size to bridge the entire gorge. Among such marvels you feel you may frolic like a fairy, in spite of the relentless searching downpour. At the edge of the forest the boulders catch the full force of the rain. A yard beyond them the wall of basaltic rock drops four hundred feet and up the face of it air currents drive the spray upwards at lightning speed. Stand

at the edge and throw a twig dart-fashion into the air current ; it shoots up until lost to view

In his walk through the Rain Forest the Prince stepped from wet to dry and back into wet again a dozen times. Wherever he went, at the strangely well-defined border of the rains, white butterflies fluttered in the sunshine, playing hide-and-seek with wandering patches of spray. He lingered a long time on the face of the cliff opposite the main falls. He was practically alone and chose his own points of view. From this sodden promenade he heard the "smoke which thunders" at its noisiest and watched the flood at its widest and noblest. He peered down into the unsolvable mysteries of the restless pit beneath, where writhing mists turned in infinite contortions or slowly thinned to give him a glimpse of the chaos. By day the Falls offer a surprise of endless gradings of shade and colour—of greens and blues that perpetually change in the face of sun and spray, of grey fogs that gradually move and reveal fresh tints and sparkling life, of white winds that mock and charm alternately.

From that enchanting wood of eternal showers the Prince walked round to the western shelter surmounting the Devil's Cataract, whence he might scan the whole length of the chasm. From the western belvedere the scene is overpowering in its solemn and inexorable splendour. The islands which clog the river to the very lip of the canyon are smothered in sylvan growth, their blossoms and branches stooping to kiss the rapids. The banks are a tangle of tall palm, sinewy msuko and silvery mohono trees. Where the rapids increase, as though abruptly conscious of the cataclysm that lies before them, there are shelves of smooth water which give the impression of waking green marble ; then comes a splash, a hundred, a thousand splashes ; and green changes to white as the mass rolls over the parapet to share the agonies of the boiling cauldron and finally escape through fifty miles of zigzagging gorge,

"Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around
With endless rebound.
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound."

The leaping waters of the Devil's Cataract are slowly, but



NATURE'S MASTERPIECE
THE VICTORIA FALLS AND GORGE

—

surely, changing their course and seeking out fresh means of descent. A few years ago they hurled aside a huge pinnacle of rock which split them in two. The parapet has been disturbed and the Prince looked into a rift which is widening perceptibly and will one day add a new wonder to the miracles of the Victoria Falls. Standing upon the brink one fondly speculates as to what may happen to those furlongs of curtained waters when the upheaval comes.

We turned from the masterpiece at length, with a last look at its vapours, its evergreen trees whose leaves are always wet, and its fissures which are the corridors of time. Passing along the river bank with our clothes still soaked but drying rapidly in the noonday sun we embarked for a trip up the river. The Prince was conveyed to Kalai Island in a small launch and the remainder of the party did the journey up the broad Zambesian stream in skilfully paddled native canoes. The current was abnormally swift, but the river was strangely quiet after the thunders we had escaped, and there was nothing but the fleeting glimpse of a crocodile and here and there a hippo "lane" intersecting one of the many islands to remind us of the tragedies which this stretch of stream has witnessed in the past. The canoes glided beneath towering palm trees and forest veterans which had twisted and toppled into the water. Far away we heard the tapping of a Barotse drum, but saw no human beings until we were set ashore on Kalai, where an alfresco luncheon was served in a clearing beneath the equatorial palms.

The Northern Rhodesia native police force has an outstanding reputation among the black units of Africa and received its highest tribute from the Prince of Wales on Monday, July 13th. He had already described the company which was present on his arrival at the Sackville Street crossing as the smartest guard of honour he had inspected since leaving England and certainly the subsequent review of the force, small as was the body of troops taking part in it, was as magnificent an occasion as the most exacting military mind could have desired. It lasted not much longer than it takes to describe, but the steady ceremonial art was seen to perfection. The natives, Angoni and Awemba tribesmen, with a sprinkling of Barla among them, have evidently lost completely the tradition of their fathers and become imbued with the European military qualities and style. Their devotion to their English officers needs no proof; their chests gleam with campaign medals and decorations for gallantry in various African fields of war. In his blue frock-coat of the Welsh Guards, with

red sash and white helmet, the Prince stood at his saluting base watching intently the machine-like exactitude of their advance. In column of platoons they marched past with bayonets and brows gleaming, to the tune of the British Grenadiers. Re-forming, they advanced in review order and after the colour had been dipped raised their fezes and gave the Prince three deep cheers, finally swinging off in column of fours. The ranks of the force were composed of men of outstanding stature, wearing black fezes with long red tassels, tunics braided with red and gold, and shorts. After laying a wreath at the War Memorial, which adjoins the parade ground, His Royal Highness called at the officers' mess, where he was loud and insistent in his praise of the morning's ceremony and of "the best drilled troops I have seen for years."

In the afternoon the party drove through a forest of teak and turpentine to Kamujomas, on the Zambezi, an hour's journey from the capital, where the Prince met Yeta III, Paramount Chief of the Barotse. The meeting took place at a clearing on the river bank where an attractive village of rushwood pavilions had sprung up. As the procession neared the rendezvous frolicsome native guls jumped out of the forest and pirouetted about under the wild fig-trees. A crowd of brightly-dressed English women had made the journey and long before the Royal visitor appeared the scene had assumed a regatta-like aspect. The great Zambezi itself, crocodile-infested yet serenely inviting, was an unparalleled asset, especially when the chieftain's fleet appeared in the western bend and drew nearer to the drowsy beating of the chieftain's drums. Yeta III is the son of Lewanika and his residence is at Lealui, over 300 miles up-stream. He and his large retinue of chiefs and tribesmen had travelled a week to reach Kamujomas and had had many adventures in the rapids and among the hippopotami before they had come to rest at their forest camping ground.

It was undoubtedly the riparian setting and the chief's picturesque approach and landing which made the occasion a distinctive and memorable one. At noon the far throbbing of that solitary drum announced that Yeta and his retainers had left their camp up-stream; a few minutes later, at a point where the river is bisected by a bush-covered island, the State barge appeared in the centre of a quaint flotilla led by dugouts serving as pilot boats and followed at a respectful distance by a fleet of canoes. The central barge is called the *sisiye* by the Barotse and *lutanka* is the name they give to the large white egg-shaped awning occupied by the chief himself. The units of the flotilla

grew larger and one saw the oarsmen standing as they rowed with a splendid swinging gait, standing erect, then bending low over the water like clockwork figures. And the forty oarsmen who plied the oars of Yeta's barge were all important people—*mdunas* gorgeous in plumed red turbans, red collarettes and red kilts, next to the Paramount Chief the leaders of Barotseland. They brought the *sisiye* to rest among the reeds immediately beneath the place of palaver, dropped into the shallows and waded ashore. There they squatted while the curtains of the *lutanka* were removed and Yeta III stepped out amid the rhythmic applause of the tribesmen lining the bank and a weird fanfare from the drums and kamujomas. He was conducted by the Chief Native Commissioner to his pavilion facing the Royal dais. His title among his own people is Yeta the Nice. His dignified countenance is lengthened by a patch of grey beard; he wore the ornate black and gold uniform, rather like a naval frock-coat, presented to his father many years before by Lord Buxton; Lewanika's Coronation Medal was pinned upon it and at his side trailed a heavy sword. With his Premier and his Heir Apparent he stood awaiting the Prince's pleasure beneath an awning with the figure of an elephant modelled in mud and wood above his head.

A crash of drums and the Royal salute, "*Yo sho!*" thrice repeated, marked His Royal Highness's coming. The Khotlo, as this form of meeting is termed locally, opened with an address read by the Paramount Chief in his own tongue. It was a statement made with deep dignity and spoke of the undeveloped state of the country of the Barotse, the lack of proper and equal means of transport, which had, unfortunately, prevented the visitor from penetrating the river lands as far as the native capital, though it showed great gratitude to him for having met the representatives of the tribe.

The Prince's reply, with its striking references to David Livingstone and its still more significant allusion to the abolition of serfdom in Barotseland, took several minutes to deliver and interpret. As it is typical of the white man's messages to the black children who comprise the greater populations of Africa a part of it may here be extensively given. "Monare," as the natives had called Livingstone, had tried to tell them something of God and of the white man's wisdom (said the Prince), how they must all strive to live at peace and give up the practice of keeping other men as slaves, buying and selling them as they would buy and sell cattle.

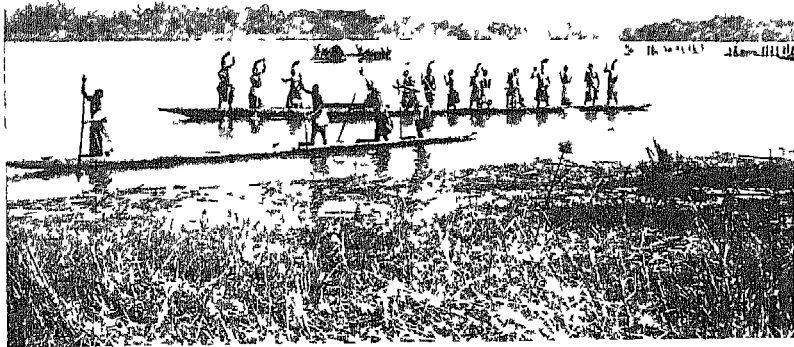
"It seems strange to you, no doubt, that Europeans should constantly be troubling themselves about your education and the education of your children and offering you the wisdom they themselves have acquired. In the past you would have said there was some hidden reason in all this; that perhaps the white man thought that thus you would serve him better. To-day I think you know that the reason is much simpler. The white man regards you as human beings like himself and offers you his knowledge and experience of life in order that he may live well with you. If you are wise you will always look upon the officers of the Government and the missionaries who labour so devotedly among you as your best friends

"The Governor has told me how you, Chief Yeta, and your councillors recently agreed to give up one of your old customs, that of making your people work for the chiefs without payment. I am glad to hear it. You have adopted two of the great principles of civilization, that man is free to give his labour where he will, and that the labourer is worthy of his hire. It is for you, Chief of the Barotse, and you, Chief Councillors, to see that you continue to advance as you have begun and to help forward the more unfortunate whom in the past you have regarded as slaves. I wish I could go up this magnificent river of yours into the heart of your country. I have heard much of your skill in handling boats and taking them through rough waters and rapids. That appeals to the people of my race. Our home, as some of you may know, is a group of islands surrounded by the sea. From the earliest days we have prided ourselves on being skilled in the management of boats. I am, therefore, looking forward with pleasure to seeing what the Barotse can do on the water of this river that resembles a sea."

With another and less formal speech, Yeta came forward again and with loyal acclamations held out his gifts to the Prince. With the customary leopard's skin there went a massive elephant's tusk and a walking stick of some wood as black as ebony and gripped in purest ivory, carved under his own supervision. The Royal gift to Yeta in return was a beautifully worked gold tiepin. "*Yo sho !*" shouted the gathering, after which everybody moved to the river's edge to see a mid-African regatta such as few outsiders see. The first incident was unrehearsed; two crocodiles passed slowly along in the green waters opposite the Royal pavilion. There followed a Barotse exhibition of hippo hunt tactics, in which a large bound mass of straw and reeds was used as the hippopotamus. As it floated slowly down the stream it



FAKOISE MUSICIANS AT KAMUJOMA



BAROTSE STATE BARGES ON THE ZAMBEZI

was pursued by a couple of rival spearmen in long slender skiffs, who went through the actions of pursuit, creeping near, implanting their spears in the "hippo's" mounded back and rowing off rapidly as though death were chasing them. Then all the barges of the flotilla lined up and took part in a race which was very much a go-and-come-as-you-please affair, and finally the Prince expressed the wish to push out into the river in the most fragile-looking dugout available. A particularly narrow canoe was brought to the steps of the pavilion and the Prince sat down amidships, saying as his paddlers steered him beyond the reeds, "You'd better turn out the guard. I may fall in any minute!" The Prince is a man who is not happy unless moving, and the *quart d'heure* he spent in the frail canoe on the Zambezi will be remembered as one of his greatest tests of patience. He managed to keep still and returned in safety to the very special relief of the naval members of his suite, and the satisfaction of the four paddlers who had kept their balance as though standing on firm ground, singing as they paddled along, "We love the Prince very much; glad we are he has come amongst us on the water!" The *indunas* upon the bigger barges were in a state of delirious excitement.

On from Livingstone again the Prince travelled by night across the uplands of Batoka and the great bridge which spans the Kafue River, most imposing of the tributaries of the Zambezi, that wait to be better known as channels of transport no less than as streams of romantic beauty. The Kafue was in high flood at the time and its waters were struggling towards and through the gorges. The irrigation schemes which would ease its fertile valley and carry prosperity to less favoured parts of Rhodesia are still in their infancy. There had been devastating rains in the neighbourhood and the Prince in his talks and speeches to the farming community at Kafue made reference to the resultant plight of cotton and mealie growers and to the pluck with which they were continuing their efforts. "It was enough to discourage anyone," he said, "and I think it was splendid of you not to lose heart."

A day was spent among the friendly folk who had gathered at Kafue and had organized an agricultural show, a race meeting and a fancy dress dance. The Prince was in evidence at all of them. From the station he drove through the settlement to the showground, which lay pleasantly beneath a range of mounded hills in sight of the blue river and the bridge. Apart from the assembly of cheery farming people and their healthy children

there was plenty to see—an exhibition of Barotse native work, furniture carved in teak and mukwa and other indigenous woods, an exhibit of the Chilanga agricultural experimental station, cattle and particularly the results of local cotton growing. He was presented with a fly-switch of wildebeeste tail mounted on ivory and ebony and gold. At the luncheon an exciting and unhearsed event occurred. Rushwood huts and booths had been erected at numerous points on the showground for the benefit of incoming visitors. One large pavilion had been set aside for the children's meals, and while the Royal party were at table with the farmers it was seen that a spout of smoke and flame was rising from the children's booth. The Prince was among the first to rush towards the flames, forcing his way bodily through the intervening walls and barriers. Luckily the children had been removed from the burning structure, and luckily, too, the temporary huts had been wisely isolated. The flames ate up the rushwood with a crackle and a roar, in five minutes nothing was left but a skeleton of charred poles and a smoking mass of debris on the ground. The Prince was among the Barotse boys as they beat out the fire and returned with his face flushed from the heat, to be cheered as he sat down at table again.

During the gymkhana, at which a bank of reinforced earth and a grass-walled booth served as grandstand, His Royal Highness donned colours and rode in three races. At the fancy-dress dance, which was a congested business, but a very jolly ending to the day's festivities, he took part in a parade of sheikhs and shepherdesses, dolls and knights-in-armour, dairy-maids and pierrots, and danced throughout the evening with a bowler hat tilted upon his head. Soon after midnight he entrained once more for the last stretch of the northward journey.

The following day he travelled ninety miles by road through primeval, endless jungle, to inspect one of the most remarkable conservation dams in the continent. On the railway platform at Broken Hill, His Excellency, the Governor of the Katanga, M. Bureau, was received by the Prince, whom he accompanied throughout the remainder of the day's engagements. M. Bureau had come down from Elizabethville for the set purpose of meeting the British Heir to the Throne, and the Prince, in a public address, expressed a desire to acknowledge the great courtesy of the Belgian Government in sending so distinguished a representative as the Governor of the Katanga to greet him, and the pleasure it had given him to make M. Bureau's acquaintance.

The Prince's last native meeting took place that morning at

Boma, it comprised some 5,000 Rhodesian blacks other than Barotse tribesmen and in many cases those present had come 400 miles on foot from out the forest regions to make their obeisances. The Awemba were in a majority and were brought in by their Chief, Chitamulu, Chief Mpsani led the Angoni delegations. Their tribesmen crowded round the slopes of a kopje and punctuated the Royal speech with their own peculiar form of hand-clapping. They had never sat together before and the visitor had seldom seen so many different types at once.

After circulating among the tribesmen awhile the Prince set out by motor-car for the Mulungushi dam and power works, which had been put into operation a few weeks earlier and which represent the fulfilment of a marvellous harnessing scheme. Mulungushi is the first hydro-electric power plant to have been installed in Northern Rhodesia and marks an important step forward in the development of the country's great mineral resources. The river has been successfully harnessed to supply electrical energy to the mining properties of the Rhodesia Broken Hill Development Company, which possesses very large reserves of zinc, lead and vanadium ores. The work so far accomplished consists in the installation of plant for the generation of 2,000 kilowatts, with provision for an early extension, and the 20,000 horse-power continuous output already assured will give yearly 22,500 tons of zinc, 5,000 tons of lead, 1,000 tons of ferro-vanadium and 50,000 ounces of silver.

The kopje beneath which the famous Broken Hill skull was discovered is now a hole in the ground. Many thousand tons of lead have passed through the furnaces which mark the site and it is not improbable that the days of the mine would soon have been numbered but for the power scheme conceived just after the war period as a means of treating the enormous zinc ore reserves. Some 35 miles west from Broken Hill the Mulungushi River gathers its waters into a narrow and precipitous gorge. A rock-filled dam has been thrown across the neck and the upstream face has been covered by a concrete apron. An immense lake has grown from the river and under its artificial surface the submerged trees are fast disappearing. Only desert growths trained to resist still remain.

The Prince descended to the edge of this lake before following the course of the discharged waters to the service dam. There he was asked to accept a model of the main dam and specimens of the rocks and ores upon which the district relies. In thanking the company for its invitation and its memento he said he was

much impressed by all he had heard about the scheme which was being inaugurated by him that day. It was no small achievement to have converted a narrow river in the heart of Central Africa into a mighty lake and to be using its waters for the generating of power for a mine 40 miles away. He trusted that with the aid of the power scheme the mine might have in store a long life of extensive production, to the great advantage of the whole of Northern Rhodesia. He then climbed above the dam-gate and turned the wheel liberating the water into the control channel. In its first gush it formed three large Prince of Wales feathers.

Through the jungle again the cars bore us to an escarpment where the land changes abruptly and plunges into a canyon resembling the black basaltic gorges below the Victoria Falls. Down in the pit of the suddenly formed valley the Prince looked down upon the generating station and the enormous pipe-line sloping into it past a native kraal. And above this piece of commercial enterprise a surprise of a different kind awaited us. High on the brow of the hill a luxurious rustic pavilion had been set, a structure of thatch and rough-hewn woodwork and grasses more ingenious than any we had seen in a land of elaborate hut-making. With admirable skill the Prince's emblems, old and new, the ostrich plumes and the rising sun, had been fashioned in yellow rushwork, and in each bay overlooking the distant forests was hung a basket of bright blossoms. The pavilion was reached up the steps of a terraced garden and at either side of each flight of steps the tall guardsmen of the native police corps stood like statues, as motionless as the white stones which lined the flower beds. On the floor of the pavilion, open to all the breezes of heaven, a horseshoe table was spread, with Indian waiters standing to serve. There in the bush, 44 miles from the nearest little white settlement, with a long blue mountain range suggesting the vast distances of the Dark Continent and stretching towards the borders of Tanganyika, a most sumptuous and artistic luncheon was served. It must have cost a fabulous price, for there were claret cup and champagne cup, caviare and dainty *hors d'œuvres*, iced *consommé*, ham and chicken in aspic; roast partridge and *pêche Melba*; and strawberries and cream, coffee and liqueurs and other things besides. It was characteristic of the Prince that sitting down at such a feast he should have left the choice fare to the others present and munched an apple and a piece of toast.

Broken Hill was the peak and turning-point of the Prince of Wales's pilgrimage in South Africa. From its "farthest north"

he turned to face the long journey back to the Cape. He had covered 2,500 miles on the railways of the Rhodesian colonies and made an acquaintance with their populations which would undoubtedly serve him and them in good stead in the years to follow. It had been an enjoyable, as well as a useful undertaking. In leaving he expressed the hope some day to pay another visit on less formal lines. He carried southwards with him a vivid recollection of the people, problems and possibilities he had passed in review—the new land well-fitted and well-prepared for white colonization, the suggestive vastness of territories hardly scratched, the homely atmosphere which survives in lonely places. At Bulawayo he halted for a few hours to exchange farewells with the Governor and the many friends he had made. The Premier, Sir Charles Coghlan, was prevented by his many engagements from saying a last good-bye, but sent to the writer the following message from distant Umtali.—

"The Prince of Wales's visit to Rhodesia marks an epoch in the history of this the youngest self-governing Colony in the Empire, consisting of a community small in numbers as regards its present European population, but animated in all sections—white, coloured and native alike—by deep devotion to our reigning House, our Empire and our Flag, to the ideals of our great Founder and to the pioneers who for a generation have laboured and made the country what it is to-day, a place where citizens of the British Empire may live and bring up their families.

"From the furthest confines of our Colony Rhodesians have flocked to see and meet their Prince and now that he is departing he carries with him in a more intimate and personal degree our love and respect. Our only regret is that his visit has been of such short duration that it was impossible for His Royal Highness to call on all main centres and see all the work of civilization their people are doing.

"Other and abler pens than mine can speak of our great natural resources and of the suitability of our country for European settlement. All are welcome to join us and will find themselves among their own people and in congenial conditions. The many thousands of healthy, happy children whom the Prince saw, born and brought up in Rhodesia, must have impressed him more than anything with what Rhodesia will be in the future. Our boys and girls in turn will always cherish loving remembrances of this great occasion in their lives. We all hope, and the Prince leads us to believe, that it is not Good-bye, but au revoir. May he return soon.—COGHLAN."

CHAPTER XVIII

ST. HELENA

THE people of Kimberley greeted the Prince during his far, fatiguing journey back to the Cape, and although he was given a busy time in the "Valley of Diamonds" it was time extremely well spent. He was met at Beaconsfield Station by a burgher commando of the type which he had so often led at a canter into the towns of South Africa and drove along Dutoitspan Road into Kimberley Market Square past a three-mile line of diggers from the alluvial diggings, who had poured in with their children, coloured people and natives, to join the townspeople. Unlike its neighbour and partner, Beaconsfield, Kimberley has allowed her broad lanes to follow the irregular lines of the old mining camp, and the Royal cortège swept hither and thither, from one ceremony to another, between curving rows of bungalows and villas. The whole community, European and other, was in the merriest mood.

With his commando 300 strong and a body of women on horseback as escort, the Prince halted at the City Hall and inspected his guard of honour, mounted by the Kimberley Regiment under the command of Captain Faulds, the first South African to gain the V.C. at Delville Wood. There were detachments from several units on parade and the inspection was a long affair. It embraced 500 British ex-service men and 150 Dutch South Africans who had once borne arms against England. The leader of the veteran ex-service men, Colonel Sir David Harris, was the father of the officer commanding the ex-service men from the great war, Colonel Herbert Harris, D.S.O., and father and son had each twenty years service to his credit.

Under a canopy built out in front of the City Hall, decorated in graded shades of wistaria interwoven with asparagus fern, the Prince met the city aldermen and numerous pioneers who had been resident in the diamond fields before "dry" mines were discovered in 1869. Addresses of loyalty were presented by the Municipality of the "former Capital of Griqualand" and the Board of Control for the alluvial diamond interest, whose diggers wished

His Royal Highness a happy and fruitful journey to South America; and there were also deputations from the Divisional Councils of Griqualand West and from the Cape-coloured, Indian, and native communities. The Prince in his speech to the townspeople, who formed a wall of cheery faces round the square, found several reasons for congratulating them—the tradition of wise management of the De Beers Company; the town's association with Rhodes, who had done so much for South Africa in general and for the town in particular; and finally, their realization of the fact that it was unsound to place entire reliance on diamonds and their wisdom in encouraging other industries, such as cotton-growing.

The remainder of the morning, except for visits to various non-European assemblies, was spent among mischievous-looking gems, dry mines and river diggings, hoisting gear, underground shafts, lifts and vaults. At the head office of De Beers the party were conducted into a treasure chamber and shown a dazzling display of stones, sorted and classified and ready for the market. The sorting room was comparatively small, but on its side tables was spread half a million pounds' worth of diamonds, many of them of a fascinating lustre, but the majority rough and dull, lying in little heaps like heaps of negligible stones. The raw stones shown to the Prince were drawn from the Bultfontein, Wesselton and Dutoitspan Mines and represented the activity of about eleven days, each day's wash being valued at roughly £42,000. They were sorted according to weight and colour and the largest was a yellowish stone of 150 carats the size of a large olive. On the last table a velvet case contained a superb collection of cut diamonds of strange colours, finest among them was a wonderful specimen of the deep amber diamond, one of the two largest of its hue yet discovered. At the conclusion of the visit the Prince was presented with a perfect white brilliant weighing $12\frac{1}{2}$ carats and, for safety's sake, the necessary certificate to insure him against arrest under the Diamond Trade Act. P.L.

From those seductive side tables at the main office the Prince drove through the diamond fields, past great heaps of tailings to the Wesselton Mine. He saw the pulsating plant through which the mine spoil is passed over quivering trays. He stood to watch the action of the vaseline as it retained the diamonds while every other particle of solid matter was shaken down to the base of the tray and along the travelling band that leads to the waste dumps. Quite a number of small brilliants were captured by the greased surface as he stood beside them. There was quite a

commotion when someone suddenly pointed to a stone the size of a small egg which stood out boldly above the running water, but it was quickly recognized as a bit of fun on the part of the directorate.

A descent of a thousand feet into the mine was then made. In suitable hat and overalls the Prince walked away from the shaft until he reached the blue clay where the natives were at work drilling into the mass. He spent an hour talking to the miners and inspecting the underground workings. Since its discovery the Wesselton has yielded 50,000,000 loads of blue ground and diamonds valued at £34,000,000. In the course of his peregrinations underground the Prince heard a unique salute, when the miners discharged twenty-one blasting charges on his approach. In the afternoon he was taken to view the weird spectacle of the old original Kimberley mine, still clogged with the rusted wire ropes with which it used to be worked. The central shaft drops a sheer quarter-mile and ends in a repellent pool of murky water. You may hurl stones from the great lip of the crater into the depths, but you will not succeed in putting them into the central pit, for the disused Kimberley mine is the biggest hole ever made, or ever likely to be made, by human hands.

Turning his back on diamonds and diamond lore at length His Royal Highness went to see the Honoured Dead Memorial, built at the highest level of the town. This Ionic structure perpetuates the memory of those who died during the siege of Kimberley. It is constructed after the manner of the Ionic Nereid monument discovered at Xanthos in Asia Minor and the design was chosen by a committee of which Rhodes was chairman. The stone out of which it was carved weighed 2,000 tons and came from the Matopos. Kipling wrote the verse cut into its western face. Inside the temple there is a winding staircase, which the Prince climbed to gain a glimpse of the ancient war positions.

Kimberley was the last large African town to honour him and rose admirably to the occasion. On July 24th he motored southwards almost unnoticed and devoted several hours to a study of the Magersfontein and Modder River battlegrounds. He rejoined the train at Belmont, just north of the crossing of the Orange River, which, in November, 1899, saw the beginning of Methuen's ill-fated advance against Cronje and the Boers who had beleaguered "Diamond Town."

His Royal Highness's official duties in Africa were by this time practically at an end. He was happy and fit, in conversation

full of enthusiasm for South Africa and liberal in his praise of her peoples, who had contributed to surmounting the difficulties of an intricate and exacting order of ceremonies. Apart from the distance covered before he set foot on Cape Town pier, he had travelled 9,680 miles by train and 3,400 by road in fulfilment of his mission. In summarizing a journey crowded with history it need only be said that the Prince's presence had everywhere been regarded as an inspiration and that his observation of social forms had been marked by the same zest and goodwill as made his greatness.

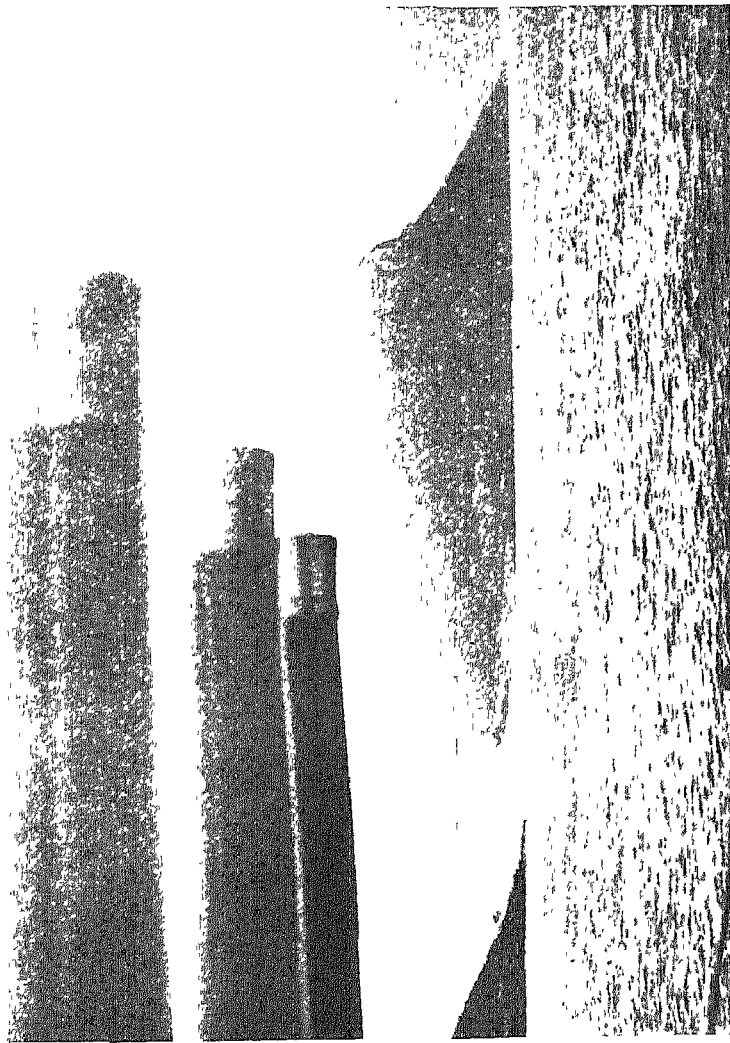
At De Aar, Hutchinson, and Beaufort West, centres of the Great Karoo, which at that season of the year enjoyed the clearest, crispest winter atmosphere imaginable, he spent a day in valedictory speech-making. At De Aar, which is one of the most important railway centres in the Union, he took the opportunity to express his appreciation of the admirable arrangements made for the running of his train. It reflected, he said, the greatest credit on the Administration that such a complicated programme had been carried out so smoothly, and, from the personal point of view, he could not have travelled in greater comfort. In his final addresses he laid emphasis on the fact that he was leaving South Africa with regret and in the hope of a future visit ever present in his mind. He sailed from Simon's Town in the *Repulse* on the evening of July 29th. The Governor-General and Princess Alice saw him off and the guns of the Africa Squadron fired a salute of twenty-one salvos.

The Prince received many felicitous messages, flashed over the wireless by invisible ships, on leaving South Africa, but after leaving Simon's Bay and rounding the Cape of Good Hope in a gorgeous sunset we did not sight a single vessel of any kind, and the only living creatures seen were the albatrosses which gyrated languidly above the ship's wake. The Prince had, of course, gone back into naval uniform. The routine in his flagship after he turned his back upon the excitements of South Africa and bade an affectionate farewell to the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice was simplicity itself. He was frequently to be seen pacing his own private promenade or the quarter-deck, chatting and exchanging reminiscences with members of his suite or the ship's officers. Sometimes he dropped into the ward-room for a smoke, or joined the "snotties" at a singsong in the gun-room. As a substitute for a bout of vigorous exercise he spent an hour in the torrid heat of the engine-room. Sometimes he appeared at a "movie show" and incidentally took particular

interest in a slow-motion film made privately in South Africa, showing his own golfing strokes for instructional purposes. On Sunday after divisions he attended divine service with the ship's company.

With skies overcast and the weather so pleasantly cool that it was difficult to believe we were again in the tropics, the *Repulse*, with the Prince of Wales on board, anchored in the roadstead opposite Jamestown early in the evening of August 4th. Captain Mainwaring, the Governor's aide-de-camp came on board to consult the suite regarding the Prince's wishes. The Prince did not land that evening, but went ashore early the next morning. As first seen from the sea, into which its barren brown rocks plunge abysmally, St. Helena was a place of such desolate remoteness that it was scarcely possible to believe that it sheltered in its folds some thousands of people all waiting to greet him with the suspense of a community seldom favoured by distinguished visitors. Its upper heights play hide-and-seek with the cotton-wool clouds that sit eternally upon the island, and its steep sides swerve to the passing mariner's view in a haze of blue, through which the breakers gleam, reflecting the sun in evanescent rainbows. From the Cape we approached on the Sandy Bay side and our first vague glimpse was of the wild walls of the great crater which in some past age formed the centre of a larger island, half of which seems to have heeled over and disappeared into the depths. Gashes in the brown rock which are the marks of volcanic violence lead up to the Ridges—the remaining part of the crater's rim—and above them Mount Actaeon and Diana's Peak are lost in cloud-fluff 2,700 feet above the rollers. *Repulse* circumnavigated the island from south-east to north-west, rounding Flagstaff Bay and Sugarloaf Point with a changing panorama of awful cliffs to port, until the white houses of Jamestown came to view, like neglected dice upon a crumpled carpet.

Everything in Jamestown was in waiting for the morrow's ceremonies. A tiny triumphal arch of arum lilies—the emblems of the island—stood at the landing steps and Main Street and the Square were decorated. As an instance of the islanders' effort to show the most pleasing front possible to the visitor it may be mentioned that the little town-garden which extends beyond the castle at Jamestown had been stripped of all its flowers to provide a lavish scheme of embellishment along the Royal route. That garden looked like a wilderness, but it was closed so that we should not observe its nudity, and there never was a sacrifice more willingly made. On the mountain wall,



"RLPULSE'S" GUNS OVER SIMON'S BAY

high above the valley, a conspicuous "Hearty Greetings" had been picked out in white stones. Only one building remained unadorned. In a corner beneath the church-spire, which is the landmark of the quiet haven, stands a plain-walled building labelled Gaol. It had not repeated the mistake made at the time of the Duke of Connaught's visit in 1910, when a banner inscribed "welcome" was draped across the entrance.

There is a spot in St. Helena called the Gates of Chaos. There are others which bear such names as Devil's Hole and Eagles' Eyrie. They may serve to indicate what may happen to grown-ups or youngsters who wander from the beaten track in this wildly beautiful little world of craters, chasms and crevasses. The tracks across the island are precipitous and forbidding to the humble inhabitants, who seldom move away from their own remote doorsteps, but there were few who allowed infirmity, distance or old age to stand in the way of their seeing the Prince of Wales. For such an occasion something over 3,500 islanders could be mustered. About sixty of them were English officials or belonged to the personnel of the Eastern Telegraph Company's cable station, which is an important link in the chain of Empire communications. The remainder were coloured or tinted folk—noticeably lighter than the types of coloured communities we had seen at the Cape, extremely well spoken, rather charming in their manner and fervent in their adherence to the Flag. It would be idle to speculate as to the ancestry of the Helenians who had flocked to James Bay, walking barefoot down from the interior, but putting on stockings and boots just before reaching the town, to see the smoke rings curling above *Repulse's* decks as the guns barked out the Royal salute. They were people who live with portraits of the Royal family upon the walls of every room. If any example of Helenian devotion were needed it was provided not long ago when a native was hauled before the magistrate for having manhandled a neighbour. On the magistrate's asking how he could so far have forgotten himself he replied, "Well, sir, I heard him making remarks about Queen Victoria which were lacking in respect, so I had to knock him down, hadn't I, sir?"

Their kindly reception of the Royal visitor gave the island its stamp and, with the help of the setting which Jamestown and the beetling crags provide, made a very happy impression upon the stranger. The Royal barge came ashore, steering clear of the wreck of the Papanui, the New Zealand emigrant ship which ran into the bay in flames in 1911 with 500 passengers on board and

which is still partly visible in the middle of the bay. At the tiny landing-stage the Prince was received by the Governor, Mr. C. H. Harper, C.M.G., who introduced his chief officials and a group of ladies. He drove into the town in a victoria, under khaki-coloured cliffs on the one hand and, on the other, the Jacob's Ladder of 699 steps built in the face of Ladder Hill a century and a half ago by Royal Engineers, which is one of the recognized sights of the island and, as some members of the Prince's party learned, an excruciating attraction for untrained muscles.

The way dips under an archway over which is borne the terrace of the ancient castle, a fort reminiscent of Christianborg and the sea-girt castles of the Gold Coast, but with its moat full of palms and bananas, and ancient mortars, 12-pounders of the long-dead St. Helena militia, flanking its drab-washed entrance. The little township beyond is a quaint, old-world place, strangely English, yet different from anything one could find in England. It can hardly have changed appreciably since, unexpectedly and to the dismay of everybody in the place, the Man of Destiny was landed and lodged in the first house in Main Street, before his removal to the Briars, away from the awe-struck gaze of the inhabitants.

The official ceremonies were quiet but hearty; they took place on the sloping ground under the castle walls. A dais had been erected in front of the Court House and the Prince looked across at the islanders assembled on three sides of a square with a background of banyans and plum-trees beneath the church and the sheer sides of the ravine in which Jamestown is built. He expressed himself as grateful to the Helenians for the welcome he had received and assured them of the deep interest with which he had set foot upon the island which was so well known to students of history, "not only because it was here that were written the closing pages of a great romantic life-story—the story of the Emperor whose mortal remains now lie on the banks of the Seine where many soldiers of France have found a resting place—but also for the fact that during the period of growth and maritime development of the Empire, St. Helena formed one of the most important links in Britain's chain of communications as an invaluable supply depot and an outpost of the East Indies." He sympathized with the island because it had suffered owing to changes in the trade routes, but knew full well that St. Helena was still proud of its place in the Imperial scheme and that its loyalty was undiminished. He closed with best wishes for their welfare.

The three cheers for the Prince echoed and re-echoed through

the hills as the party entered the castle, which now serves as the Government Office and is occasionally used by the Governor as a town residence. In a little room beyond the picturesque courtyard the island archives are kept in an unbroken sequence since the seventeenth century and the Prince spent some time examining those romantic tomes in which the dry record of the Napoleonic epilogue is written down in the beautiful flourishes of early scribes.

The Helenian archives have been seen by few people. The pregnant sentences chronicling the last trail of the great man's comet are neat and brief and are buried among the ordinary, more or less humdrum, events of the garrison. Turning the pages one finds an account of the court martial of some unfortunate artillery lieutenant; then the dire punishment which is to be meted out to a wretched slave, who is to have his hand cut off and thereafter to be hanged, drawn and quartered for having struck his master.

In the October entry of the 1815 ledger the Prince was shown the words. "Sunday the 15th arrived His Majesty's ship, *Northumberland*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, and having on board General Napoleon Buonaparte and certain individuals as State prisoners." There is a footnote stating that dispatches had been received by His Majesty's ship, *Peruvian*, from the "Noble Court of Directors (of the East India Company) and the Honourable Secret Committee on the subject of Buonaparte." It is followed by the Governor's proclamation warning the islanders against aiding the "General" or the persons attending him to escape custody and ordering that anyone attempting to correspond with him or them shall be "interdicted most pointedly."

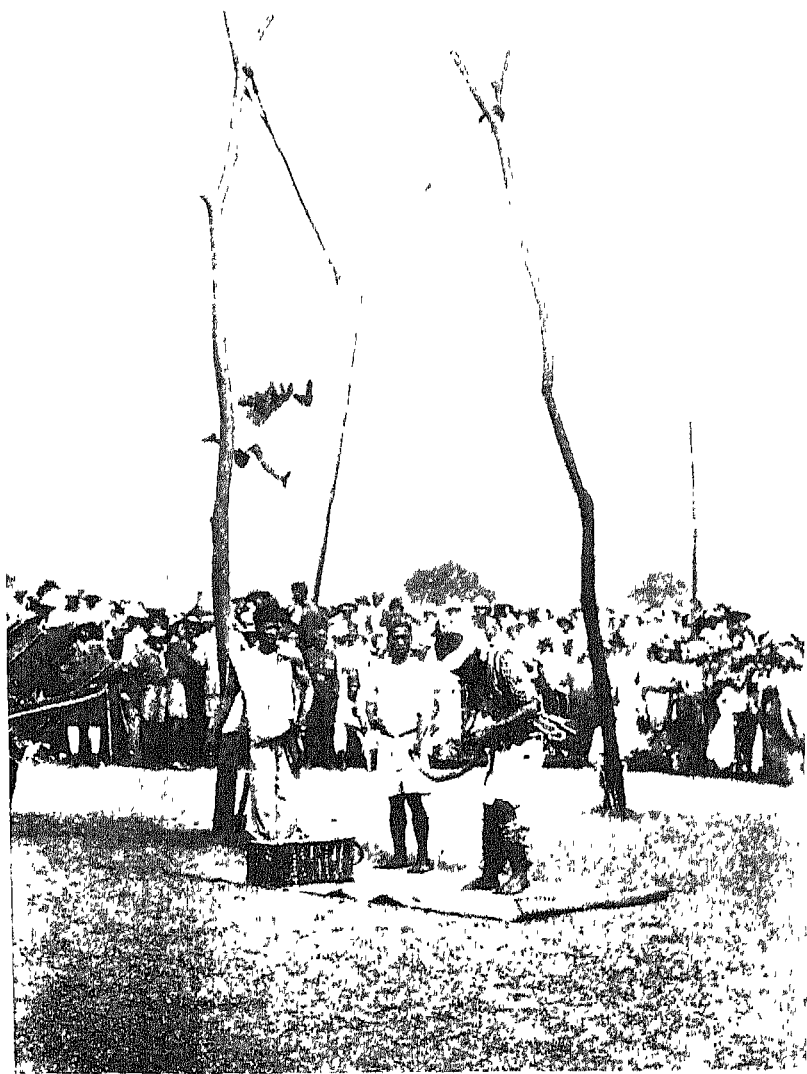
There is nothing more until the 1821 ledger, in which the Prince read this curt and isolated sentence. "Saturday the 5th died General Napoleon Buonaparte."

He also scanned the tattered parchment of the Charter detailing the laws and constitution of "St. Hellena granted on the tenth daie of March in the four-and-thirtieth year of the reign of our sovereign Lord Charles the Second in anno Domini 1681." Before leaving the castle, the Prince visited an exhibition of Helenian domestic industries and was asked to accept some specimens of lace such as had won the commendation of experts at Wembley. He noticed the results of the effort to establish the flax industry and showed his interest in the beaded bags which the natives skilfully fashion from acacia and canna seeds, kaffir corn and a berry fancifully named Job's Tear.

Driving up the western wall of the ravine to visit the inmates of the hospital the Prince quickly passed out of the sphere of happy decorative enterprise into a realm of rugged glory. He found to his surprise that St. Helena, which presented so forbidding and forlorn an appearance to the sea approaches, was one of the fairest as well as the most hospitable of islands. But he also looked down upon the roofs of a dilapidated and nearly moribund capital. The island which was once a flourishing and populous outpost and served past generations as a faithful stronghold and sanctuary has become an island of decay. Those who learned to love its healthy solitude used to say that it had only one entrance and no exit, but to-day emigration is fashionable among its youths and young women. Since the withdrawal of the garrison, in 1906, its population has dwindled ominously, for though rents are low, living cheap, and unemployment unknown, fortunes do not grow on the local trees and there is a lure in distant lands. Two shillings a day is the most the average native earns and life is frugal. There are ruins in Jamestown hollow—you may see the extent of them from the roads above—which were homes a decade or two ago. The old barracks and the officers' mess which housed the exiled Sultan of Zanzibar have been turned into meagre tenements. The new barracks were abandoned just as the walls began to rise above the foundations; and the Briars, which served as Napoleon's home for six weeks while Longwood was being prepared for him, has been condemned as unsafe and is fast crumbling. It is, indeed, a tragedy that there should be scars or poverty in these lovely natural gardens, and that the march of civilization should in this case have put back the clock and increased an isolation already acute.

In spite of a depressing decrease in population one may cast about in vain for any sign of melancholy. The good start which has been given to the fibre industry, the advertisement which Wembley meant to the lace school, and the spirit of *dolce far niente* which has come with an age devoid of adventures such as stirred the early islanders, are assets which are being briskly and properly exploited. Politics are hardly known. There is an Executive Council of three and the Governor's word is law. Colour problems go no farther than the occasional bickerings which occupy small and stationary communities. It is a blessing that there are no motor-cars upon the island. Along its mountain roads one meets polite little lads on donkeys and lassies who curtsy as they pass.

From Plantation, the name by which Government House is



SIERRA LEONIAN ENTERTAINERS

known, the Prince was driven across the ridges under Mount Actaeon to the Longwood side of the island. His road passed above Alarm Hill, where an old gun used to signal approaching ships, and skirted the Devil's Punch Bowl, which shelters Buonaparte's first tomb. Longwood Old House stands exposed to all the winds, and the trees which separate it from the plain lean towards the distant bay as the result of many hurricanes. There are days when the gale makes it difficult to stand in the neighbouring pastures. The house has the aspect of an ample and rather rambling country cottage. Flower beds in the garden beneath its pink walls have lately been remodelled in the forms of the *croix de guerre* and of the Napoleonic hat. During his stay the Prince several times remarked upon the modest size of the apartments in which the Emperor had fretted, languished and died. He stood before the white marble bust which stands in lonely state in the death chamber and after a walk through the other rooms studied the plans and documents relating to the estate as they lay spread upon the table of the Emperor's workroom. His host and guide was M. Colin, the French Consular Agent and guardian of the Napoleonic properties, with whom he chatted glibly in French, using a little of the *argot* he had picked up across the Channel in war-time. M. Colin said he had supposed that His Royal Highness had done his war service in naval uniform. "No," was the answer, "I wasn't in a ship; I was a *poilu*."

There was a reception and a dance at Plantation that evening; circumstances made it one of the most enjoyable functions of the tour. Plantation and its gardens were built in 1791—a year when the island was vastly more important and populous than now. Its white stone front is concealed within a wealth of tropical and exotic vegetation. Palms and pines grow together; and bananas and blackberries flourish amid masses of honeysuckle and cactus. By day Java sparrows and Cardinal finches add their bright colouring. Half-mourning butterflies cross the pathways. By night the Prince saw the scene bathed in the light of a full moon. For the dance, which was held in the rooms where are kept Napoleon's bookcases, cabinets and billiard table, the Governor's guests drove up the valley in horse carriages of almost every type. It was an experience for which one might have gone back into mid-Victorian times, that festive ride across the face of the cliffs. The sweat and blood of slaves had gone to the making of all those roads. Down in the roadstead outside James Bay the searchlights of the Prince's 37,000-ton battle-cruiser played upon the town and the ridges.

The Prince returned to the Longwood side the following morning and planted an olive tree near Napoleon's first tomb in the straight small glen leading off from the Devil's Punch Bowl, in which the exile's body rested for a generation. The glen is hidden completely from the roads which skirt the lip of the Punch Bowl above. It is one of the most secluded as well as one of the most serene corners in the island. The Prince rode on horseback down the tortuous track into which Napoleon had often steered his Cape horse in his ceaseless efforts to escape the eyes of his escort. Where the track ceases there is a nook in which Napoleon discovered a trickling stream of crystal purity. Here the restless exile had his favourite evening seat. Hither, on May 8th, 1821, a party of English grenadiers bore his coffin, upon which was spread as a pall the military cloak he had worn at Marengo. The stream still trickles through a bank of arum lilies and the Prince drank of its waters with a wild yellow canary sipping from the tank at his feet.

The tomb is, of course, no longer a tomb. Its plain white slab covers an empty cavern; it bears no inscription and there is nothing in the dell to indicate who rested there, except a brass plate nailed to the nearest cypress-tree, which bears the words—

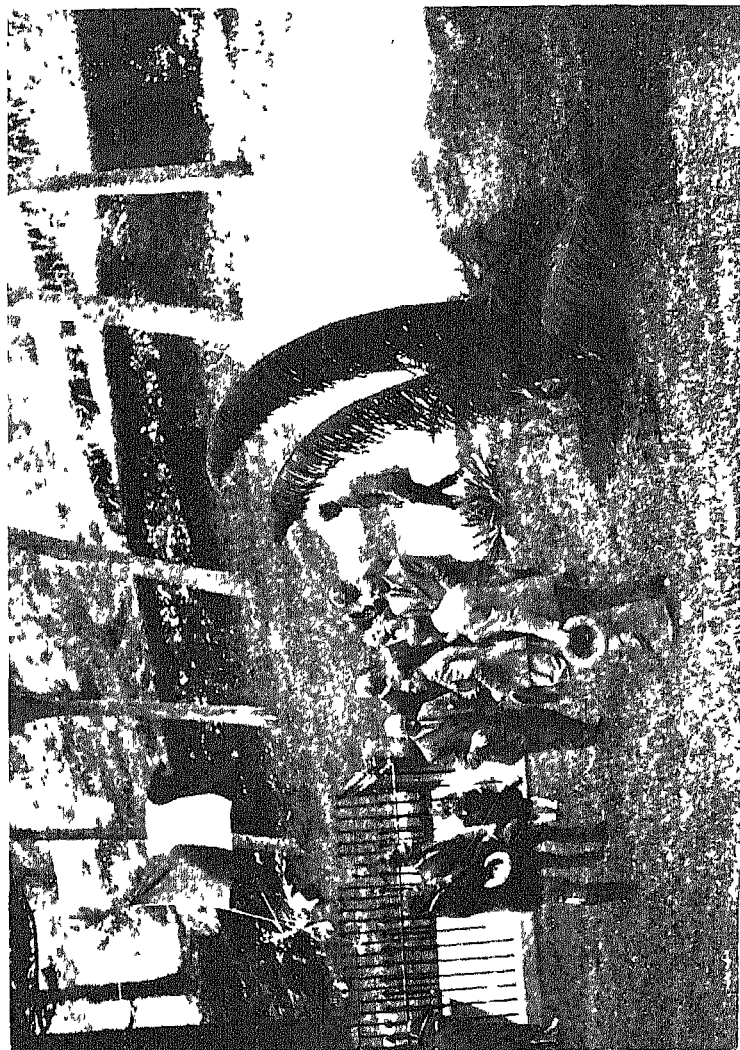
“EXPÉDITION DE CHINE 1860-1862

LA FRÉGATE LA FORTE

A LA MÉMOIRE DU PREMIER EMPEREUR.”

The olive-tree which the Prince planted stands three yards from the black railings surrounding the tomb, opposite a weeping willow sent from France by Marshal Foch. Within the enclosure of lofty cedars and Norfolk pines he was saluted by the guardian's little son and the guardian presented him with a copy of De Las Cases's “*Memorial de Sainte-Hélène*” and a small strip of the red-and-gold wallpaper from Buonaparte's dining-room at Longwood. The remainder of the Prince's morning was devoted to a round of visits to flax mills and cultivations. In the afternoon he took tea with the English community at the castle—a garden party without a garden, but with the ramparts as a pleasant promenade—and in the early evening he walked to the landing-stage with dozens of swarthy little native boys galloping barefoot along in front of him.

We returned on board hardly having recovered from our surprise at finding St. Helena, which had presented so forbidding a front to the sea approaches, one of the most beautiful of islands



THE PRINCE AT NAPOLEON'S IONIC ST. HELENA

and one of the most hospitable. The Prince sent a message to the islanders again thanking them for the cordiality of their welcome. As we put out to sea cottage lights began to flicker in the Jamestown ravine and on the lonely cliffs above, but very soon the island was the merest speck in the east.

CHAPTER XIX

IN MONTEVIDEO

THE *Repulse* ploughed ponderously through the wind-swept Atlantic Ocean, which, west of St. Helena, is a wonderful cobalt blue. The "white horses" were friskier than we had seen them since the beginning of the voyage, but otherwise the next few days were quiet ones, for the course we steered was one for which the world's shipping has little use. There were no diversions beyond those provided by the ordinary routine in a battle-cruiser at sea, such as watching the meteorological balloon go up, or trying to make out what the bosun's mates were shouting in their inimitable language. South America was approached at an economic speed of 14 knots and we steamed at a distance of 300 miles from the coast of Rio Grande. For several hours, on August 12th, we were enveloped in dense fog, due to the meeting of the cold Falkland and warm Brazil currents, an encounter which kept the ship's sirens busy for a morning. The next day was colder, the sea changed under an unfriendly sky from blue to jade-green.

The Prince took a lively personal interest in the preliminaries of his South American visit, to which, of course, he had long looked forward with peculiar pleasure. The few days on board had given him and his suite the first thoroughly restful interval of the tour. Scope for exercise is somewhat restricted in a battle-cruiser, but as always His Royal Highness made the most of the available facilities. There was plenty of squash, deck-hockey, bathing and physical drill. Sometimes we had a cinema show in the limited space of the half-deck, or on the reserved deck, and occasionally a concert which included a small theatrical treat. The best people took part. To the outsider the *Repulse's* company seemed to be the embodiment of naval *camaraderie*. As a single instance, the case of Edward Hosey, first-class stoker, might be recounted. Hosey left England apparently in a satisfactory state of health, but was taken ill and died of tubercular disease in Simon's Town Naval Hospital. As was customary his "ditty-box," medals and other effects of sentimental value

were sent to his widow; the remainder was sold by auction among his comrades. His belongings were repeatedly bought and thrown into the auction again. They fetched £90 and a collection among the messes realized £135 and a further £35 was voted by the Canteen Committee—probably a record for the Navy.

Punctually at 7 o'clock on August 14th, *Repulse* anchored in the Plate Estuary about twelve miles from the fog-bound coast of Uruguay and there emerged from out the mist to meet her a Uruguayan light cruiser and H.M.S. *Curlew*, Captain Bridges, of the British North Atlantic Station, which was to remain with *Repulse* till the conclusion of the tour and return home simultaneously with the Prince. As the draught of the battle-cruiser did not allow her to approach the port, transshipment was necessitated and the tug *Lavalleja* flying the Uruguayan blue-striped ensign conveyed the Royal party to the *Curlew*.

For an hour we advanced through mist towards Punta Brava, unaccompanied except by albatrosses, the successors of the sea-gulls which had clung to our stern across a thousand leagues of the Atlantic. Then, with the lifting of the haze, river craft carrying loads of English excursionists enlivened our passage and Montevideo appeared in the struggling rays of the sun—a narrow ridge of buildings like an unreal and intangible grey island in a Venetian lagoon, but rising gradually to an inner complex of steeples, with yellow bathing beaches tailing off in the direction of the sea and the low hill of Cerro and Fort Artigas jutting out, like a modest Vesuvius, up-river.

As soon as the breakwater was passed there was an appalling din of guns, hooters, sirens, whistles and bugles—a din such as only one of the great crowded harbours of the world could have produced. On the mole, and wherever dry ground was visible, people were hurrying hither and thither manœuvring for position. A Uruguayan marine who had come on board with us described them as "*desorientada*," and the word, one feels, would lose in translation. A feature of the Prince's triumphal entry into the basin was the appearance round the ship of numerous brown-skinned athletes in narrow skiffs, representatives of the youth of Uruguay, who had come out into a turbulent sea to give the first greeting.

At the customs mole the British Minister, Mr. Scott, and a numerous group of high dignitaries came on board. They included Dr. Blanco, the Foreign Minister, General Bazzano, the War Minister, the Chief of Police, the Diplomatic Marshal

and the members of the Reception Committee. After the introductions, "*Orientales la patria la tumba*" was played by the Marines' band, an exceptionally rollicking tune for a National Anthem. The President of the Republic, Dr. José Serrato, was waiting ashore with a brilliantly uniformed group of officials and officers and held out both hands as the Prince joined him. The Prince descended the gangway wearing the bearskin and scarlet tunic of the Guards; he faced a concourse so dense that it was a wonder how the people managed to escape a ducking in the turbid water at the foot of the steep, railless harbour walls, which was the colour of lentil soup.

He was not permitted to leave the wharf without incident. As the nimble Uruguayan bluejackets stemmed the tide of pressing humanity, a small but most determined group of cinema operators and photographers surrounded the Presidential car and prepared for action. They went so far as to mount the steps and clamber on to the bonnet in their efforts to obtain "close-ups," while some even climbed high ladders and effectively blocked the route of the procession. The British National Anthem was played innumerable times, to the no small consternation of the diplomatists looking for their motor-cars, who kept donning and doffing their hats in confusion. Finally, all was ready for the entry into Montevideo.

The approaches to the city were held by various scenic guards of honour—a Presidential bodyguard drawn from the 1st Cavalry Regiment and wearing uniforms in which nearly every conceivable colour was contained, along the lines of uniforms worn by Spanish troopers at the time of the Peninsular wars; mounted police with pennons and tunics of vivid royal blue and spacious white gauntlets; and a squadron of helmeted and breastplated traffic police mounted on splendid English horses. Further on, lining the narrow streets abutting the bay and the Rambla, we saw several battalions of khaki-clad infantry with bright green plumes and epaulettes. Specially prominent were the cadets from the Military School, standing stiff near the Plaza Constitución in ornate Napoleonic kit.

Through the Calle Colón and Calle Sarandí the route led to Government House, an old-style edifice in the Plaza Independencia, in whose curtained salons Señor Serrato presented the remaining members of the State Executive, numerous civil and military functionaries and the Diplomatic Corps. In the room of the Minister for External Affairs, His Royal Highness also received, and shook by the hand, the Uruguayan members of the Order of

the British Empire. The President then invited him on to the main balcony to witness the march-past of the formations assembled in the capital for his landing. The lengthy but entirely attractive parade was under the command of General Ruprecht. The academies were the first to give the salute, the Lancers and the Republican Guard the last. From his high balcony the Prince looked down upon an inviting palm-shaded square, the massive equestrian statue of Artigas and a throng of townsmen, who called for fresh salutes at frequent intervals.

Soon after noon he retired for a short time to Taranco House, the residence set aside for his use in the old town. He had scarcely time to change before the President called again to take him to luncheon with the leading Uruguayans in the Prado, a park which constitutes one of the ornaments of the suburbs. All the Ministers of State were there and the City Fathers. So, too, were the camera men; they subjected him to a photographic machine-gun fire and indulged their flashlight fancies at close range throughout an otherwise charming repast. They went to work with shameless thoroughness, the victim sacrificing himself with a tolerant smile, though it must have been a most trying ordeal for him.

Before leaving the Prado, His Royal Highness went to the National Exhibition of Livestock and thence to an inspection of the cadets at the Military Academy. On returning home he found a delegation from the British Chamber of Commerce waiting to present him with a loyal address; and in the early evening he drove on to hold a reception of the British community in the rooms of the Parque Hotel, facing the sands of the Playa Ramirez, one of the largest and most pleasantly placed establishments of its kind in the Continent. The British community in Montevideo numbers not more than a thousand people all told; it has tended to decrease slightly during the last few decades, which have seen a decided increase of the general population. It is, however, very well organized and its business men control numerous public undertakings held with British capital, including railways, tramways, telephones, and the municipal gas and water works, in which altogether over £50,000,000 is involved. The British Society with 450 members is the most representative association and took the lead in preparing for the Royal visit.

A State banquet was given at Government House by Señor and Señora Serrato, at which His Royal Highness, responding to the President's toast, begged permission to say a few words about the relations of the two countries. More than a hundred

years ago the fortunes of war had led to the landing of British troops in Montevideo. That was a passing incident and might, he trusted, be said to have been obliterated by the helping hand extended by Great Britain a few years later to the Young Republics of South America. Since that date no cloud had overshadowed the close commercial ties and cordial relations which united the two countries. He appreciated His Excellency's kindly reference to the visit which his father, the King, as a naval officer, had paid to Uruguay in 1880.

He found the history of the Oriental Republic of the Uruguay, of its greatest figure, Artigas, and of the gallant Thirty-Three who later took up his work and carried it along towards a triumphant conclusion in 1830, interesting and romantic. He could but admire the undaunted courage and the spirit of patriotism which enabled those men to sustain the struggle against overwhelming odds and finally overcome all obstacles in the path of independence. In the realm of statecraft, present-day Uruguay appeared to him to have devoted much careful thought to the universal problem of providing the greatest happiness for the greatest number. The recent revision of the Constitution and the new electoral law marked a step in the direction of making the people's voice effective in determining the destinies of the country. In the Councils of the League of Nations the Uruguayan representatives were listened to with respect and it gave him special pleasure to greet His Excellency, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Señor Blanco, who had played a distinguished part in the settlement of international problems.

He drank to the health of their Excellencies the President and Madame Serrato and to the prosperity of the Oriental Republic. After dinner there was a gala performance of *Madame Butterfly* at the Solis Theatre and after that a ball at the Club Uruguay.

The fleeting visit to Montevideo was only a minor episode in a far-reaching tour, but the Prince established the friendliest contact with the Uruguayans. It was so brief that he saw nothing of the wool country which lies behind the shores of the estuary, of the woods and swelling downs which, they say, make little Uruguay seem like a garden plot between the two great estates of Brazil and Argentina. But he saw everything and everybody there was to see in the cheerful capital and unfolded an untiring curiosity as to the history and affairs of the people. Devoted as it was to a country which, although the smallest of the South American States, maintains an almost blind belief in the merits

of republicanism, and especially in its own particular form, the visit was an object-lesson in the impartial exchange of impressions, in which the visitor's ambassadorial gifts were shown to best effect. As His Royal Highness remarked in one of his public utterances, "If we penetrate outward forms and appearances, we find, in the essential trend of thought and policy, nothing inconsistent in the larger aims which animate the peoples of Uruguay and Great Britain."

His reception was certainly full of robust experiences and good humour. Its vigour seemed to belie the idea that these people are a people of *mañana*. Freshness of climate and landscape has made its mark upon the descendants of the *Banda Oriental*, whose brisk, but amiable, type is distinguishable even to the passing stranger, and whose nationalism is hardy and intense. Their republican consciousness is certainly not of the type that despises princes, nor has the new national pride spelt the discomfiture of the foreign resident. The Englishmen on the spot are as fond of them as ever. Time was when the Uruguayans used to tease the mad English about their barbarous sports, but that has all been drastically altered. Last year an Association football team from Uruguay made a triumphant tour of Europe without suffering a single defeat and capped it by winning the world championship at the Olympic Games in Paris, since when, the date, June 9th, has been added to the already long list of public holidays as a date to be specially proud of.

After St. Helena and days on the ocean wave, Montevideo had quite a prodigious, metropolitan air. A traveller calling here two hundred years ago counted two solid houses and forty tents on the flats where approaching half-a-million people are now housed in a modern city well-linked with the outer world and a centre of fashion. Its distances are great, its squares spacious and, as seen from above by the flight of aeroplanes which saluted the Royal visitor, it must have resembled a hundred cross-word puzzles joined haphazard. It has become prosperous because its deep-water harbour has outgrown that of Buenos Aires and the others ports of the River Plate. It has many assets: citizens who are generally reputed to be polite, dignified and hospitable; well-planted squares and delightful sandy bays within reach; streets that are broader and less insidious than the man-traps of Buenos Aires. It is, be it also said, numbered among the most expensive of cities. The thoroughfares of the Old Town are cramped and noisy, and reproduce exactly the atmosphere of the business districts of Spanish cities. Palms,

paradise trees and orange clusters heavily laden with fruit peep from between tall houses ; but trams and trolleys clang and clatter incessantly at countless cross-roads. Yet the broader avenues sweep on to undulating suburbs, where willows weep in streams, to parks of tropical luxuriance, to beaches where bathing must be a joy in a warmer season of the year. Building is in progress everywhere. In the main square the twenty-eight storied Palazzo Salvo, the largest structure of the Woolworth skyscraper type in South America, has just been completed to the topmost cupola. On the outskirts of the city, villas, power-houses and seminaries are springing up on every visible eminence.

During the week-end the Prince's round of ceremonies included a visit to the Central Cemetery, where, with the President, he entered the Pantheon Nacional and laid a wreath in front of the urn containing the ashes of Artigas, as a tribute to "the thinker, philosopher, soldier, a man of great courage and vision, who created such confidence in his single-mindedness that the whole countryside were content to abandon their humble dwellings and set forth into the unknown because his was the hand that guided them."

There followed a drive to the British hospital, where the Prince was greeted by the Director, Dr. Shaw, and shook hands with the English and Spanish staffs before making a round of all the wards. Among the patients in the hospital at the time was the late Mr. Denstone, who had written, edited and printed the local English newspaper, *The Montevideo Times*, without a break for half a century single-handed. He had broken down at last and died a few days after the Royal visit.

At the National University His Royal Highness's reception was more than warm. He made his way up the staircase completely cut off from most of his suite by a multitude of students shouting their "*vivas!*" and a greater multitude of dainty but vigorous, young ladies and strong-elbowed street arabs, who had poured in from the streets despite the presence of a mighty array of royal-blue police. Their friendly curiosity to watch *el Príncipe de Gales* was so impetuous that the Rector, Dr. Regules, and the deans of the various faculties had perforce to conduct their visitor at double-quick time through the corridors of the building. Upstairs and downstairs, in and out of chambers and libraries, the game of follow-my-leader was played with zest and good humour on the part of everybody, and not least of the *Príncipe* himself, who took a good deal of interest in the National Library contained within the University and

commented on its large collection of English books and reviews.

More tranquil conditions prevailed as the Prince ascended the steps leading to the unfinished Legislative Palace, where he was received by the President of the General Assembly, Señor Terra, a group of senators and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, Señor Gutierrez. Thus newest of Parliament Houses is a colossal structure for so small a country and its leisurely builders have received many millions of pesos out of the public purse since they laid the first stone in the Avenida Agraciada in 1907. It outshines, however, every other public building in Uruguay. From its balconies the contours of the metropolis and the waters of the bay are seen, and its inner walls and lobbies and corridors are beautifully panelled. The central nave, the "*Salon de los Pasos Perdidos*," is a riot of marbles so rich as to remind one of Roman basilicas and drew from the Prince the observation that he had seen few places in the world to equal it. The Chamber, which is arranged on the semi-circular plan, to which our Mother of Parliaments forms a striking exception, was complete, except for finishing touches; deputies were expecting to move into it from the old colonial Cabildo on August 25th, when was celebrated the centenary of the Declaration of Florida.

The morning activities lasted until well into the afternoon. The Prince was entertained at luncheon at the Parque Hotel by the Anglo-Uruguayan Reception Committee and returned thanks briefly in excellently spoken Spanish. He subsequently laid the corner stone of the English school in Pocitos suburb, west of the city. A game of golf was his only respite and he hastened into the city again to meet the ex-service people at their headquarters. His own reception at the Taranco Palace that evening was the most brilliant of the brilliant functions which marked his sojourn in Montevideo.

With a formal visit of farewell to President Serrato on Sunday, after divine service at Trinity Church, the Prince of Wales terminated his brief, yet most agreeable, stay among the Uruguayans and re-embarked in the *Curlew* for a night journey across the river. Before leaving, he was assured that his mission would have consequences important from both the commercial and the social points of view; and there was no doubt that all Montevideans, the simple citizens as well as the official world, were charmed with his simple and democratic behaviour. In outward panoply his departure was as his arrival; a squadron of Artigas Lancers escorted him down through Old Town to the harbour. The route was lined and the mole had drained the holiday-makers

from the city to see the young English naval captain pass from their midst on the deck of his cruiser. The *Curlew* steamed out of harbour at 6 p.m. and the last one saw of Montevideo was a line of featureless black turrets and trees silhouetted against a garish sunset.

CHAPTER XX

IN ARGENTINA

ON a sparkling winter morning the *Curlew*, which a month before had been an unsung light-cruiser basking idly in West Indian waters, bore the Prince up the narrowing estuary of the "Silver" River to a Buenos Aires almost overwrought with expectancy. Several miles from shore motor launches came scurrying up, bumping in the swell as they swerved to salute, and white yachts with sails bellowed by the southeasterly wind tacked into the best vantage points they could find. At noon the members of the Argentine Navy League turned up in a river steamer they had chartered and in the outer roads the vessels of the Argentine fleet met the visitor with their guns belching and with aeroplanes curling locust-like overhead. Before the *Curlew* had been sighted off Banco Chico her wireless had picked up and acknowledged a message of courtesy from the Commander-in-Chief of the Division in the flagship *San Martín*.

These all gave warning of what was in store. A few minutes before the Prince was due to set foot on Argentine soil his cruiser glided slowly through the channel and past the headquarters of the Yacht Club. Her squat tug drew her through the narrow entry and whistles began to blow, at first rather asthmatically, then more determinedly and soon in deafening screeches. Then a pandemonium of sirens broke loose and kept up their chorus for a quarter of an hour, until the gleaming white vessel crept to the quayside flying the blue-white-blue Republican emblem alongside the Royal Standard. Long before this the broad asphalted ways and sandy garden paths flanking the Plaza Británica were densely dotted with growing groups of waiting citizens, in this case, strange to say, mainly menfolk. From the water the city seemed to come suddenly near, a maze of cold white upper stories such as only a handful of cities in the world possess, a frontage in which old world mansions and new world business blocks jostle one another behind the Federal buildings of the Plaza Colón, from the turrets of which great flags had been unfurled. Few realize until they have reached the

portals that Buenos Aires is a place with a population of two millions—a city as enlightened as Paris, as pushful as New York, and as practical as London. To us, who had come from empty spaces, the fact that it gives shelter within its walls to more people than there are whites in all South Africa was brought abruptly home.

Along the covered wharf in front of the Hotel de Immigrantes, where the dignitaries of the Republic were waiting in a piercing sea breeze, a seemingly endless strip of red carpet led to the Royal landing-place. Behind it a body of white-gloved and white-spatted marines were lined with band and colour. Above their heads there was a scheme of flag-fans, the Argentine blue alternating with the British red. A large mounted escort had wheeled into position in the cobbled dockyard. It was a picked bodyguard composed of giants of the Granaderos de San Martin.

Vaguely, at first, in all the noise, we became aware of the imposing crowds. A gaily draped brow was run out and made fast to the battleship and the Foreign Minister, Dr. Gallardo, stepped across. As the Prince gripped his hand the Marine Band struck up the Hymno Nacional and the whistling and piping that came from the whole harbour area was renewed ten times more shrilly than ever. Several ocean liners along the landing-places were used as grand-stands; people in thousands who had waited tier on tier under their beflagged masts cheered unceasingly when the Prince, in the undress uniform of the Welsh Guards, hurried ashore and met President Marcclo de Alvear. The burly President, who had known the Prince during his term of office as Minister in Paris, beamed upon his young guest. He spoke, but was not heard. The noises of a wildly excited seaport city defecated him. The carefully prepared phrase was wasted. With a laugh and a gesture he led his guest towards the city. He had just telegraphed to the King:—

"At the moment when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales lands on Argentine soil and Government and people tender him a merited homage, I desire to make known to your Majesty and to Her Majesty the Queen our sincere regard for your august persons and for your great and noble country."

As the party walked along the quay each liner load shouted in turn and at the gate of the North Basin the Lord Mayor of Buenos Aires, Dr. Noel, tendered the city's welcome. An enterprising cinematographer, who had climbed the station wall and hauled his apparatus after him, chose the moment as the most suitable to break through the green glass roof; he showed a leg,



ARRIVAL OF THE "CURIEW" AT BUENOS AIRES

but saved his apparatus and disappeared, appearing again as the Prince made a dash through the gates for his carriage. Ear-splitting shouts of "*Viva el Principe de Gales!*" broke out. The Prince's coach, one of the rarely used state landaus drawn by four magnificent black horses in gilded harness, was bombarded with roses, daffodils and lilies, which came hurtling down mercilessly shower after shower from women and girls leaning over the parapet of the Immigration Building. The carriages entered streets where millions who had waited impatiently almost exploded with enthusiasm. They seemed to spring from the ground to swell the tremendous throng which jammed the route for several miles. At each block there was a struggle between youths who wanted to advance with the procession and policemen who laid about them with truncheons. Nobody was hurt much. *Nobody seemed to mind.* As soon as each pummelling was over the youths shook themselves free and ran forward again. Their only desire was to keep the Prince's coach in sight. Progress through Florida, the Bond Street of the capital, was at a good deal less than walking pace. The party had just reached the state rooms of Government House when a mass of young men penetrated the hall below and had to be forcibly ejected.

In the Casa Rosada, as the Government headquarters are termed, there was a reception of the Ministers of the Executive, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber and various Parliamentary committees. The Prince also met and conversed with the Judges of the Supreme Court and the heads of the main civil and military departments. While that was in progress a chaotic tide of human beings was ebbing and flowing in the squares below. The Plaza Colón and the Plaza Mayo are among the roomiest public squares in the world, but the bodyguards employed to form a ring about the intervening building, drawn from the pick of the Argentine regiments, were swayed in the crush like feathers in a breeze. Laughter was, however, the order of the day.

Not the least delightful feature of it was that the Argentines were themselves surprised at the exuberance of their own first flushed welcome to the Prince, like a young woman afraid of having been too forward with a stranger. Yet the stranger upon whom you smile, dear lady Argentina, does not remain a stranger long. After the Prince had shown himself upon the balconies the procession formed again and with the Granaderos de San Martin trotting behind and his route lined with troops, he drove up the Avenida de Mayo, past the Congress Building, and along the Avenida Callao. A sumptuous private mansion, the Palacio

Ortiz Basualdo, had been placed at his disposal for the visit and with all that is fairest in Argentine society throwing posies in his way he reached the Plaza Pellegrini and entered his temporary home

In Latin America society begins its evening festivities at a late hour and finds it easy to turn night into day. The Prince drove to the State banquet at Government House at nine o'clock through thoroughfares as brightly lighted as at the hour of his arrival. The whole length of the Avenida de Mayo was bridged with portals of electric light suspended above the sidewalks by invisible wires, the Prince's motto and feathers alternating with the Federal coat of arms and the English word, "Welcome." The main stores and the skyscrapers were incrustated with electric bulbs. Even the cathedral was outlined in gay lights. For every flower planted in the gardens of the main squares a coloured electric flower had been substituted. Flood-lighting was thrown upon the Torre de los Ingleses, a clock-tower presented by the British Nation to the Republic in commemoration of the centenary of her independence. From his windows in the Palacio Basualdo the Prince looked down upon a Plaza Pellegrini in which the flower beds had been most elaborately framed in tiny lamps. The sky above the Prince's quarter glowed with a yellow radiance visible for several miles.

The winter garden of the Casa Rosada, as the guests arrived, and the dining-room, as they sat beneath the elegant chandeliers, were a babel of talk until the "Prime Magistrate," as genial a host as the continent could have produced, rose to bid his guest welcome. He assured him that the event of his arrival was Argentina's greatest hour, a culminating point in the life of the Republic and in the mutual progress and friendship between Britain and Argentina. Great Britain had helped them from the earliest days to build up their country. Their relations with friendly European countries had been excelled by their relations with Great Britain from the time of their first organization as a nation. It was due to British impulses that their commerce had first developed; in turbulent times their industries had been stimulated by British capital and British interests in the country.

The Prince, whose rising was the signal for much applause, said that it gave him the greatest pleasure to take that, the first public opportunity of expressing to the Argentine Nation the sincere gratification with which the King had received its invitation that he, the Prince, should visit it. For his part, not only did he feel most profoundly grateful for the opportunity to become

acquainted with a land which, to them in England, was associated with adventure, progress and vast material resources, but also he rejoiced to think that the invitation had been inspired by ties of traditional friendship which linked the two countries.

"From the moment of landing on Argentine shores I have received (he continued) such a warm welcome from the citizens of Buenos Aires as will always remain in my memory as one for which no words can adequately express appreciation. I now understand the reality of the traditional Argentine greeting to a friend, '*Está usted en su casa.*'

"I consider myself fortunate, while the vivid experiences of my tour through South Africa are still fresh in my mind, to be enabled to pay a similar visit to the southern part of the American continent. They are both new lands, with different problems to solve, but both working confidently for human progress and civilization. The note in your Excellency's speech of the confidence of the Argentines in the future is particularly refreshing in these times of vague apprehensions and of disturbed economic conditions. It provides a message which I will take back from the new to the old world. Your confidence is obviously justified, well-based as it is on the qualities of goodwill to which your Excellency has alluded as the ideal of the Argentine Nation, as much as on the unlimited material potentialities of your country.

"Your Excellency, in words which will find a response of gratitude in every British heart, has described the services which it has been the privilege of the British to render in contributing to the formation and growth of the Republic. For my part I am struck with the lavish return which the progress of Argentina has made to the economic welfare of Great Britain. She has contributed bounteously to our food supplies and raw materials, has offered a field of investment for British capital and enterprise, has given countless opportunities for the exercise of the pioneering spirit of our men of business, and, lastly, has provided homes and livelihoods for the thousands of our fellow-citizens who have been attracted to this land of equal opportunity.

"To these strong ties of reciprocal material benefits your Excellency has added an appreciation of the spiritual influences which British customs may have had on Argentine life. If this is so, I like to think as an Englishman and a lover of sport that no part of our national tendencies is destined to have a greater effect upon the character of the Argentine race than the remarkable enthusiasm for athletic sports which has spread throughout the Republic, even within the short space of the last ten years.

We British are firmly convinced of the beneficial influence of sport and I venture to predict that it may lead to even closer and more intimate understanding between future generations of Argentines and British.

"This year has seen the celebration of the centenary of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce between the United Provinces of the River Plate and His Britannic Majesty. Its signature and ratification in the year 1825 inaugurated relations of friendly commercial intercourse between our countries which not only have continued uninterrupted through a hundred years—surely a notable episode in the history of any two nations—but will also, such is the conviction of my countrymen, as I am assured it is of yours, be prolonged indefinitely to the next and succeeding centuries. It is the happiest coincidence which has enabled me to visit your hospitable land in the year of the commemoration of the centenary of the Anglo-Argentine Treaty, to bring to the Argentine nation on that occasion the cordial greetings of the King and the British people, and to assure you that the confidence of the British which accompanied your early struggles to nationhood is assured to you undiminished in the great destinies which await you."

His speech ended, the Prince raised his glass to the personal welfare of the President and the prosperity of the Republic. The gathering, than which no more distinguished or smarter has ever met in South America, withdrew from the Salon Blanco to the winter garden again, to watch a display of fireworks in the Plaza Colón. By that time a drizzling rain had begun to fall—the only element which could effectively have dispersed the multitude staring up at the balconies of the state apartments—and the torchlight tattoo which should have taken place round about midnight had to be postponed. It poured all night and in the morning the Prince (who enjoyed a minimum of rest during those first few strenuous days) looked out from his breakfast-room upon a cold grey capital.

But the crowds were waiting for him again. After the events of the first twenty-four hours in Buenos Aires it had to be recorded by those least prone to exaggeration that the Argentine treatment of the Prince of Wales stood quite alone. It was a daring thing to write about the most popular young man in the world, but it was written with a tumult ringing in one's ears from a city which, despite fickle weather and a few buffetings at the hands of a dogged police force, had abandoned itself entirely to enthusiasm for its visitor.

The Prince, as he walked down the Naval Dockyard after inspecting the Immigration Buildings, could not have guessed what noises awaited him. The prosaic programme told us we were visiting the harbour, a chilled meat factory and the Central Produce Market, but there was a great deal more in it than the official schedule revealed. Shortly after ten the Royal party appeared on foot at the entrance to the harbour canal and the multitudinous varieties of noise which will henceforward for ever be associated in our minds with the seaports of South America began on all sides. The Presidential yacht, *Adhara*, awaited the Prince and Señor de Alvear, who wore their overcoats well buttoned up, for the sky was cheerless and overcast. As the little white vessel swung round in the sandy waters of the North Basin, among liners a hundred times her own size, walls of winter-clad people stretching as far as the eye could see waved and gesticulated. What they shouted was inaudible in the universal hubbub. It was mainly a crowd of men which had gathered along the jetties. They had climbed up the rigging of sailing boats, up into the look-outs of steamers, up cranes and up the trees of the avenues skirting the harbour works. They had taken possession of ladders, copings and depot-sheds, they voiced their pent feelings from scuttles and portholes, they swarmed upon trams at the foot of the streets leading down from the town. Among the early excitements this episode, in particular, remained vividly impressed upon the visitor's mind, though locally it was chronicled in few lines.

Before passing from the basin, His Royal Highness received a good and hearty salute from the Argentine cruisers, whose blue-jackets manned ship and doffed caps to give him three cheers. The harbour works of the Argentine metropolis, which were completed in 1909 and in which vessels flying the British red ensign are predominant, extend several miles along the eastern face of the city. There are, at present, four main docks (a very extensive Nuevo Puerto is in course of construction in the centre of the great dock premises) but beyond them again there are several miles of basins and canals, every one chock-full of shipping. Every vessel's every siren did its level best to make the biggest din. The Prince stood on the little foredeck of the yacht raising his bowler hat to each boatload. He was speechless. Speech would have availed little. On both sides of him launches and barges were wreathed in the steam of their own hooters. On this occasion not three or four, but a hundred, ocean-going liners served as grand-stands, their superstructures crammed with human figures.

Underneath their hulls rusty freighters, grimy coal boats and dredgers which had never tried to look respectable competed with each other in saluting. Their flags and names—in one single corner one noticed the *Ciudad de Madrid* and the *Prim Glen*, the *Fort de Douaumont* and the *Gambia River*, the *Hamburg* and the *General Artigas*—were an epitome of the life of Pacific and Atlantic trade routes and of far away dockyards. At intervals the yacht passed under grain elevators and floating docks all a mass of cheering workmen. It was not the mere welcome of a single city; it was an extraordinary tribute that came spontaneously from the citizens and seamen of half a hundred different lands, including Germans who were here in full force. It is doubtful, indeed, whether anybody has ever listened to such a volume of sound as they combined to make. It was a nerve-racking experience; one wanted to escape, yet wanted to stay and witness the almost barbaric effect of it all.

In the Riachuelo a narrow tributary of the Plate, which winds eastwards through the city districts, the Royal yacht moved into a quiet sphere, but even there further crowds had collected from the poorer parts of the town to throw flowers down at the visitor in his passage. Along the whole route the marine police and the dock employees had remained stiffly at attention and ferrymen had stood in their cob-boats with grey heads bared. In the suburb of Avellaneda the yacht put into the southern bank, where a special landing-stair had been erected, and the Prince landed through lanes of school-children who strewed his path with mimosa while women hurled bunches of flowers over their heads.

The party were then initiated into the mysteries of the *frigorífico*. First they were met by the Intendente (Mayor) of the district and by the municipal band, which played him the popular Argentine march of "Ituzaingó." The Central Produce Market, which serves as depot for the greater part of the country's wealth of exports, particularly wool and hides, was visited, and then the Prince was met by Señor Miles Pasman, head of the *Frigorífico La Negra*, one of the largest and best equipped chilled meat establishments. As he entered the yard he received salutes from those about to die—a large herd of cattle fresh from the bath was being driven by a gaucho on horseback up the long concrete slope leading to the top story of the building. The name of Argentina is invariably associated with vast cattle *estancias* and *frigoríficos*. *La Negra* is run on model lines with a yearly output of well over a million cattle, sheep and pigs. Its ramifi-

cations would take weeks to study properly, but the Prince was shown, necessarily in brief, the whole process of preparation, from the scientific method of slaughter, through the skinning and dressing floors, to the finished article ready for shipment.

It is generally admitted that Argentina stands first among the cattle producing countries of the world and that her pasture-lands yield relatively more and finer beef than pasture-lands in any other country. Her contribution to the supplies required by Great Britain and the Allies during the war was enormous—and enormously profitable. The war offices and admiralties of Europe sent urgent appeals for provisions to the meat refrigerating and exporting concerns and, so far as England and her Allies were concerned, the response was immediate. Plants were improved and forced into greatly increased production. Slaughter houses, freezing departments, preserving plants and packing rooms were taxed day and night to their utmost capacity. Now, in peace time, the requirements of the continent of Europe for Argentine frozen meat have multiplied until the country has supplanted the United States as beef purveyor to the world. Its freezing plants lie conveniently grouped and within easy distance of the trading ports of the River Plate. The country behind them is remarkably well favoured as a grazing region and yields record crops of lucerne. The climate is the best in America and the ranch production has remained comparatively cheap. The freezing establishments compensate for the high price of bullocks which they have to turn into cheap beef by careful utilization and sale of the by-products, due to the specialized system of mass slaughter and mass dressing of cattle. At La Negra men and machinery co-operate in interesting ways. The carcasses are suspended from overhead conveyors and moved slowly through the various departments; as they pass in endless file in front of the employees stationed in overalls on the dressing floors they are treated by each in turn.

The Prince watched it all intently. He was told about the resting yards, where the animals are kept for forty-eight hours before they are moved through the baths to the "knocking pens." He saw experts fell the animals at a blow, without a sound and with never a second blow. From butcher to butcher each carcass glided on the overhead cable until it hung in sides of beef, wiped and cleaned by hands provided with damp and sterilized hot cloths. One of the floors of the establishment is 330 feet long and has a capacity for 2,500 carcasses. There and on the sheep-killing floor, where 4,000 are dealt with at once, he asked questions by the

dozen while standing over the smock-frocked dressers, each doing his allotted task, and examined the methods of sorting the all-important by-products. He took keen interest in the cooking and canning departments and spent some time in the hides department, in which some 60,000 skins were stored. He was particularly impressed by the veterinary section. From the administrative offices he was taken to a hall containing the cold buffet of the establishment, where products and by-products were displayed and tasted, at their very best, with champagne.

The return to the city was made by motor-car through several typical suburban streets and along the Avenida Costanera, the riverside drive, where the Prince saw some thousands of pigeons with wing-tips dyed red, white and blue liberated and fly over the town. From here, where the complex modern city, its proud boulevards and its complexity of harbours end abruptly in a sea wall, you may smell the airs of the pale-brown flood of the Plate and look back into the history of the *conquistadores*. Along this unpretentious coast Sebastian Cabot sailed in quest of a "realm as rich as Cortez had conquered in Mexico." Don Pedro de Mendoza, whom Charles V had named Governor of all the territories of the River Plate, collected a thousand willing adventurers and led them up this estuary to an anchorage at the Boca.

In those days Europe was filled with excitement at tales of the wealth that was just about to pour into the lap of Spain. Somewhere in the heart of the continent there were mountains laden with gold and valleys teeming with treasure, and Spanish grandees, English merchants and German students were eager to accompany the *Adelantado* authorized to equip and command an expedition to the land of promise. Early in the year 1536 a landing was made. The surrounding territory was infested with Querandies, a bellicose Indian tribe, but a stockaded settlement was founded and the name of Ciudad da la Santisima Trinidad y Puerto de Santa Maria de Buenos Aires was bestowed upon it, a sailor's act of devotion to Our Lady of the Favourable Winds, the winds which had borne his ship to this shore. The first colony was beleaguered and was soon a smouldering ruin. Nearly fifty years later Garay's soldiers came ashore near the Riachuelo and Garay planned an extensive township and even marked out the site of the Cathedral before he was killed by the Indians. From a precarious footing upon the mainland, a settlement subject to the Governor of Asuncion, Buenos Aires grew into a great Viceroyalty, which struggled first for commercial freedom and later for

national independence. To this same strand that is now a fashionable riverside drive came in turn British invaders and patriots from the Peninsula. In March, 1812, when the country was in a state of conspiracy and revolt, there landed one of the most conspicuous figures in Argentine history, General José de San Martín, who had been one of the inner secret society called the Gran Reunión Americana and who plunged headlong into the turmoil which led to the foundation of the Republic. The ship that bore him and his fellow-patriots to their homeland was the *George Canning*, named after the English statesman on whose authority the Anglo-Argentine treaty was subsequently signed. Monuments are dangerous things, but one day, maybe, the famous landings will be recorded in stone where the feet of the landing parties scrambled ashore.

A downpour of rain compelled the authorities to postpone the mass meeting of 30,000 school children for which every possible preparation had been made in the Plaza del Congreso. The Prince regretted this departure from programme as much as anyone, particularly when he heard that many units forming the concourse of youngsters had waited since early in the day to sing to him in English. At the very hour of assembly the steps and platforms of the Monumento a los dos Congresos began to drip with water splashed down from its bronze copings and what had been a stage set for a happy and animated festival became a place of tearful doubts and questionings. Finally, the Consejo Nacional de Educación had to order a dispersal. At 3.30 the Prince visited the Industrial School of the Nation in Paseo Colón and inspected its workshops and samples of work done by its pupils, who had designed and presented to him a plaque bearing his portrait in relief. From the laboratories he found his way into a foundry, where a number of students were working at the forge. His eyes brightened as he saw the sparks. "I like that immensely," he said, "I used to do that when I was at Osborne; it reminds me of old times."

His next *venue* was the Hall of Congress. Under its tall cupola, not unlike that of the Invalides, he was welcomed by the Vice-President of the Nation, Dr. Elpidio González, who is also President of the Senate, and by the Foreign Minister, Dr. Angel Gallardo. The Grand Hall of Congress was packed with deputies and their ladies; he reached it through a double row of *Bomberos* in gala uniform, and was bidden welcome in the name of a younger parliament met to pay tribute to the country which, the Vice-President said, was "the cradle of all liberties." Argentine

orators are eloquent to a degree and, as the Prince was learning they do not shrink the fervent phrase.

"Your presence (said Dr. González) symbolizes the traditional and unalterable friendship of the British Government, which we have enjoyed since the dawn of our independent existence, and the profound spiritual identity with which your country is linked in fraternal friendship with our own. May Your Royal Highness take home to your Government the assurance that this Republic will co-operate, as always, to build up a perfect civilization, in which the people of Great Britain will occupy the prominent place assigned to them by their sense of justice, their culture, and their praiseworthy traditions."

A few minutes later, in the deputies' dining-hall, where His Royal Highness shook hands with the people's representatives, glasses were raised to "the greatness and prosperity of the British people, to their August Crown, and to the health and good fortune of the Prince of Wales."

The gala performance given by command at the Opera Colón that evening was undeniably the most brilliant of all the State functions which the capital had organized in the Prince's honour and the most imposing sight of a festive nature enjoyed during the entire twenty-nine weeks' tour. Catalani's *Loreley* was given, with Señora Claudia Muzio in the title rôle. The Prince was awaited by tens of thousands of people outside the Opera House, where dazzling lights were reflected in wet pavements, and appeared as the absolute idol of Buenos Aires society as he walked through his guard of tall Grenadiers in red tunic and blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. Numbered among the most sumptuous and spectacular theatres in the world, the Colón must have contained more than three thousand "beautiful women and elegantly dressed men." Many had paid fabulous prices for boxes and stalls; many more stood during the whole performance in wide queues in the central aisle and under the boxes. As many tiaras glittered in the darkened upper tiers as in the *parterre*. While the curtain was up performers and orchestra were listened to with rapt attention, but as the lights shone out again, amid rich decorations, three thousand pairs of inquisitive eyes were focussed upon the Presidential box. The Prince was applauded whatever he did and wherever he appeared.

The following day took the Royal party on a visit to La Plata, the capital of the Province of Buenos Aires. They travelled down through a country of sun-washed pasture-lands in a really regal train, with a coal fire burning cosily in the Prince's

quinawood lounge and with several escorting aeroplanes flying so low at the side of the track that the airmen could wave in at the windows of his coach. Along the railway, which is British-controlled and mainly British-owned, the settlements waited and waved, and at Temperley a large community of English residents hailed the train.

La Plata has the distinction of having been planned and built as a new provincial capital when Buenos Aires became the Federal centre. It sprang up in the plain forty years ago as a modern city of broad streets and diagonals, modelled on, though more primitive than, Washington. With an escort of black-coated provincial mounted police, His Royal Highness was drawn in a state coach through a very frolicsome crowd to the Plaza San Martin. On a balcony in front of Government headquarters, overlooking the square and the public buildings, he received a *dainty ovation from the white-clad maidens of the local seminary*, who sang "God Save the King" in English. They had learnt the words by sound and practised them for weeks and they earned from the visitor an emphatic, "*Esto es espléndido—muy bien!*" Some thousands of pigeons were released as he took his stand on the dais, and the Argentine National Anthem, which is an opera in itself, was played. There was some slight commotion when a large body of youths tried to burst the police barriers. They succeeded in dodging the nonplussed police and at length worked their way near to the balcony, but contented themselves with yelling lustily "*Viva el Príncipe!*" or "*Holàr ze Prince of Vels!*"

They fell back amiably when the march-past of students, scouts and provincial troops began. With the Governor at his elbow to describe units and uniforms, His Royal Highness took the salute from each company in turn, subsequently entering the state rooms, where he was entertained at luncheon. The prodigal plain which is the Province of Buenos Aires was described to him as an historic link with Western civilization, a great pampa maintaining its vastness and its characteristic sadness, but containing the bulk of the live-stock and agricultural wealth of the Republic. "There does not exist," said Dr. Cantilo, the Governor, "any expression of culture or progress in the province which, directly or indirectly, does not owe its growth and prosperity to your country. We are indebted to you for the solution of our most arduous and fundamental problem—the suppression of distance; your railways bring the throb of life to our remotest territory. Our prolific cattle have been refined with the blood of your famous herds. If your countrymen have deserved

respect in the cities for their uprightness, in the *campo* they have shown singular aptitude for rural pursuits. Welcome, Highness ! —your youth has for us the value of a symbol ; you appear as the renewed vigour of your race."

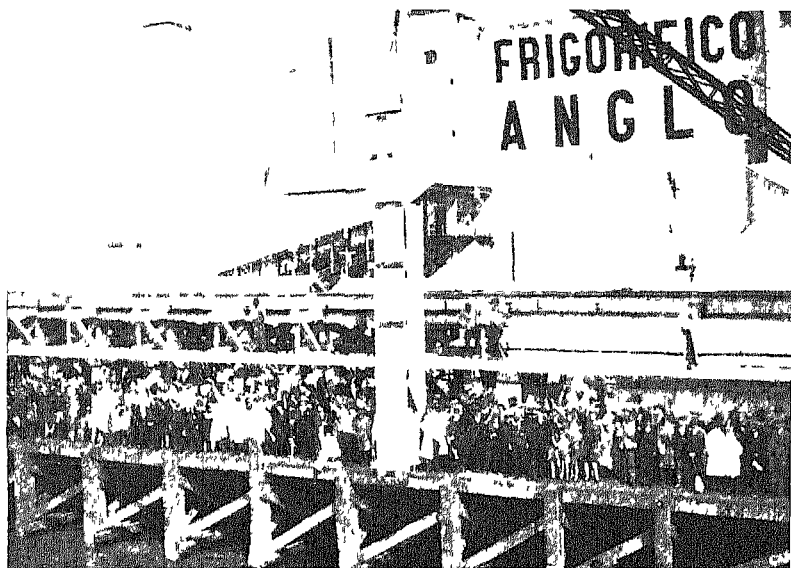
After luncheon the British residents were introduced. One old lady present spoke and was spoken to in Welsh. In the course of a perambulation of the city the Prince went over the Natural History Museum of the University, whose savants showed him, among a renowned collection of mammalia, the diplodocus presented by the Carnegie Institute and the thigh-bone of a similar species found in Patagonia, which must have been half as large again as the complete specimen. Followed a call at the Zoological Gardens and a tour of the Palace of the Legislature, one of the model buildings in the so-called "enchanted city" reared regardless of expense at the height of the boom period. Here, after a hasty inspection of the chambers, the Prince was created a Senator of the Province. It was the first time he had "entered politics" and he was presented with a Russian leather portfolio containing, in honour of the occasion, copies of the Constitution, the rules of membership, and the gold medals which serve the senators and deputies as passes. He was also shown an authentic copy of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce, signed in 1825, which is preserved in the archives together with a record of the debates of that epoch bearing on the treaty. There was a party at the Governor's official residence before the evening train took him back to the capital.

On August 20th, His Royal Highness saw a Shorthorn champion which weighed a ton. Its name was Faithful 20, and it was subsequently sold for the equivalent of £12,700. It was at the (38th) Annual National Show of the Argentine Rural Society, in Palermo Park, where the Prince, who performed the inaugural ceremony, inspected a wonderful parade of live-stock.

The breeding of high-class cattle in Argentina dates back to a period long antecedent to the invention of chilled meat factories. *Charqueados* were the forerunners of *frigorificos* ; and the salting and sun-drying of beef, in which they were engaged, gave to the armies and peasants of the southern continent a food which withstood time, and to the stock-raisers of the *campo* a substantial livelihood. The demand for hides increased their prosperity. The first Shorthorn bull was imported into Argentina from England 77 years ago, and shortly afterwards ships loaded with wretched live-stock began to leave the Plate Estuary for Europe, but it was not until the export of meat and meat extracts on a colossal



ROASTING THE PRINCE'S MUTTON AT MIRAFLORES



THE FAREWELL AT THE FRIGORIFICO, ZARATE

scale that the *estancieros* joined the multi-millionaires as their pastoral lands began to feed pure-bred cattle by the tens of thousands. Now the rich rancher sometimes pays a fortune for a single bull, and the National Rural Show, where the "*campeón de los campeones*" and the lesser champions are exhibited, has become the show window of the Argentine countryside.

It has its own spacious and permanent grounds, forming part of the large pleasure park of the metropolis, which also contains a race-course, shooting ranges, regatta lakes, playing fields, and a golf course, as well as botanical and zoological gardens. It has come to be recognized as one of the greatest exhibitions of quality cattle and farm live stock in the world. Veterinary inspections were unusually strict this year, and the visiting British judges—they had come, one noticed, from Potter Hanworth and Taunton and Eyton-on-Severn and so on—had been busy for several days before the inauguration placing the awards in co-operation with their Argentine colleagues. The *estanciero* is frank in his tributes to England as the provider of the finest live-stock and to home breeders as the best judges. It is the fact that his pedigree cattle are built almost entirely upon British blood; the proportion is estimated at 91 per cent., which represents roughly half a million head, valued at £60,410,000.

All roads in Buenos Aires led to Palermo and the Prince was received with an exuberant welcome. He mounted his draped tribune to the strains of the Ituzaingó march, in the presence of 20,000 chattering people. He saw the steps of the Palermo grand-stands as a fashionable rendezvous. Outside the arena, gauchos from far-distant ranches rubbed shoulders with English stable-grooms and peons, all giving the animals under their charge a final gloss before they appeared in the public gaze. When the parade opened a long line of prize-winning Shorthorns passed slowly and awkwardly round the ring, while the band played the "British Grenadiers." At the head of the parade came the Senior and Grand Champion, Faithful 20—startlingly huge, cumbersome and wild-eyed, with his cheeks covered with rosettes, his horns gilded and garlanded. Weight, 1160 kilos. He was halted for a while in front of the tribune to enable His Royal Highness to admire his qualities and dimensions. A bull with wings could not have attracted more attention than did Faithful 20, as complete a specimen of his type as had ever been seen, and holding the proud distinction of being the highest priced bull of his day and generation. There was much applause when its triumphant owner was presented by the President to the Prince.

After the Shorthorns came Herefords with briskets almost touching the ground ; hornless, but fierce, Polled Anguses ; shaggy Highland cattle, black-and-white Holsteins, and milch-cows from Jersey. Then there was a horse parade, briskly organized and culminating in the appearance of superbly mounted gauchos in full national kit, who pranced in and gave the Royal patron a characteristic salute.

Instead of diminishing after the first round of ceremonies was over, the public interest in the Prince increased with the passage of days, until it became a matter for surprise even to those who had predicted a great reception. Wherever he appeared during the week-end immense crowds surged forward and penetrated the cordons of police to register their admiration. On Saturday afternoon there was a grand review in the Avenida Alvear, at which, with several flights of aeroplanes performing evolutions at varying heights over the long sweeping avenue, the Prince took the march-past of the naval and military forces of the Republic. The setting was stately in the extreme. His Royal Highness stood to take the salute from the Presidential box, one of several pavilions decorated in a blaze of silver, blue and gold, with the gardens and lakes of Palermo Park at his back, and sun and cloud playing alternately upon the white marble of the Spanish monument away at the entrance of the avenue.

Over 12,000 troops took part in the parade. It was led by detachments from *Repulse* and *Curler*, headed by a band of British Marines playing "Hearts of Oak." Goose-stepping was a feature of the display, though from the Argentine point of view the Prince's own high bearskin helmet was the most marked novelty and attraction. The Argentine sailors and naval school cadets broke into the step just before they came level with the Royal box. After the pipe-clayed helmets of the marines came the lines of white gloves and white spats swinging perfectly, as though they were jerked forward by converging wires. Cadets from the Military College goose-stepped into view. Several infantry battalions, with bands in front and machine-gun sections in rear, did the same. Then came the detachments from the Non-Commissioned Officers' School, and then the artillery, greatly applauded, rumbled by with guns and limbers camouflaged. They were followed by a long procession of sappers with pontoon-bridges, and finally by the famous Mounted Grenadiers and Lancers. The review lasted two hours.

When the General Officer commanding the parade had ridden up for permission to dismiss his troops, the Prince expressed his

satisfaction repeatedly to Dr. de Alvear, thanked him for the honour done him and complimented the military staffs upon the magnificent display. The War Minister, General Justo, exchanged telegrams in celebration of the day with the British Secretary for War, and these, together with a Presidential message to the troops, were marked for publication in General Orders. Motor-cars were waiting for the Royal party, but it was at first found utterly impossible to move in the direction of the town, a crowd numbering hundreds of thousands having closed in on the Prince. These were augmented by thousands more who came running through the avenue and across the lawns from all sides. His Royal Highness was greatly concerned for the safety of the helpless folk in front of the elated throng, which, however, was ultimately thinned and dispersed amid marvellous manifestations of affection.

It was the same when he arrived at the Opera House in the early evening, when a delightful entertainment consisting of national songs and dances was provided for him. It was the same again the next afternoon, at the race-meeting of the Hippodromo Argentino in Palermo Park, where a record gathering behaved with even wilder enthusiasm. For the first week, until the Prince sought a brief rest up-country, the capital thought of nothing but seeing him.

The stranger may be excused if, on all these exciting and turbulent occasions, he chooses to watch the behaviour of the "Little People" who constitute the indefinite and uninvited masses. It was pleasant to see the aristocracy of the city ready with rich bouquets and to observe the splendid rallying of English residents; but neither they, nor the crush which burst bounds, nor the waiting of humble people in wayside places, who kept vigil along the railway at hopeless hours of the night, were demonstrations to be explained as a people's courtesy to a distinguished traveller. They were much more than that. To those privileged to accompany the Prince, this section of the tour was an amazing experience. One can only think that the Argentine people made common cause and were bent upon expressing, often at much inconvenience to themselves, an affection for the visitor in person and for the country he represented, which swept aside programmes and protocols.

The Prince did what he could to express his gratitude. Few realize the effort which this final stage of his long excursion meant to him. He applied himself to his task with an enviable grace. His simple devotion to duty was known best by those nearest

to him. He expressed very real sympathy for the watchers, very real concern for delicate people trapped in crowds, very real interest in the work of those who had organized quietly for the good of future Anglo-Argentine relations. Of all the experiences which time is now converting into memory, none was more full of educational worth than the glimpses of town and country and the insight into social and commercial conditions in the foreign but very friendly Republic of Argentina.

It only remained sincerely and devoutly to hope that the Prince's countrymen at home would understand the inner meanings of the visit and further cement the friendship it had re-created. There were those who believed that, when the enthusiasm inseparable from the pomp of the Royal mission had evaporated, the net result would be the memory of a gratifying episode, historical, perhaps, but negligible from the point of view of material benefit. That was not the view of the wisest English opinion on the spot. It would be strange if the visit did not result in creating new moral values and enlarged mutual understandings, upon which a material superstructure might be raised, not to be despised because it must eventually be expressed in terms of pounds and pesos.

The Prince will no doubt be forgiven for confessing that he likes to escape the multitude. He sometimes managed to see without being seen, and it is but fair to mention that the great demonstrations in Buenos Aires were limited to public and previously advertised functions. Once he even contrived to walk through the central thoroughfares of the capital as an ordinary individual. He was recognized, but left entirely unmolested as he went along, calling at various shops and making purchases. That was, perhaps, the most precious hour of the visit. He enjoyed it immensely, after being so long in the public gaze. He enjoyed the games he played at Hurlingham, unhampered by officials or film fiends, and periods of ease on the ranches at Huetel and San Marcos.

By August 26th the last of the official functions under Argentine direction had been completed and the remainder of the Prince's time in the capital was given entirely to the British community. In the hall of the Retiro terminus, in the Plaza Britanica—which was laid out to accommodate the clock tower presented to the Republic by the British nation in commemoration of the centenary of Argentine independence—he inspected a parade of 1,800 ex-service men resident in the city and district. He was also brought in touch with the homely atmosphere of several English

establishments and clubs, including the missions to seamen, the Victoria Sailors' Home, Toc H, and the Y.M.C.A. He received at the Basualdo Mansion, where he was living, representatives of the principal British commercial institutions, and attended a ball in the magnificent *foyer* of the Colón Opera House organized by the English Hospital Committee. He visited the Scottish community in the new building of the Scottish school in the Calle Ituzaingó and there unveiled a war memorial tablet in honour of the Scots who left their Argentine homes to fight overseas. The tablet was made of Aberdeen and Peterhead granite, and was designed and executed by Sir James Taggart, former Lord Provost of Aberdeen, and bore the names of 547 volunteers, 122 of whom fell. He went to inspect the British hospital, and was conducted through the wards by the Chairman, Mr. Thornton, and the Chief Medical Officer, Sir John O'Connor. In the small children's ward several autograph albums were waiting, but one mite was so frightened that it dived under the bedclothes and refused to come out until the visitor had withdrawn.

On August 28th the Prince was entertained at luncheon by the British Chamber of Commerce at Retro Station Restaurant. It was attended by 400 representative business men, many of whom were pioneers in the truest sense of the word, having seen and shared every stage of the country's development. It was a business-like and distinctive gathering, with only a judicious mingling of diplomats and officials, and although it wound up a strenuous morning, the Prince probably wrote it down as one of the outstanding items in the week's schedule.

The Chairman, Mr. Pruden, proposing a toast to the guest, said that his visit stamped with approval Argentina's first treaty and also the results achieved by one hundred years of happy relations between the two countries. Reciprocal appreciation had made the natural development of commerce easy, business men from England found themselves in a sympathetic atmosphere in Argentina, where they enjoyed the same freedom and civic rights as the citizens, and were well and comfortably established. Argentina had travelled along at a rapid pace and to-day was one of the most advanced communities, her capital city ranking sixth among the great cities of the world. A brilliant future was assured. Argentina had appropriated the virile pursuits of Great Britain—cattle breeding and agriculture. Doddies from Aberdeen, Shorthorns from Durham, Whitefaces from Hereford, Blackfaces from Hampshire, Romneys from Kent, Berkshires and Middle Whites, all distinguished English families, found

themselves in congenial conditions on the pampas of Argentina, carrying out God's ordinance to increase and multiply, before they were transported over British-owned railways and by British ships for the benefit of the teeming millions of Europe. Argentina's greatest volume of import and export business was with Britain and they hoped it would long continue to be so.

The Prince received an ovation from the 400 commercial delegates as he rose to say how grateful he was. He added "It speaks volumes for the mutual confidence and respect of the business men of the two countries that, after the lapse of 100 years, the Treaty of Amity and Commerce is still in force, without any change or revision being contemplated. As Mr. Chamberlain said not long ago, 'The world would indeed be a happy place, and peace would reign secure, if all treaties so met the needs of their respective signatories' Towards the maintenance of this mutual respect and the furtherance of commercial welfare your Chamber, founded in 1913, is playing an important part, aided by the fact that Great Britain and Argentina are complementary to one another in commerce and in no way compete, the one requiring a market for its manufactures and the other a market for its raw materials and, above all, its foodstuffs."

From the knowledge he had gained of the vast amount of British capital investments in enterprises of every description in Argentina, he realized the great value of the Chamber of Commerce and wished its members all possible success.

There was yet one more message which His Royal Highness had for the whole community of Britons in Argentina, and that was delivered on Saturday night in Prince George's Hall, just before his departure for the north. He thanked them for their acts of hospitality and the cordiality of their welcomes, singling out particularly the ex-service men's parade at the Retiro and the gathering of school-children which he had been delighted to attend at the Pabellón de las Rosas. He also thanked the community for its gift to him, a picture painted by the late Eduardo de Martino, whom he had known in his boyhood as marine painter to his grandfather, King Edward, which, he assured them, would, when hung up at home in St. James's Palace, always recall, not a "Pampero in the Plate River," but the happy time he had spent on *terra firma* with them all. They had given him some idea of the number of British enterprises in the capital. Also, in the knowledge that sport formed a strong bond between peoples, he had been glad to spend some time at sport at Hurlingham. The Argentine skill in horsemanship had

been traditional from the very first, but of late practically every form of sport had become popular, and the finest polo was that played in Buenos Aires and on up-country estates. He was now looking forward to seeing a little of the "camp"—the countryside whence the wealth of Argentina was drawn and where so many Britons had homes and interests.

A few minutes after saying farewell he was asleep on his train under the vault of the Retiro Station. Very early the next morning there began a 1,400 mile journey in the grazing regions north of the River Plate. His Royal Highness had already become familiar with the properties of the private *estanciero*, but his only extensive tour through the heart of the Republic took him far into the fertile Provinces of Entre Ríos and Corrientes, and showed him a great deal of the river districts. The land "between the rivers" is often aptly described as "the Argentine Mesopotamia"—aptly in a geographical sense, for it is as flat as a pancake and is broken by a hundred streams which feed the swift, broad Paraná and the narrower but swifter Uruguay. It is a land where live stock is supreme, the home of Bovril and Liebig, in which vast herds of native cattle well-crossed with Herefords and Durhams are transformed into corned beef, meat extracts and soup cubes before one's eyes. The great slaughter-houses are, of course, a feature of the district, and the Prince was given every possible opportunity to inspect the efficiency of flaying operations, drying and freezing processes, and the system of making-up, packing and exporting the finished products.

This particular route was chosen partly because it was a field of interest easily accessible within the time at disposal, partly because weather conditions were more favourable than elsewhere, and partly because it was attractive in itself. It might almost be referred to as an "All-Red route," for the Prince travelled from start to finish on British-owned land and water transport systems, to inspect British factories and cattle farms grazing live stock of British breeds, and gleaned how immense was the British contribution to the assets of the Republic.

The Frigorífico Anglo, at Zarate, is piled up unmistakably along the front of the swirling brown Paraná. It was the first of the *frigoríficos*, the prototype of La Negra and La Blanca and the rest. Banners and bunting seemed out of place in its blood-thirsty precincts, like the orange in the mouth of the Yuletide porker. The party were passed through by a white-smocked staff and reviewed four hundred specially killed steers as they were dispatched to the freezing chambers—a display of carcasses

such as the Londoner can only see at Smithfield Christmas Show. In the slaughter-house whence they had come over 2,000 cattle can be converted in a day into prime beef. Here, as at La Negra, there is a "titbits" department, and everything turns up again as meat or by-products. From the live animal about to be stunned to the labelled corned-beef tin is many steps, but they are swiftly taken.

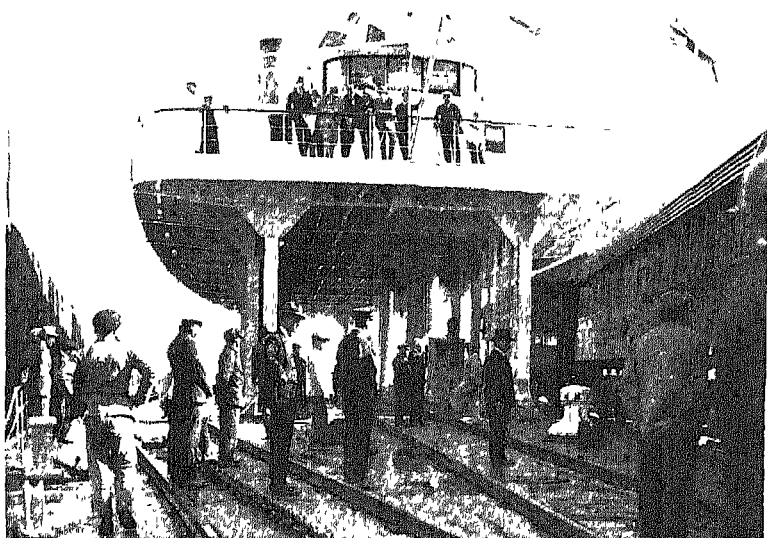
The river was crossed by a train ferryboat carrying nine broad-gauge passenger coaches, a British enterprise which has subjugated this delta of a hundred channels and linked two provinces which would otherwise stand sixty miles apart. At Ibicuy the coaches were hauled up to the permanent way and rushed northwards again amid a dreadful din of sirens and exploding detonators. At Holt the train halted while His Royal Highness laid a wreath on the local war memorial, a massive cross rising out of a stone cairn dedicated to the memory of the British railway officials who left their work and did not return.

The Argentine settlers along the line live primitively and remote from cities; newspapers hardly reach them; yet they had all found their respective ways to the railway. A day's travelling brought us to Mercedes, in mid-Corrientes, a straggling but important settlement on the low plateau that separates the rivers. The Prince was awaited by the Governor and leading dignitaries of Corrientes Province and by an escort of frontier police, whose white uniforms and helmets contrasted sharply with the hawk-eyed gauchos halted at the wayside. A group of British residents were presented at the station, and several thousand people lined the streets of the town, mainly half-castes in whom Indian blood was predominant. Bunches of gorgeous roses were hurled from stands along the roadside and from the windows of better-class houses. They were, for the most part, badly aimed, but the air was sweet with their perfume.

Beyond Mercedes we proceeded in a mixed assortment of cars to Ita Caabó Estancia, Liebig's stud farm. The great green *campo* was devoid of trees and devoid of undulations; the only relief was provided by the changing colours of the plain as the clouds opened and the sunlight filtered through. But soil and pasturage were bounteously rich, and that was all that mattered to the farmers, to whom hills and the seas were strangers. On the fringe of the ranch the Prince and his suite found horses saddled in gaucho fashion awaiting them and rode through reserve after reserve of cattle and horses, each with its graphic group of horsemen astride their sheepskin saddles, their feet splayed out



CRIOLE MUSICIANS AT IIA CAABÓ



THE PRINCE ON THE PARANÁ TRAIN FERRY

in ring stirrups. They touched their sombreros as each car went past. At one time the track wound across an "ocean of land" where nothing was visible but sheep and baby lambs, thousands of them gambolling on uncontrollable legs. Farther on we heard the thunder of many hoofs and saw a moving cloud of dust—wildhings well clear of the fences, with the *domador* and his attendant riders galloping round their flank.

For leagues we travelled during the morning in the heart of the *estancia*—for these immense estates are commonly measured in leagues and not in acres. Its pasturing population of Durhams, Poll Anguses, natives, and mainly Herefords, thickened and thinned and thickened again. Altogether His Royal Highness inspected herds numbering 22,000 Herefords and flocks aggregating 16,000 Romney Marsh sheep, and witnessed several organized stampedes and round-ups of wild horses.

Luncheon was served in the avenue of the homestead. The guests were hungry, but could hardly do justice to the substantial fare. Freshly killed oxen and lambs were spitted in Criollo style and cut up beside the tables. The head overseer came and presented to the Prince, on behalf of the farm personnel, a silver-hilted knife, with which he carved the spitted roast. To complete the setting, a band of *musica criolla*, clad in ponchos and high boots, posed underneath the trees, strumming gutars and singing their melancholy love melodies. In the afternoon, after the Prince had shaken hands with all the minstrels and received as a memento the silver spade with which he had planted a tree in the farm garden, the party rode out from the steadings again to witness a rodeo at which dozens of the wildest bronchos were ridden by Corrientino cowboys wearing spurred sandals. A favourite and famed "buster," Simeon Vallejos, mounted with his spurs strapped to his bare feet; he was thrown repeatedly, but received for his pains an Argentine native-made saddle of rugs covered by untanned water-hog skin. Further stampedes were then organized and were followed by races across the plain. The Prince won the *carrero* for visitors, to the grand glee of the gauchos, who ultimately formed themselves into a wonderful commando and cantered across the plateau to give him a proper send-off.

Having seen the live "Oxo" thriving on the ranches, the party returned southwards again to see the culmination of the farmer's work at the meat-extract factory at Colón, on the bank of the Uruguay. The Aberdeen Angus herd exhibited at Santa Maria stud stock farm on his arrival was pronounced by the experts

(who included the people from Potter Hanworth and Taunton and Eyton-on-Severn and the other judges from Palermo Park) to have been a Royal Show in itself. At the Colón factory the season's work was done and the machinery was at rest; the Prince walked through still yards, abattoirs, laboratories and preserving departments, which together count an annual output of forty million one-pound tins of corned beef, equal to the production from a herd of two million head of cattle. And when luncheon time came he eschewed the rich viands prepared for him and ordered and ate a simple slice of "bully."

The return to Buenos Aires was luxuriously made on board the *Ciudad de Buenos Aires* and it could truthfully be said that after his tour of the provinces "between the rivers," the Prince of Wales had seen more of their open spaces than the majority of travelled Argentines.

CHAPTER XXI

CHILE AND THE ANDES

FROM the lakeland district beyond San Patricio, where a quiet spell of forty-eight hours was given to duck shooting and polo playing, the Prince turned his face west across the rich black soil of the pampas towards Chile. For some hundreds of miles along the line of the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway—the “B A.P.”—neither hummock nor hollow is visible. The track is bendless and bridgeless. It is the vastest expanse of dead-flat ground in the world. The monotonous green plain envelopes the traveller soon after he leaves the Retiro terminus and holds him until the Cuyo Provinces and their fruit gardens are reached, having shown him little but their own serene pasturages. There is a good deal of marshland and in places the embankment cuts straight through the middle of lakes where duck and flamingo are plentiful.

From Junin on we encountered such a strong cross wind as greatly delayed our arrival at Mendoza, where the pampa ends in a wealth of vineyards and there are hills again. Mendoza stands with its back to the Argentine plain and its front to the mountain ranges, which for more than two thousand miles have flung a peerless natural barrier in a straight line between the two neighbour Republics. It is isolated by distance from all the other cities of Argentina. It enjoys practically no rainfall. Sixty odd years ago it was obliterated by earthquake, and the occupants of its wisely squat houses are still subject to *temblores*. Yet it contrives to present to the stranger a friendly front, whether he come out of the eastern plains or tortuously down from the western snows. It boasts considerable attractions—a terraced park with brilliant botanical gardens; vineyards and wine *bodegas*; workers' casinos and an avenue, whence one may enjoy sunrise and sunset as alternately they play upon the white cone of Tupungato and the eerie piles of mountain which have preserved their majesty through the ages. Perhaps the most curious object it can show is the mass of statuary crowning the Cerro San Martin and depicting the valiant Army of the Andes—

horse, foot and guns struggling forward into the fastnesses at the heels of their beloved leader, with a great glory awaiting them at the summit. San Martin's dispositions for the crossing of the Andes and his generalship in guiding the main body of his force to Santiago over the lofty pass of Los Patos, to the north of Aconcagua, must be counted among the most brilliant feats of mountain warfare; they spelt the liberation of the Pacific Provinces.

It was on September 6th that the Prince of Wales crossed the Cordillera Principal of the Andes and descended the Pacific slope. After the immense plateaux on the Atlantic side the experience of mounting to the Cumbre Pass was one which amply fulfilled the Prince's own hopes and expectations, for he had long regarded his journey over the South American mountains as one of the great gifts of the tour. He rose before daybreak and remained alert all day, so as to miss nothing of the adventure. It was certainly full of incident. Mendoza was warm, even at dawn, but before noon the Prince was snowballing at Punta de las Vacas, 8,000 feet up.

The sun flung its first rays through flaming clouds, over leagues of fruit farms and into orchards full of peach blossom, as we wormed up into the fields of lucerne near Cacheuta. Folk in the *campesía* were on the alert and watched our progress with folded arms but benevolent expressions on their faces. Goat-heads peered at the train from under bright green weeping willows and a well-muffled and cloaked peasantry lined the massive stone railway hutments, the brickfields and the dusty gardens along the line. At each halt we were surveyed by a group of half-breeds who looked as if they had stepped through a picture-frame—flat felt hat or dirty sombrero, patched shirt or thick homespun poncho, and bulging trousers tucked into high boots with tremendous spurs. In every station compound their horses or mules stood tethered, piled high with saddles and saddle-cloths.

Very soon after the milk-white sierra of the Andes came into view we entered the labyrinth of foothills, which the upheavals of an unknown century had spilt over the earth, like liquid soil outside some gigantic mine. The railway follows the running waters of the River Mendoza, curving over countless bridges and negotiating countless loops in a valley of poplars and cactus, locked within mountain folds of awful barrenness. We were now in the care of the Transandine Railway Company, which, like all the railways on which the Prince travelled in South America,

is under English management and mainly British-owned. The Royal locomotive, as though aware of the time its predecessor had lost, began to pant excitedly up the stiffening gradients. It dragged us up beyond the limits of vegetation, across ledges on which newly fallen snow lay in deep drifts and where breathing became increasingly difficult in the thin air. It brushed past frowning cliffs, yawning fissures and monstrous rock pinnacles. Through freakish tunnels it emerged into the stern granite landscape of Uspallata. At Uspallata a sudden hurricane came scouring the hollow; it filled our coaches with snow spray reminiscent of the forest of eternal rain at Livingstone. At Zañon Amarillo the Prince jumped down to see his train picked up by the rack engine for the steepest stretch of the climb.

As the boulders and moraines increased, the ruggedness of the whole universe was transformed into a restless vista of snow-smothered Alpine masses. It was a long time since any of us had seen an earth so completely white. The spray was persistent and uncomfortable. In the midst of this chaotic *cordillera nevada*, side valleys opened swiftly to the south, revealing, thirty miles away, the blunt, crater-capped massif of Tupungato, second among the giants of the Southern Hemisphere, and a little later we caught a momentary glimpse of "Los Penitentes," a red-brown group that rises sheer out of the virgin snow like some Rajput palace with minor groups of palaces striving up towards it. In these broad valleys surprising varieties of rock-colouring disclose themselves, in spite of the covering of snow; the outpourings of many extinct volcanoes had daubed the *cresta* with streaks and patches of all the hues of the rainbow as ashes and gravels and lavas were vomited out in succeeding eruptions.

At the next halt, Puente del Inca, the Prince and his party left the station for a few minutes and tramped through the arctic air to see the famous natural bridge—an arch created by the waters of the Mendoza excavating beneath the crust of detrital rock which mineral deposits had bound firmly together. The bridge makes a perfectly secure broad highway over the rattling torrent and the calcareous moisture which drips from the soil beneath it has left a hard stratum of lime, from which hang stalactites. It is a structure of great natural beauty and one of the curiosities of the Americas. Twenty minutes after regaining the train the Prince saw the grandest sight that the Andes have to offer; his saloon-coach was stopped opposite the superb summits of Aconcagua. They were only fifteen miles away and rose so magnificently from the shelterless white lateral valley

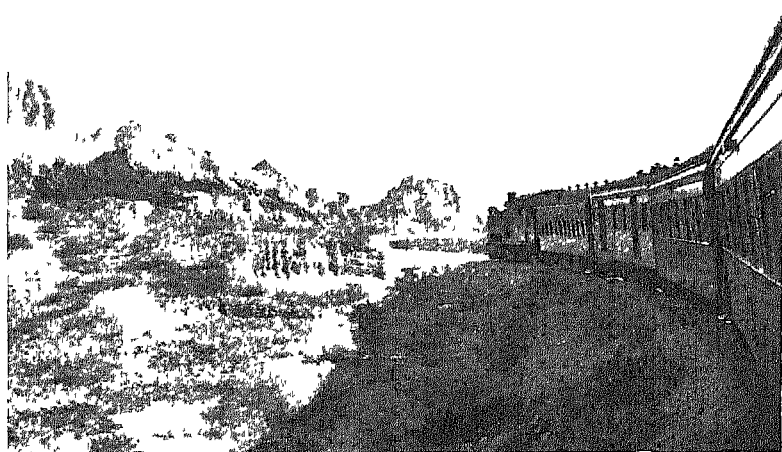
that, for some minutes, the unutterable sterility and loneliness of the scene proved more attractive than the comfortable saloon. The occasion was celebrated in kindly manner by the young men of the Puente del Inca district, who drove a hundred naked black ponies through the snowdrifts parallel with the train and rounded them up picturesquely in the dazzling sunlight within view of Aconcagua.

His Royal Highness entered Las Cuevas tunnel at 2.30. The tunnel is two miles long and pierces the rock at 10,450 feet, nearly three thousand feet below the old mule track, now fallen into disuse, by which the caravans used to make their precarious way across the divide. At intervals, sitting in our parlour cars, we could see the mounded stone shelters which the first Viceroy built for those who ventured with arms or merchandise upon the passes. The international boundary cuts across the middle of the tunnel—there is a gap of two inches in the metals—and high above the exact spot is raised the great bronze figure of Christ, the Prince of Peace, upon whose base the neighbour nations carved the words:—

“Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than that the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace which they have sworn to maintain at the feet of the Redeemer.”

The pledge was taken and the monument erected to connote the end of the Argentine-Chilean boundary quarrel which brought the two countries to the verge of war in 1901. The dispute was settled after being referred to the Prince's grandfather, King Edward VII, and the grandson's visit to the once-contested frontier region was, on that account also, regarded by the two countries as a special occasion.

The Transandine line took a generation to build, it was not completed until 1910. The account of its construction is the account of brave British enterprise and of a titanic and solitary struggle against the elements. Even when it was at last opened to traffic, the struggle, as the Royal party was to learn on the return journey, had only begun. Defence works against winter ravages have been going on ever since; the sheds which shelter the track at frequent intervals in the heart of the *cordillera* are monuments to the anxieties of the railway management, which only those can realize who have stood and shivered on the wind-tormented Uspallata plateau or watched the avalanches tumbling down on the rack-rail in the Caracoles sector.



THE ASCENT INTO THE ANDES FROM MENDOZA



THE ROYAL TRAIN ENTERING THE INDIAN TUNNEL

As the engine of the Prince's train, now flying the Chilean and British colours above garlands of wild flowers and evergreens, jumped the two-inch gap which marked the frontier, half-way through the tunnel, a bell was rung and the new officials attached to the train waved hats and greeted the old with "*Viva la Argentina!*" From Caracoles, where we emerged to find the glaciers and the fantastic *paramillos* buried beneath the same unfathomable blanket of snow, our descent became abruptly steep. Here the face of the mountains wears an awe-inspiring expression at all times of the year, but Portillo and Juncal look doubly sinister when seen through a blinding squall. The peaks and ledges, where visible, were dark brown, almost black, and the only brighter tints were the green-grey threads of running streams, "children of unseen snows," and the beautiful blue of the Lake of the Inca, far below.

Then we glided down and down past amazing waterfalls that spilt the melted snow hundreds of feet down the walls of rock into a valley where euphorbia and wild fuchsia cumber the ground. The feelings of giddiness and deafness disappeared as flowers sprang up about us again and the rustic life of the lower levels was resumed, as though after a period of dreaming.

On the Chilean side of the tunnel Chilean Carbineers boarded the train and relieved the guard from Mendoza. At Portillo the Prince was welcomed by the British Minister from Santiago, Sir Thomas Hohler, the members of the Chilean Reception Committee under Don Agustin Edwards, and the naval and military attachés. Señor Edwards, who is known in London as the former Chilean Minister, had been acting for several weeks as representative of his country on the Tacna-Arica Plebiscitary Commission and had rushed down from the north, in the face of formidable difficulties, to meet His Royal Highness. The torpedo-boat destroyer which had conveyed him from Iquique to Valparaíso had maintained a speed of 25 knots during a 40-hour run. The Reception Committee proved to be a group of enthusiasts bubbling over with information and it was a merry company which, watching the contortions of the River Aconcagua as it hastened to indicate the downward route, crossed the gorge containing the dread "Soldier's Leap" and reached the town of Santa Rosa de los Andes just when the sinking sun turned the tops of the whole Andean range into a line of bonfires, it seemed, that quietly and quickly burned themselves out as the stars appeared.

Darkness hid the green valleys below Los Andes and the vineyards of Llai-Llai. All we could discern of the Mapocho plain

was the lights of Santiago. Showers of rockets fell above the train as it steamed into the Estacion del Norte at 8.30 in the evening. The Prince had donned military uniform and as he stepped on to the platform he was welcomed by the President of the Republic, Señor Arturo Alessandri, and his Diplomatic Marshal. In the high hall of the terminus, under lavish decorations, a company from the Military Academy presented arms and the Carbineers' Band played the British National Anthem, following it with the Cancion Nacional.

*"Dulce Patria, recibe los votos
con que Chile en tus aras juró
que, o la tumba serás de los libres
o el asilo contra la opresión, . . ."*

Señor Alessandri led the Prince to a waiting-room in which his Ministers and Secretaries of State were waiting to be presented. The Intendente Municipal (Lord Mayor) of the capital, Don Luis Phillips-Huneus, tendered the salutations and hospitable wishes of the citizens of Santiago. "*Esta casa es vuestra casa*—our home is yours!" was the substance of his speech. In a procession of motor-cars and state coaches, with mounted escorts, the Royal party and their official hosts then drove into the crowded streets adjoining the Mapocho Canal and the market. Progress through the cobbled thoroughfares was slow, for it was a Sunday evening and the whole populace had pressed itself into the line of route between the terminus and the Prince's residence, the Palacio Carlos Edwards. Units of the Santiago garrison lined the way in double ranks, each man holding a lighted torch aloft during the Prince's passage. As the cortege crossed the Plaza de Armas pieces of artillery fired a salute and at various points the *Bomberos* had raised ladder arches which trailed coloured lights across the roadway. The main buildings along the broad Alameda de las Delicias, the boulevard which for two miles bisects the inner city, were framed in electric lighting and, from many balconies and casements flowers were flung down by bright-eyed southern beauties.

The Alameda is the Champs Elysées of the capital, as stately in its proportions as any boulevard yet planned. Santiago is one of the oldest American towns—it was founded within half a century of the first discovery of America—and this beautiful central avenue, with its low "colonial" homesteads still surviving here and there, in spite of modern monumental builders, tells of the romantic past, of the days of Pedro de Valdivia and Garcia de

Mendoza From its sidewalks, and better still, from the higher windows of the buildings which are gradually replacing old landmarks and the architecture that came from the Peninsula, one may look out, on a sunny day, upon a generous expanse of Alpine scenery. At times it may remind the traveller of Innsbruck, Grenoble or Meran. At eventide there is a rich *Alpengluh* upon the eastern ranges, but seawards the cloud-drifts play among the blue and purple folds of the coastal hills. From the top of Santa Lucia, a curious eminence which seems to have been isolated and imprisoned by expanding city street blocks, but which was the citadel of Spanish rule before Santiago was conceived, one may gaze over the roof-tops at Aconcagua and Tupungato, about whose silvery shoulders mantles of snowcloud are held. Northward and southward for a hundred miles the sierras stretch until lost in grey mist.

Having stood for a time waving to the dense and dauntless crowd which stood beneath his terrace, the Prince retired to change and drove over to the British Legation in the Palacio Arixitia for dinner and the following morning (September 7th) the first of his official duties was performed. Preceded by his staff in landau carriages he went in state to the "Moneda" to pay his formal call—the *visita protocolar*—upon Señor Alessandri. The Palacio de la Moneda used in olden days to be the Mint; to-day it is the official resident of the Chief of State, but the name has been retained and is familiar locally. It occupies one side of a rather sombre square, the Plazoleta, and its heavily barred windows and stucco façade face the equally heavily barred windows and stucco façade of the Ministry of War and Marine, above the portals of which is inscribed the phrase, "*Gloria a los padres de la patria*." The only patch of colour, apart from military display, is lent by two large palm-trees which flank the statue of Portalis.

It was raining slightly as the Prince started out on his mission, but the city was up and about. The main boulevard, the Calle Morandé and the Plazoleta were lined by troops and the animation visible upon their pavements was extraordinary, considering the weather. In busby and grey cloak, His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Foreign Minister, Don Jorge Matte Gormáz, and occupied a black state coach drawn by four dapple-brown horses, whose harness was entwined with the British colours. His escort this time was a squadron of Cazadores, or chasseurs, and the pennons, white and red, with the blue *pabellón nacional*, came fluttering through the Calle Moneda with the

white-uniformed mountains as a background above the crowded balconies. A large guard of honour of the No. 12 Pudesta Infantry Regiment was drawn up, its colour drooping in the rain in front of Portalis's monument. Formidable rows of policemen strangely like London "bobbies" held back the people in the streets converging on the Plazoleta. The barred windows of the neighbouring public offices looked like the windows of a prison full of a fashionably dressed society.

In the Salón de Honor the Royal guest thanked the Republican host for the attentions of which he had been the object and for the display of appreciation made by the Government, society and people of the capital. He conversed with members of the executive and met the Apostolic Nuncio and the other members of the diplomatic body. Half an hour after his postilions had ridden him back home, Señor Alessandri, with his Ministers of the Interior and of War, returned the solemn visit. Throughout the exchange of courtesies there was a great display of military forces in the avenues, notably in the Alameda de las Delicias, which was packed with Cazadores, Lancers, Dragoons and Artillery.

The Prince of Wales—the "*muy simpático*," as he was universally called in Chile—saw the country under conditions which, the Chileans claimed, must remind him forcibly of home. The good Chileans were so proud of their English connection that they were anything but ashamed of the dampness of their weather. Wintry mists lay upon the land, but their august guest was everywhere met and welcomed with a homely hospitality in which party politics and the recent revolts against parliamentary abuses were thrust into the background and the strong ties and relations with Albion emphasized. The wet weather, though it interfered with the official programme at times, was an undisguised blessing, for Chile was suffering, until our arrival, from a prolonged drought and much harm had been done to her stable industries.

Rain stopped during the morning, but masses of cloud still hovered over the Cordillera when Prince and President drove to the race-course for luncheon with the director of the Club Hípico and an afternoon's horse-racing. The luncheon was, again, almost a state occasion; it was refreshing to see the Papal Nuncio in his red robe seated at so sporting a table. In the ante-room the Prince was shown the gold cup given by the British colony for the classic race of the day, the "Príncipe de Gales Stakes (£2,000)," and was welcomed on behalf of the club by its president,

Don Alberto Vial Infante. The repast over, he was taken out on to the grandstand, where he was at once recognized by the enormous throng below. It was the type of throng that is locally called an "*avalancha de gente*", half Santiago turned from the race, which was in progress, and lifted their faces and hands towards the tribune. He stood to admire the wonderful panorama of the Andes in the distance, then descended to the paddock, and finally plunged into the crowd, visiting, to everybody's unfeigned delight, not only the main stands but also the popular enclosures. The classic was won by a three-year-old Argentine colt named Charmer by half a head.

In the afternoon the Prince stretched his legs, a thing he was very seldom able to do in the public thoroughfares of cities visited during the journey. That was after his visit to the Club de la Union, for which it is claimed that it is the finest social institution in South America. Part of the Royal suite was housed there and occupied splendid apartments overlooking the spacious Alameda and the Andean slopes. Having inspected the brand-new club buildings, which are built round a towering marble hall, with concert hall, libraries, winter garden, swimming pool, social rooms and all that mortal man could desire, the Prince walked home down the boulevard, practically unnoticed.

There was a further "avalanche of people" waiting patiently in the central town for the Prince's arrival at the Presidential banquet in the Moneda. It was a well-behaved avalanche and gave the guardians of the streets no manner of trouble. The guard of honour was composed of *aspirantes* of the Corps of Carbineers and these picturesque troops lined the stairways leading up to the Presidential apartments, where Señor and Señora Alessandri and the official world awaited His Royal Highness. It was noticed that His Excellency the President wore the scarf presented to him by the people on his return from exile in February last, in place of that usually worn at State functions, which the first Chief of State of independent Chile, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, had handed down to his successors.

In the banqueting hall of the Moneda, the rooms of which are in striking contrast to the drab stucco exterior, the guests of the evening dined with the Ministers of State, the heads of the political parties, the Nuncio and the other diplomatic envoys and members of the high society of Santiago, at a table whose brilliant floral decorations of giant Chilean roses and japonica were reflected in the panelled walls. At the conclusion of the meal the President, in one of those outbursts of eloquence for which he is

justly famed in a land of orators, welcomed His Royal Highness to his "Chilean home," which, he said, maintained an old-established and unswerving friendship for his own noble country.

"Even more indestructible than those solid and material links which bind us," he said, "are those ties which originate in glorious traditions reminding us of the day when your sailors and ours together consolidated the independence of South America. The unity of the British Empire during the world conflict, when the Dominions and Colonies shared with the Mother Country immense sacrifices, will remain for generations the most inspiring example of the devotion which may animate a people when it is striving after justice. And great as was England in her hours of pain, humanity will not forget her gigantic efforts to consolidate the peace of the world."

The Prince in his reply said that it was with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that he had come to Chile, in the hope of acquiring some knowledge of a country renowned for the bravery of its men and the beauty of its women, a country bound to his own with ties of intimate friendship. He had already had an opportunity of noting the attraction of its valleys, the splendour of its mountains and the fertility of its soil. His only regret was that time prevented him from visiting the remoter districts north and south, which were the sources of the prosperity of the Republic and which, he was proud to think, owed a good deal to the energy of British subjects.

"It was," he continued, "my hope that my visit to Chile might have contributed to draw closer the bonds of amity which for more than a hundred years have united the two nations. I begin to fear that that is almost superfluous, but not entirely so, I hope, for I should like to think that the visit will set the seal on a century of unbroken cordiality and initiate a new era of even closer collaboration, working together for our mutual benefit and the consolidation of our respective interests, for the great development of the blessings of peace and for the welfare of mankind in general. There are in Chile innumerable evidences of an active national life. My sincere hope is that with the decided co-operation of all factors of the nation the brilliant star of Chile's fortune will never grow dim and that the coming years will bring her great prosperity."

Having added a few phrases in Spanish he raised his glass to the President, to whom he wished health and happiness then and after he had laid down the burden of his responsible post, and to the progress of his country. A little later, followed by

the remainder of the guests, he proceeded to the Teatro Municipal to attend a gala performance of *Carmen* conducted by Maestro Falcom, with Señora Aurora Buades in the title-part. It was a brilliant production and a most fashionable function. After the second act the Prince was conducted over the house, with a thousand pairs of human eyes, some shy and some flirtatious, some bold and others frank but respectful, watching his movements. At the end of the third act he went again to the Club de la Union and at midnight opened the ball in the presence of a thousand dancers, who danced in the sumptuous halls and galleries of three different floors of the building.

It has, perhaps, been indelicate to suggest that, *inter alia*, the weather had something to do with the references to Chile as "the England of South America." We were repeatedly assured, and willingly believed, that the rains were altogether unusual and that September is almost invariably a month of bright sunshine on the Chilean side. The elements, unfortunately, interfered with the next day's schedule to the extent of forcing the authorities to postpone the military review. In the afternoon the Prince ventured out to lay the foundation stone of the Canning Monument, which is being erected in the Alameda opposite the British Legation.

It is a century since George Canning, with the British nation and the most powerful fleet in the world behind him, replied to the Polignac Note with a decision which was soon converted into the Monroe doctrine. That was at a time when Europe was still lost in the shadows of the politics of the eighteenth century, and when the potentates of the Holy Alliance were seeking their own remedy for the economic upheaval which had succeeded the Napoleonic wars. Canning "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old," and earned the everlasting gratitude of South American peoples. Chile has not forgotten and is now placing in his honour a bronze statue in her central avenue, where you may also find monuments to other leaders of British origin who helped in the foundation of Chilean liberties—Mackenna and the heroic O'Higgins, whose name is inseparably connected with that of Cochrane and all his glorious comrades, MacKay and Crosbie and Tupper and many more.

Although the rain came drearily down during the ceremony, the sidewalks under the dripping trees were full of people under umbrellas. Umbrellas in some measure sheltered the Prince and the dignitaries surrounding him on the dais and under a special group of umbrellas in the foreground a choir of 300 pupils

from the Normal School under Professor Guerra sang various anthems and songs in English. A bodyguard of small scouts stood in the puddles surrounding the foundation stone. The sculptor of the Canning Monument is Guillermo Córdova, and a model of his work was exhibited at the Legation during the Royal visit. Before the laying of the stone Don Agustín Edwards explained the significance of Canning to Chile.

His country, he said, could not have chosen a more favourable occasion than when honoured with the presence of the Premier Ambassador of the British Empire, to perpetuate the memory of the great British statesman. A century ago Europe was undergoing the economic upheaval caused by a struggle that had left her weak and helpless. In those days, when the newly born American democracies were taking their first vacillating steps, the men who controlled the destinies of great European countries and had veteran legions at their disposal were preparing to shatter their youthful hopes. Success would have crowned their ambitions had it not been for the man whose memory they wished to immortalize, George Canning. It was Canning who raised his voice to tell a continent that its political and economic recovery was to be obtained, not by subjugating emancipated countries, but by consolidating the ideals of independence.

"We can say that the monument to be erected here means much more than perpetuating the memory of a great man. It is a symbol of the gratitude of a nation whose Senate called Canning the Saviour of Chile, towards another nation who proved its friendship when Chile was weak and poor. Had Britain showed indifference, we should not have become what we are. When Canning made his historic statement in the House of Commons he was not merely turning an ingenious phrase. It was, as the facts have proved, a complete programme of political construction. It was a wise programme because it synthesized the ideals and hopes of humanity at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a fruitful one because it aimed at European prosperity as a reflex of the prosperity of young countries in America, and a lasting one because it meant well, and only good deeds can stand the stress of time. 'To live and let live' is, in synthesis, we find, the doctrine of Canning converted into the motto of every Briton who has come to Chile."

From his simple stand, draped with drenched flags, the Prince surveyed the large crowd clustered under the black ceiling of umbrellas and expressed his pride in Chilean appreciation of the chief author of their freedom. He was glad to think of his

country as a true source of liberty and popular institutions rightly controlled. He was specially struck with the number of British names who had contributed to the happy result of Chilean liberty. He had found to his surprise that nearly all the members of the Reception Committee, who had done so much to make his stay among them pleasant, bore English names. On further investigation he had found the same throughout their social structure. Those families of British descent established in Chile had united their fate to that of the Chilean people and were another proof of the affinity, sympathy and solidarity existing between the two people.

A document was then signed, placed in a tube and deposited in the deep hole at the Prince's feet. It said that "In Santiago, September 8th, 1925, on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, heir to the Throne of Great Britain, the first stone of the monument to George Canning, Minister of His Majesty King George IV, was laid in recognition of the eminent services bestowed by him on the cause of South American independence." After the earth had been shovelled over the hole and the stone laid, His Royal Highness thanked the boy scouts' leader and the choir girls' professor and stood for a few minutes cracking jokes with the children. He insisted on speaking Spanish. He seemed thoroughly to enjoy his stay among the Santiaguinos, whom he apparently found as "*very simpático*," as they him. He had seized the opportunity afforded by the rain diligently to study their language and had made such quick progress that he had already reached the conversational stage.

At a favourable and informal moment that evening, before a banquet and reception in the rooms of the Legation, the Prince was asked to accept a gift from the Chilcan Government. He was led to a small salon in the centre of which were laid half a dozen cases in roblé wood. The brevity of his stay in the country had precluded his visiting the aboriginal Araucanian Indians, that brave and attractive race, part of which still thrives in the region of Temuco. As compensation for this omission the Government had collected for him the contents of the six roblé-wood cases, a most interesting assortment of Araucanian silver plate. A hand-book had also been prepared by the Reception Committee illustrating the gift and describing in word and picture the Mapuchos, the "people of the land," the history of their survival and their customs, legends, apparel and ornaments. The collection consisted mainly of stirrups, spurs and harness-pieces, and

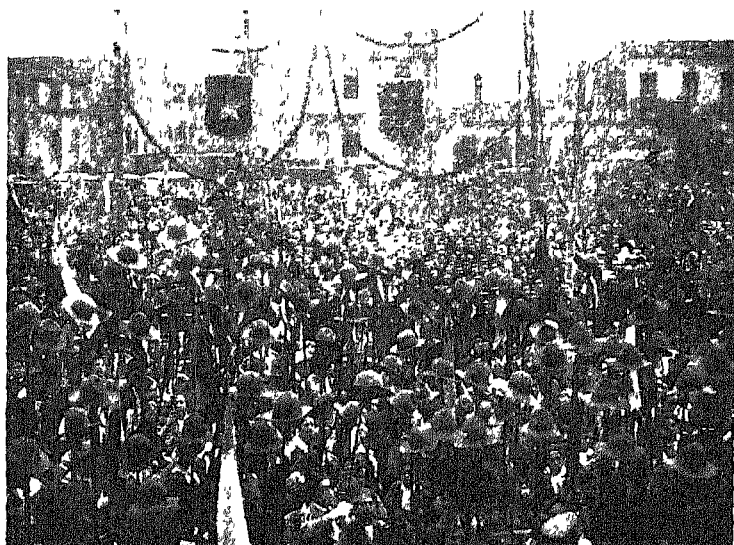
women's jewelry, charms and sequined necklaces—the sort of embellishment with which Araucanian beaux and belles adorn themselves for feasts and dances.

On Wednesday morning, after a game of golf at the Country Club, there was a noble display of jumping at the Cavalry School, in which La Chilenita, a famous national jumper was exhibited to the Royal party. The Prince also paid tribute to the memory of the Chilean patriot-soldier, O'Higgins, by placing a wreath of laurels at the foot of his monument. In the early afternoon, from the terrace of his house, he watched a great rally of Chilean boy scouts, 3,000 of whom marched past him. They had come from every part of the uniquely shaped strip of country which constitutes Chile, even from north of Antofagasta and from south of Puerto Montt, to salute the Chief Scout of Wales. Behind a vanguard of girl guides they swung proudly up the hill, a living lesson in the geography of their land, for they were drawn from their brigades at Coquimbo, Concepcion, Coronel, Valdivia, Rio Bueno, La Unión and a score other provincial centres, all of them born into this world since Sir Robert Baden-Powell visited Chile in 1909 and helped to found their branch of the movement. The smaller lads made the Prince laugh and earned his applause by taking long strides to keep in step. Their Jamboree must have been an exciting experience. On arrival in the capital they had been billeted in various public buildings. Their camp at Nuñoa, where they were to have been inspected, was under water and they had had a disconcerting time owing to changes in plan, but they made a triumph of their march-past and, as their last brigades saluted, their Chief Scout received Royal congratulations. The whole mass of scouts then rushed in converging lines towards the Prince's balcony and with hats raised on staves gave him the customary general salute, making an impressive picture as seen from above. Their reward followed when the Minister of the Interior informed them that, by a Presidential Decree which had been signed that afternoon, their association had been proclaimed a National Institution.

From the rally, His Royal Highness drove to a round of engagements. From the Anglican Church in Calle Santo Domingo he motored to the British sports ground at Tobalaba, where he laid the foundation stone of a country club, shook hands with the British ex-service men resident in the Santiago district and decorated Don Raoul Edwards with the Mons Star. At five o'clock he was back in town, making his way to the Quinta Normal, where he inaugurated the Stock Show organized in honour of his visit,



ARGENTINE MAIDENS SINGING IN ENGLISH AT LA PLATA



CHILEAN BOY SCOUTS SALUTING THE CHIEF SCOUT OF WALES

by the National Society of Agriculture. The show was a reproduction in little of the Palermo Park cattle show in Buenos Aires, but its typical attraction was a display of trained Chilean horses, which their costumed riders seem to control mainly by word of mouth. From the showgrounds he returned to the headquarters of the Club Hipico and received 600 representative members of the British Community. The day ended with a ball in the halls of the Congreso Nacional, a crowded and cosmopolitan affair in which three thousand dancers took part, using the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies as "sitting-out" places.

The last day of our stay in the capital brought much finer weather and shaped well for the military ceremony in the oval of Cousino Park, in which all the units garrisoned in Santiago, three Provincial brigades, the Chilean cavalry and the Santiago mounted and unmounted police took part. The parade was on a smaller scale, as regards numbers, than the naval and military review in Buenos Aires, but it was in no way inferior in dash or discipline, and the background of distant peaks, hardly distinguishable from the evanescent clouds, furnished a setting incomparably more beautiful than the hands of men could devise. The Cousino Park is some distance from the centre of the town, but the "avalanche of people" had begun to move out along the avenues long before the President called to pick up the Prince in his state coach. There were not less than 150,000 people congregated along the route and in and around the parade ground and the reserved stands had ceased to be reserved. All the boy scouts assembled in the city were on duty at some point or other of the route.

A bugler blew a blast. The waiting multitude rose to its feet or stood on tiptoe. It saw General Vega, at the head of the forces present, gallop out with an adjutant to welcome the Royal party, and raised deafening shouts as the Prince, in his Guards' frockcoat, entered the ground and drove slowly along in front of the different formations, his hand at the salute and his eyes fixed attentively upon their uniforms and equipment. There were 5,000 men on parade, and His Royal Highness spent some time inspecting in turn the Military Academy, the Escuela de Aplicación, and the regiments of infantry, artillery and cavalry, which occupied the western half of the oval. There was a further ovation for him when he alighted and mounted the platform of the Minister of War.

As soon as he was seated, General Vega gave the order for the march past to begin. Pride of place was given to the "Veterans of '79"—some three hundred sombrely dressed old

men—and four matrons who had once been sisters-of-mercy. They marched in step, but slowly, and their limbs had lost their spring, for their fighting days belonged to the campaign which was fought on the Pacific slope 46 years ago, they were the survivors of the Chilean force which engaged Bolivia and Peru in the “nitrate war.”

They yielded to the youth of to-day. A military march heralded the approach of each service unit, buglers and bandsmen executing a movement of Teutonic intricacy in changing over from front to rear. First came the men of the Military Academy, goose-stepping irreproachably in spotless white trousers, like a battalion of automaton, their machine-gun company behind them. The “School of Application” which came next proved to be a mixed detachment of footmen with patrol dogs tugging at the leash, and motor-cyclists carrying rifles or *mitrailleuses*. Four infantry regiments, Buin, Yungay, Tucapel, and Pudeto, swung past in magnificent line, despite the short time some of the conscripts had been with the colours. The artillery rumbled along at the trot with its signals and pioneer companies; and the cavalry thundered up after a pause, a stirring sight as Cazadores and Dragoons, Hussars and Carbineers flashed past at the gallop with taut pennons, amid the plaudits of the whole crowd. The mounted and unmounted police brought up in the rear and the Prince turned to felicitate the War Minister and the General Officer commanding the parade.

Here, for the first and only time in Chile, the Prince found it difficult to escape the multitude. As soon as the last unit had passed the saluting base there was a rush towards his platform and for five minutes he was a prisoner. Then the well-mannered mass opened as if by magic and the coaches came through. From the Cousino Park they carried him to the Mapocho terminus, where a special train stood waiting. His send-off, in brilliant evening sunshine, was even more hearty than his reception had been at the same spot a few days earlier. As the train moved towards the sunset and the coastal mountains, the clear-cut Andean *cresta* took on its rosy evening colouring, but night closed in before we had reached the coast. We travelled along a line of railway to which electric power had been successfully applied and which must be one of the longest electrified stretches of railway in existence. At Llai-Llai junction and again at Quillota and Limache, crowds which we could barely see in the gloaming greeted the quickly moving train and at Viña del Mar the streets through which the Prince drove to his seaside residence

were illuminated, alive with people, and lined throughout the route by troops of the Coast Artillery, Marines, No 2 Maipo Infantry Regiment and a regiment of cavalry, minus a squadron which formed the Royal escort. His Royal Highness was housed in the Palacio Ross, acknowledged to be one of the handsomest and most tastefully equipped homes on the east coast; from his windows he looked out upon the beach and saw the Pacific Ocean again for the fourth time in his life.

Viña is the sheltered northern suburb of Valparaíso, which lies six miles away. It will probably one day be termed the "Ostend of the Pacific." Meanwhile, though its marine parade is a restricted one, the more wealthy Chileans and foreigners are buying or renting properties for summer residence, building is going on apace in the town and on the surrounding heights; and the rugged magnificence of the northern coasts is more and more appreciated. The only stream, the Marga-Marga, cuts its thin course seawards through channels in a broad dry bed reminiscent of Spanish river courses in late summer, but a little distance beyond it, on the fringe of the opulent villa colony, the Anglo-Chileans have fashioned race-course, golf-links and polo-ground in a pretty valley between wooded hills, on the skirts of which yellow poppies and arum lilies grow in abundance. And there the Prince enjoyed several games of golf and polo and witnessed a mixed series of jumping contests in the presence of a small and fashionable concourse of people.

September 12th was the last and the longest day of the official sojourn on Chilean territory and the Chilean engagements ended with a number of ceremonies in Valparaíso. The Prince drove into the city along the coast-road, with the rollers of the Pacific roaring below the walls on his right and tiers of houses, cliff allotments and funicular railways of Valparaíso on his left. It is a city which, with its riviera, bears an extraordinary resemblance to Genoa and its coastal suburbs, until one looks more closely and discovers how narrow are the spaces between the hills and the deeply shelving ocean, into which the city proper has had to be squeezed. It is infinitely more attractive seen from the deck of a vessel in the roadstead than from within. In August, 1906, an earthquake shook half its buildings to pieces and left the lower town in ruins. The commercial quarters were built on land reclaimed from the sea and the front was entirely sacrificed to dockyards, depot sheds, tram stables and suburban railway lines. After the earthquake reconstruction was begun and the main business thoroughfares straightened out, but the

sea-front was still further sacrificed and those who wish to gaze upon the waters must go to Vifa or climb the steep ascents. The houses are mainly built on the side or at the foot of a series of precipices, tucked away in ravines that separate each hill from its neighbour and make transport and communication adventurous. Yet it merits its name, the "valley of paradise," for all its perversities. It is (we were told) flooded with sunshine most of the year. It has a history in which illustrious British names have been indelibly inscribed, and its British benefactors are by no means to be found only in the cemeteries of the city.

The Prince's first visit was to the Naval Academy, on the eastern cliff overlooking the bay. The Royal cars mounted Artillery Hill and at the gate of the establishment His Royal Highness was greeted by the director of the academy, Captain Enrique Spoerer, and his staff. From the terrace of the parade ground he inspected the cadets and received their salute. As at the military review at Santiago the goose-step was here also in vogue, but they were only lads and it was a particularly dainty little goose-step and the Prince, who was accompanied by Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Bahamonde, and by Commander of the Fleet, Vice-Admiral Schroeder, evinced great interest in the march-past, first by companies and then in column, as well as in the various departments of the school and the newly formed naval museum.

On descending into the city His Royal Highness halted in the Calle Cochrane to lay the foundation stone of a new British Seamen's Institute. The work of the Mission to Seamen Society, in Valparaiso, dates back to the great earthquake, after which arrangements were made for an institute ashore to supplement mission work afloat. When the existing centre was opened it stood on the seashore, but the new port works pushed the sea so far back that it now occupies a dark and undesirable corner of the lower town. Over £12,000 were collected among seafarers in the eight months preceding the Royal visit toward the cost of replacing it. The Prince laid the first stone of the new structure in the presence of 800 people. His guard of honour was composed of officers and men of the British Mercantile Marine. He was shown a copper plate which had been removed from the Chilean Torpedo-boat Destroyer *Uribe* (formerly H.M.S. *Broke*) and presented to the Institute in honour of the occasion.

His brief stay in Valparaiso was as a sailor among sailors. From the Plaza Sotomayor, where the whole garrison was on parade, he boarded a launch with the Foreign Minister and with his

suite, and with batteries afloat and ashore firing a Royal salute steamed out to the fleet at anchor. His objective was the Chilean battle-cruiser *Almirante Latorre*, formerly the *Canada*, in which he was the guest at luncheon of the Chilean Navy. A division of submarines escorted him out and the vessels of the fleet had dressed ship. As H.M.S. *Canada*, the *Latorre* was one of the finest units of the British Grand Fleet, and played an honourable part in the Great War. She especially made her mark at the Battle of Jutland. And on September 12th, 1925, she once again flew a British flag—the Prince of Wales's ensign. The reunion and the spirit it bred were an important episode in the friendship maintained between the two navies.

At the conclusion of the luncheon the President of the Republic raised his glass. It was a great honour and satisfaction to the Chilean Navy, he said, to receive its guest in that vessel, constructed in an English shipyard and once flying from its mast-head the flag of the British Empire. Many years ago, from the heights of the hills that watched them, the Supreme Director of that country, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, watched the swelling sails of the ships that were leaving for the north to fight their last battle for the liberation of America and exclaimed, "On those four planks depends the future of America!" On those four planks there went also the spirit of liberty that represented in the world the feelings of the British soul; there went Lord Cochrane, a son of England, who, finding her limits too narrow to defend that holy principle, offered one of her sailors to fight for the independence of America. Since that time there had been sealed between England and Chile a pact of honour, loyalty and love, never to be broken by time. He raised his glass to the prosperity and welfare of the Empire and the happiness of its Royal House.

Responding, the Prince said that he felt very much at home on board that ship, despite the fact that he was as far away from home as he well could be, because "this great battleship of yours flew the colours of Great Britain during the greatest struggle we have ever fought for our existence as a nation.

"Your naval traditions" he continued "are very closely allied to ours. Naval officers of both countries have intermingled for many years and amongst us here to-day are Chilean naval officers of high rank with British blood in their veins and bearing British names. This ship came to the British Navy at an opportune moment to strengthen our fleet. Three of your destroyers also took a prominent part in the fighting in the Straits of Dover

and the North Sea and thoroughly justified their type of vessel." He added that the ancestors of some of the admirals present had, he believed, served under Lord Nelson. The naval history of Chile was a record of gallant actions, engagements such as that of the *Esmeraldo*, off Iquique, were epics in naval warfare. He quoted Cochrane's tribute to the courage of his Chilean colleagues at the battle of Valdivia, and proceeded.

"As in my own country, so it appears to be here in Chile; neither nation builds ships for aggressive action but only for defence and both are always prepared to give a good account of themselves. In the Chilean Navy I am happy to see one more instance of good results achieved by collaboration. It is my sincere wish to see this collaboration extended further and further, not only on sea, but on land and in the air, where developments are taking place with incredible rapidity, and not only in the fighting forces, but in the fruitful fields of commerce and industry."

That opportunity to renew the ties of a friendship dating back to the inspiring days of Cochrane and O'Higgins was, indeed, one of the most useful aspects of the visit to South America, and one of the most promising. It was evident that the Chilean authorities cherished great hopes that the events of the day might be perpetuated in concrete form, for they formally urged the British Government to send out a body of British naval experts to act in an advisory capacity at Valparaiso for a period of years. The scheme, as at the time proposed, provided for the attachment of five officers, namely, an admiral, three captains and an air officer, to advise on matters of organization, training, gunnery, submarines and aviation respectively. The Prince, whom Señor Alessandri particularly thanked for his speech on board the *Latorre*, took keen interest in the suggestion, and before he left Chile negotiations were proceeding in London which seemed to have every prospect of fruition.

The rest of a busy day was devoted to the British community, His Royal Highness reviewing the ex-service men and the school children at Valparaiso and attending a reception and dance held at the Gran Hotel, Viña del Mar, under giant palm-trees which had formerly grown on "Robinson Crusoe" Island.

The Prince was due to leave the Pacific coast that night, but a protracted snowstorm had rendered impossible the crossing of the Andes and his departure from Viña had therefore to be postponed. Word was sent advising those awaiting his return on the Argentine side. *Repulse* and *Curlew* were warned of the

delay. Workmen had been sent into the Cumbre Pass to clear the line, but they could make no progress while the storm lasted. The party at the Palacio Ross were helpless while the uneven struggle between railway gangers and *force majeure* continued, but the Prince saw the bright side of the hold-up. Whatever the weather up in the Cordillera, the week-end brought plenty of sunshine to Viña, and it was used to the full.

An attempt was made to get the Royal train "over the top" on the Tuesday, but it was driven back to Los Andes by avalanches and the fear of them. The ascent was begun just as dawn stole quietly into the gardens skirting the foothills. Snow ploughs and a pilot train preceded us as we ran smoothly up the magnificent green valley of the River Aconcagua. Everywhere the streams were in spate, purling amid fertile fields and rattling down slopes strewn with wet willows and cactus. Higher, beyond the zone of vegetation, the snows were pouring a waste of melted waters through the cliffs. Avalanches sprawled across the black-brown crags at intervals with ominous regularity. Thus we came into the white wilderness, but the white wilderness did not want us and ignored our Royal crest. At Juncal snow stood like a wall on either side of the train, in places the height of the coaches. Shortly before Portillo (9,400 ft) came a sudden check. Foolishly enough, several of us jumped out and trudged along the rack-track ahead. We found a few shovellers struggling with freshly fallen slides and took photographs of them. Before we had done so those in charge of the train had taken a momentous decision and to our dismay we saw it receding into a shed shelter and moving slowly in the direction of Los Andes. We pursued it and scrambled on board, gasping for air. The train was threatened by snowslides on the worst stretch of the line and was by that time completely cut off from the ploughs. The railway manager accompanying the Royal party decided that the only wise procedure was to return to the starting point and telegraph instructions to the ploughs. Conditions in the Cumbre Pass were pronounced worse than for many years past; it was said to be the first time on record that a train had started and been turned back.

The Prince slept on the train as it stood in Los Andes station and the next morning, reports showing no improvement, but rather the reverse, he ran down to Viña del Mar again, to the no small surprise of the population, and resumed his recreations. For three days we watched the weather. In the main it poured "cats and dogs." At length, however, favourable reports reached us from the Transandine Railway directorate, which did everything

that was humanly possible to facilitate His Royal Highness's journey, and on September 19th a second and successful effort was made to negotiate the Cordillera. The journey was undertaken not without a considerable element of risk, since it was the first train to venture across the *crestas* after the stupendous storm. The Pass was more awe-inspiring than beautiful. The rotary plough had been effectively at work since its initial attempt, but the snow was inclined to be soft and treacherous with the coming of the Chilean spring and we frequently passed through drifts fifteen and twenty feet deep, the engine pushing a "load of mischief" in front of it.

The snow was blinding, the air bleak, the tunnels suffocating and progress slow, but we entered Caracoles tunnel shortly before midday and a few seconds later, with the ringing of the boundary bell, there were shouts of "*Viva la Argentina!*" and "*Viva Chile!*" Our troubles were not entirely over, for after gaining the Argentina side of the tunnel we were held up two hours in drifting snow until a plough had come to our rescue. We then found that one plough had been derailed and had to be thrown off the track. During the descent to Puente del Inca the coaches were several times hit by formidable slides. At Caracoles the Legation party, under Sir Thomas Hohler, and the Chilean Reception Committee, all of whom had worked indefatigably to make pleasant a visit which had been an unqualified triumph, took affectionate leave of their Royal guest, and at Las Cuevas several Argentine attachés rejoined the staff. Mendoza was safely reached fairly late in the evening.

His Royal Highness's first experience on re-entering Argentina was something of a novelty. At the banquet given in his honour by the Federal Commissioner for Mendoza Province the ladies of Mendoza society were permitted to occupy the galleries of the dining hall and it was rather an ordeal to go through the courses of an elaborate feast with dozens of vivacious young ladies in bright evening dresses chatting animatedly as they scanned the tables from every point of the compass. Speaking in Spanish the Prince offered his regrets that the Andean storms had marred his programme and compelled him to cause some inconvenience to their beautiful city. He also expressed sorrow that, through a misunderstanding at the time of his first passage through Mendoza, he had not been informed that honours were to be rendered to him by the garrison, whose troops continued the traditions of that glorious army under the great San Martin, in which, he recalled with pride, a company of British soldiers served when it crossed the

colossal Cordilleras and sealed with immortal victories the liberties of half a continent. He drank in honour of Argentina, the Province of Mendoza and the assembled company, as well as the distinguished ladies who, with their charms, adorned that feast.

Soon after midnight his train sped out towards the pampa.

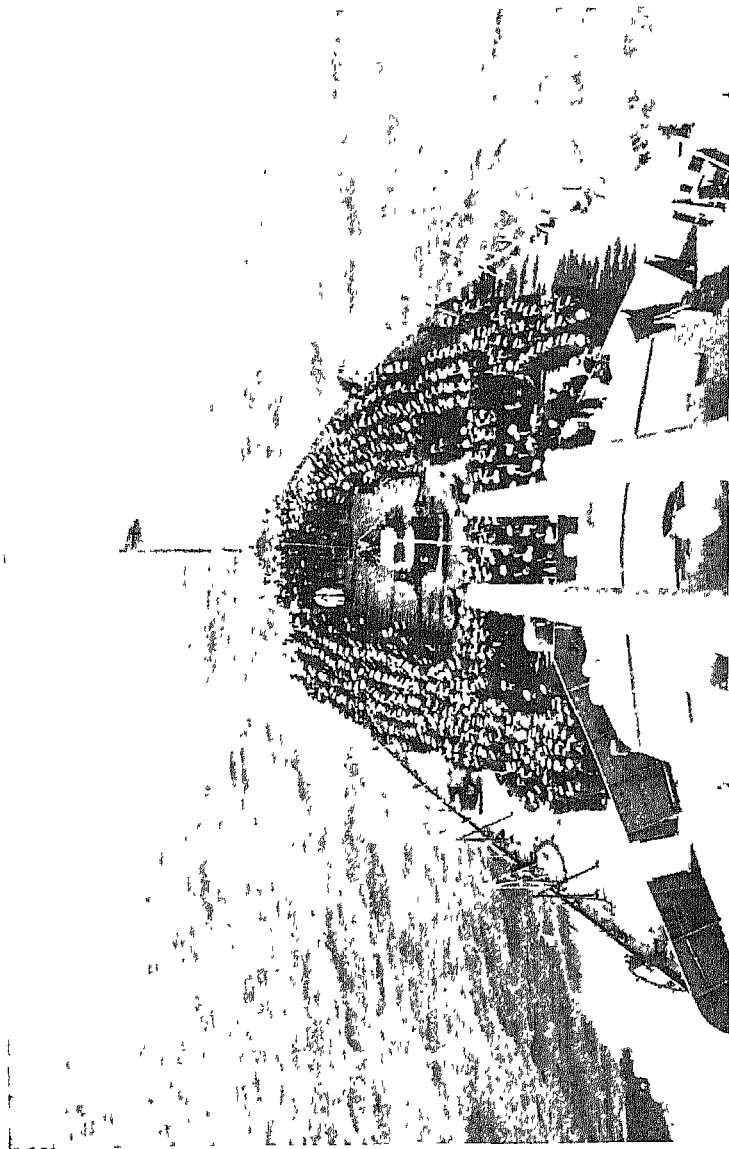
CHAPTER XXII

NORTHWARD HO !

THE gods have willed that men shall live by laying their experiences as a sacrifice upon the altar of memory. The Prince of Wales passed from the hospitable shores of Argentina and from the deck of the *Repulse* the coastlands of Mar del Plata and Cape San Antonio receded in a long low line that merged into the eternal breakers and dipped behind a grey horizon. On the morrow, when the people of Argentina had turned to their everyday pursuits again, we had moved out beyond reach of the waters of the Silver River into the blue Atlantic, our faces turned towards the Northern Hemisphere and home. The experiences belonged to the past, to history, but the memories remained. The spell was not broken.

To us wanderers it was difficult to believe that *Repulse* was homeward bound at long last. His Royal Highness's leave-taking of President de Alvear was surrounded with all the pomp and pride which such a ceremony demanded, but there was behind it a warmth and magnanimity more impressive than the noise of guns or the glamour of naval and military uniforms. It was, of course, Dr. de Alvear who, on his visit to England, when President-Elect of the Republic, had first conceived and suggested that His Royal Highness should include South America in his journey. English residents in Argentina are greatly indebted to His Excellency for many benefits and courtesies which the community has enjoyed during his tenure of office, but this year they had occasion to be more than grateful to him for his brilliant inspiration in asking the Heir to the Throne to the country. The pleasure which all were assured it gave Dr. de Alvear in extending the invitation was only equalled by the spontaneity with which all classes of both nationals in Buenos Aires and the provinces recognized and supported his work in connection with the event.

There was no lack of noise or glamour at Mar del Plata. Although the southern watering place is a ten-hour train journey removed from Buenos Aires many representatives of the official



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world and of high society had followed the Royal traveller southwards as steel pins might follow a magnet and their numbers were augmented by excursionists anxious to have a last glimpse of the Prince and his battle-cruiser. *Repulse* lay alongside the white concrete mole of the splendid new naval harbour, with ships of the Argentine fleet around her, looking the picture of conscious but benign majesty, rather like a seven-foot policeman with a cheerful countenance. She had dressed ship overall and broken the blue-white-blue ensign alongside His Royal Highness's standard on the side facing the Argentine vessels. The Presidential flag was broken aboard the Argentine flagship, and the assembled cruisers fired a 21-gun salute in anticipation of the Presidential visit of inspection. It was the first time that the Mar del Plata naval harbour had been used. Until a few weeks before *Repulse's* arrival the dredgers had still been busy within her breakwaters, and she was the first to cross the bar. Of French construction, the important works run out from a coast very like strips of coast in the English West Country, opposite a golf links the greens and bunkers of which had been the happy hunting ground of the officers of the *Repulse* during the South American stay.

The Prince arrived early on Saturday afternoon from Señor Martinez de Hoz's *estancia* at Chapadmalal, where again he had added to his experience of camp life gained at the ranches of Huetel, Mercedes and San Marcos, though torrential rains had prevented his enjoyment of outdoor activities on the last day of his holiday. Spring was supposed to have arrived, but it had brought a queer mixture of weathers. Buenos Aires had been uncomfortably hot by day and a prey to tornadoes by night, Mar del Plata was almost perishingly cold and our departure took place on a raw grey morning.

On his arrival the Prince had tea with the President at the latter's seaside house and in the evening the "Chief Magistrate" accompanied by his suite paid a State visit to the *Repulse* and was His Royal Highness's guest at a banquet on board. Gun salutes are not given after sundown, but he was received by a Marines' guard and band. After dinner there was a party on the private Royal deck, at which the Prince said good-bye to a large number of Argentines who had been his hosts or had been employed in the work of organization which had made the visit so signal a success.

On the eve of departure messages were received by the writer from the Heads of State of the three South American Republics

included in the tour. Dr Serrato, President of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, telegraphed :—

“The visit of the Prince of Wales, confirming as it did the excellent relations maintained between Great Britain and my country since the initiation of her independent existence, has left the happiest impression upon the people and Government of this country, who have always held in the highest esteem the British community resident in the Republic, by reason of their spirit of order, morality and intelligent discipline in their fruitful spheres of labour.
—JOSE SERRATO.”

From the Chilean President came the following :—

“The Government and the people of Chile are gratefully and profoundly impressed by the visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. His presence amongst us has given us an opportunity to demonstrate the deep respect cordiality and sympathy which the Chileans feel for the British Empire. Our old traditions of friendship have been consecrated by the visit for the future and in history Affectionate greetings.—ARTURO ALESSANDRI.”

Finally, Dr. de Alvear authorized me to transmit to *The Times* his conviction that the visit would be efficacious in consolidating the ancient friendship binding “the great Empire to our Argentine Republic,” adding :—

“I can give the assurance that the Royal guest carries away with him the most cordial wishes for his happiness from the Argentine people, who will cherish a happy memory of the illustrious Heir to the British Crown and of the prestige of his high office and engaging personality —
ALVEAR, *Presidente de la Nacion.*”

And that seems to have brought us to the end of our story. There were few incidents during the *Repulse's* long journey home, but a call was made at St. Vincent (Cape Verde) for oiling and the *Curlew* brought from Funchal a welcome mail from England. For a few days the torrid heat of the tropics laid its spell on the ship; from Pernambuco to Madeira it was sweltering; but then a strongish offshore wind cutting across the starboard bow infused a cool nip into the air and the ship's company livened up and went out of whites into blues again. That last week there was a good deal of merry-making on board. The officers produced a

couple of one-act plays, in one of which the Prince took part. The stage was rigged on the quarter-deck, and the performance took place in the middle of a terrific thunderstorm, which drenched most of the properties and some of the players, but failed to spoil the fun. Next morning all hands were fallen in on the fo'c'sle to be photographed and filmed with the Chief Passenger, his staff, and Captain Hope and the ship's officers.

On the last Sunday at sea every man and boy marched past His Royal Highness in single file, the Prince standing to attention at the salute for nearly a quarter of an hour. At noon on October 15th *Repulse* rounded Ushant and entered the Channel. Off Ushant there was a ceremony in honour of those who died for their country. The ship's company paraded on the quarter-deck, where a shelf bearing a mass of white blossoms had been placed in position. The flowers had been presented by the Women's Patriotic League of Argentina as an emblem to be cast upon the seas "in remembrance of those, the brave and true, who died the death of honour and are departed in the hope of resurrection to Eternal Life." They had been presented to the Captain at Mar del Plata and had been preserved in a block of ice during the voyage through the tropics. The White Ensign flew at half-mast during the religious service. The hymn "Let Saints on earth," was sung, and Captain Hope read as a lesson the verses from Ecclesiasticus, Ch. 44, beginning, "Let us now praise famous men." The Prince then committed the flowers to the deep. As the ceremony ended the troopship *Marglen* was sighted to starboard. She was packed with details of Scottish regiments bound for India and her course was altered to allow them to give rousing cheers. "Welcome home!" was the message she signalled.

Nineteen days after putting off from the mole at Mar del Plata the Royal flagship moored alongside the South Railway Jetty at Portsmouth again; and the Royal Ambassador, with close on 35,000 miles behind him, received from the Mother Country the reception which he richly deserved.